Oct. 21, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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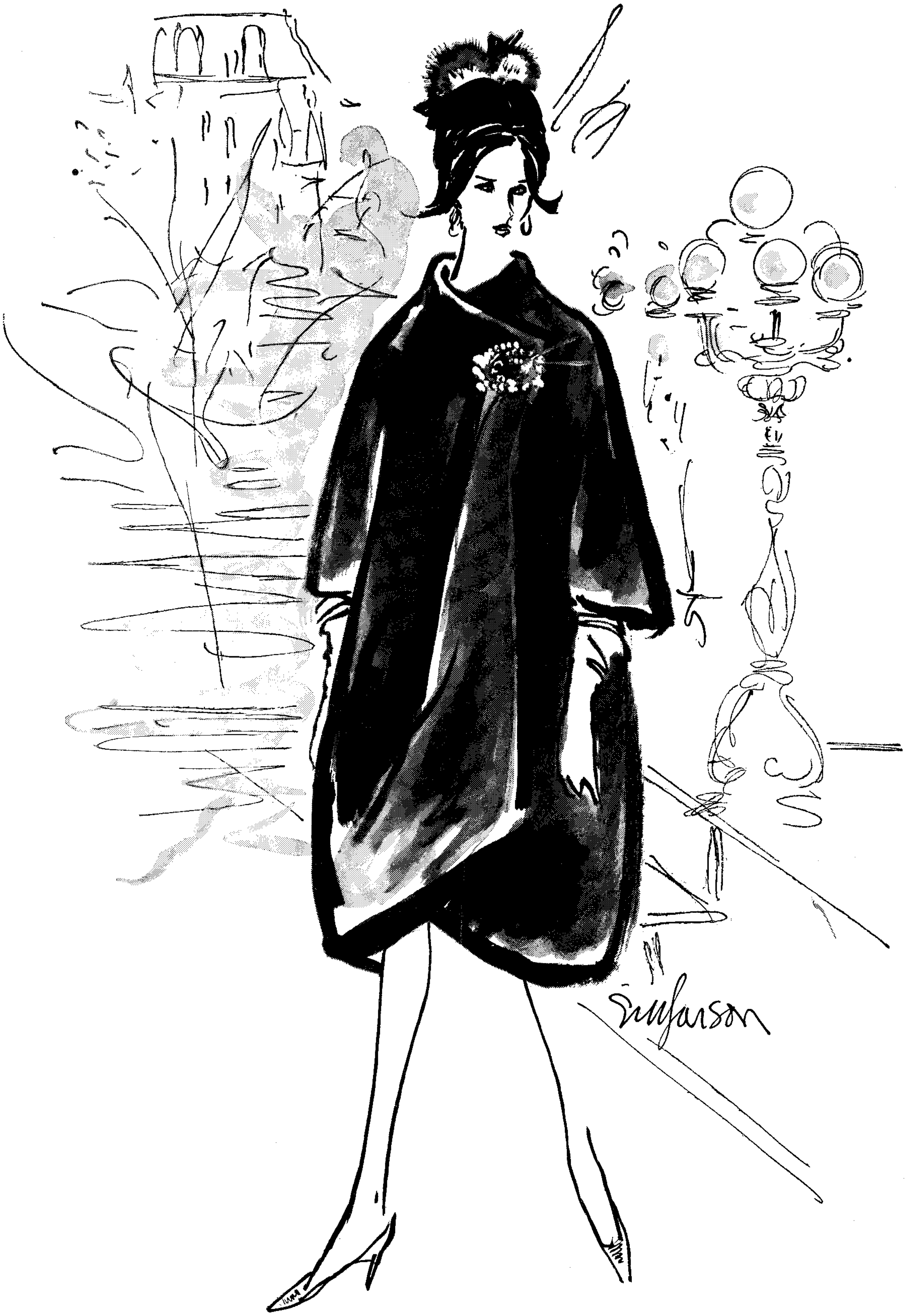

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole—Most of what goes on in this farce about the peacetime Army has gone on in any number of other farces about the same subject, but Peter Fonda, a new recruit to Broadway, manages to be amusing in a rather amusing part. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caretaker—A moth-eaten tramp moves in on two brothers in London, and the results, whether they are comic or dreadful or puzzling, are consistently fascinating. The playwright is Harold Pinter; the actors are Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates; and the director is Donald McWhinnie. All of them are English imports of the highest quality. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Joel Grey are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Everybody Loves Opal—A trio of crooks try to do in the lovable, eccentric, reclusive Opal of the title and wind up convinced that the path of righteousness is what they've been trying to travel all along. Not very plausible, but enacted with some skill by a cast headed by Eileen Heckart, who is charming as Opal. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. While there isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley and Steven Hill, in the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Do You Know the Milky Way?—Hal Holbrook and George Voskovec are the whole cast in this play by Karl Wittlinger. A presentation of Ninon Tallon, Paul Feigay, and Dick Button, directed by Herbert Berghof. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—A comedy adapted by Harry Kurnitz from Marcel Achard's French play "L'Idiote" and starring Julie Harris, William Shatner, and Walter Matthau. Harold Clurman directed, and the producer is Leland Hayward. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
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MUSICALS

Carnival—A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole brisk affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox extrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

From the Second City—A revue from Chicago. The comedy is topical and generally quite lively, although a few of the topics seem just a little dog-eared. The eight Chicagoans who appear in the show are fresh as paint. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it finally hits its stride this spoof of commercial mores is quite a funny affair. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man who wants desperately to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets Company. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, and Ruth Kobart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Let It Ride!—A tired attempt to revive with music the lively 1935 comedy "Three Men on a Horse." George Gobel tries to portray Erwin Trowbridge, the celebrated greeting-card writer and selector of winning horses, but winds up being nobody but his TV self. However, Sam Levene, who was in the original company, does well as a gambler desperate for a win, and Barbara Nichols is most amiable as his doxy. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly exciting, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sail Away—The songs, book, and direction of this only so-so musical are by Noël Coward. Elaine Stritch, Alice Pearce, Patricia Harty, James Hurst, and Grover Dale head the cast, and the setting is a British cruise ship with a cargo of Americans aboard. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** William Squire, Julie Andrews, John Cullum, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.). . . **fiorello!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 28.) . . . **irma la douce:** All about a trollop and the company that keeps her. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Denis Quilley is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Rosemary Rainer (substituting for Margot Moser) now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **the unsinkable molly brown:** The ascent of a poor girl from

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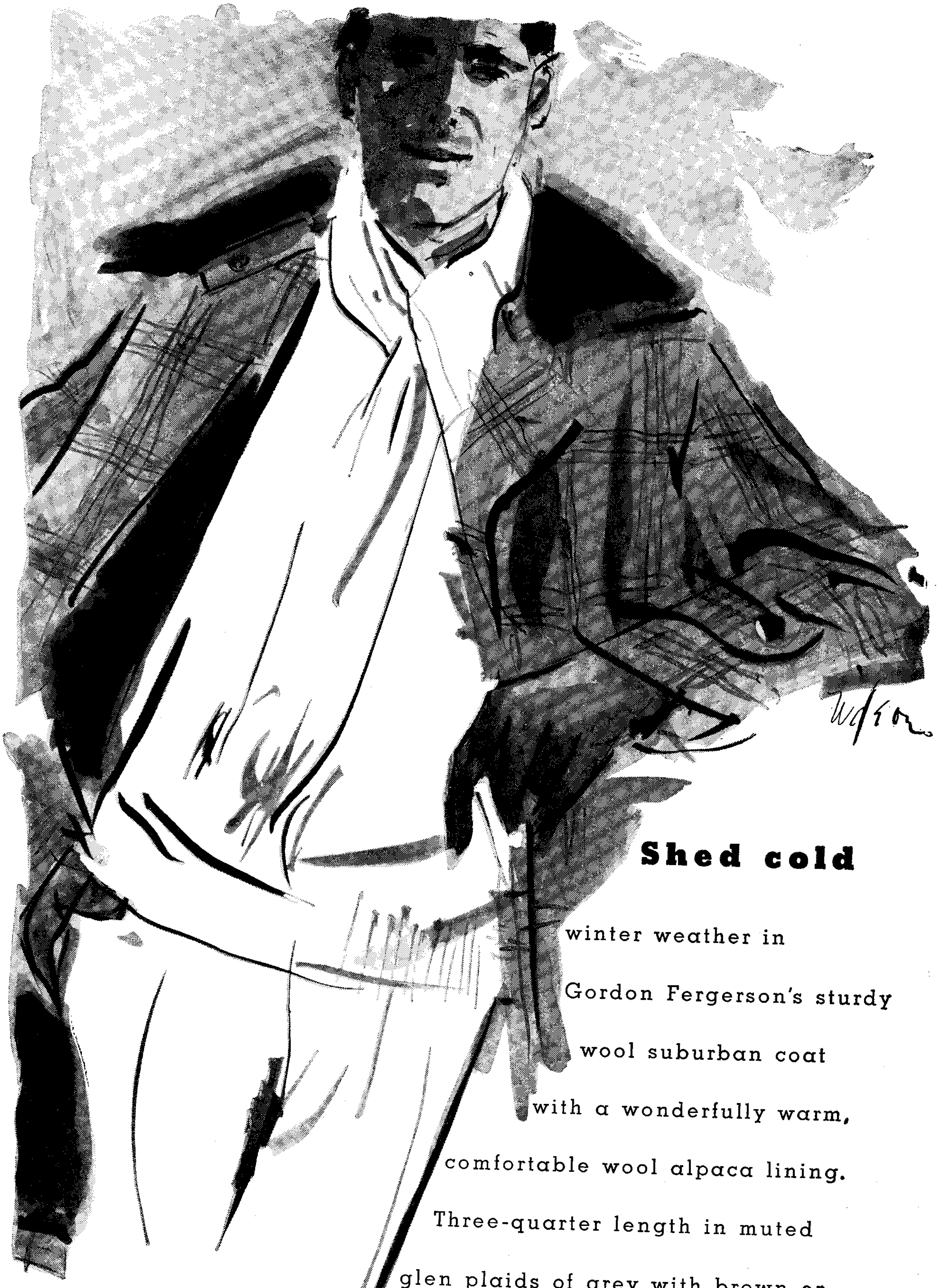

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France. Tammy Grimes is the lass, and the score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Cook for Mr. General—A comedy by Steven Gethers, with an all-male cast headed by Bill Travers. Staged by Fielder Cook and produced by William Darrid, Eleanore Saidenberg, and Leonard Ruskin. Opens Thursday, Oct. 19. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Kwamina—Sally Ann Howes and Terry Carter in a musical with a book by Robert Alan Aurthur and music and lyrics by Richard Adler. Robert Lewis is the director and Alfred de Liagre, Jr., the producer. Opens Monday, Oct. 23. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Yves Montand—The French singer and actor in a limited solo engagement. Presented by Norman Granz, in association with Jacques Canetti and Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 24. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9; opening-night curtain at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look! We've Come Through—Hugh Wheeler's comedy, with Collin Wilcox in a cast directed by José Quintero. Produced by Saint Subber. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 19-20, at 8:40; Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 23-24, at 8:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 25. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—A new play by Frederick Knott, with James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies. A presentation of Compass Productions, directed by George Schaefer. Opens Thursday, Oct. 26. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The second play, unfortunately, is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Mondays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is gaudy rather than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

The Blacks—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

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The Cave Dwellers—Geraldine Fitzgerald in a revival of William Saroyan's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 19-20, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

Diff'rent—Marian Seldes in the Eugene O'Neill drama. Paul Shyre is the director. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:45.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Ghosts—Ibsen's ideas and the character of Mrs. Alving are as good as new, but some of the dramatic machinery has rusted a bit over the past eighty years. Leueen MacGrath, as Mrs. A., and Staats Cotsworth, as Pastor Manders, head a good cast. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Happy Days—Samuel Beckett's outlook continues gloomy, but this new play of his, a monologue by a woman who barely manages to keep her head above earth, is livelier than you'd expect. Alan Schneider's direction deserves the highest praise, and Ruth White is superb as the woman. Miss White is interrupted, occasionally and effectively, by John C. Becher. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Misalliance—Philip Minor, who directed this revival of Shaw's comedy, rates high marks for its breeziness and clarity. The actors do well, too, especially Donald Moffat, as Mr. Tarleton; Lidia Prochnicka, as the Polish acrobat who drops in on his house party; and Emery Battis, as Lord Summerhays. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

One Way Pendulum—There are some wild ideas in this nonsense play, and some others that just drag along. The author is N. F. Simpson, the setting is English, and the cast includes Anna Russell, James Kenny, and Paxton Whitehead. (Phoenix East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 22.)

The Pirates of Penzance—The Stratford (Ontario) Festival production, directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 22.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Sap of Life—A musical with book and lyrics by Richard Maltby, Jr., and a score by David Shire. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Ralph Henry Barbour didn't like it. In the cast are Marion Brash and Mitchel Jayson. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Thursday at 3 and 8:40, Friday at 7, and Saturday at 8. Closes Saturday, Oct. 21.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET

Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A.—Final performances of the engagement—Program II ("Events," "Interplay," "The Cage," and "Afternoon of a Faun"): Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 19-22, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 27-28. . . . ¶ Program I ("Moves," "Afternoon of a Faun," "N. Y. Export, op. Jazz," and "The Concert"): Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 24-26. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

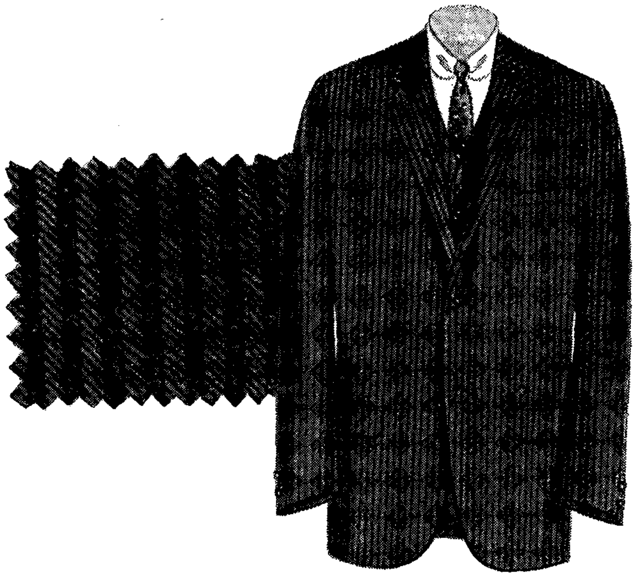
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

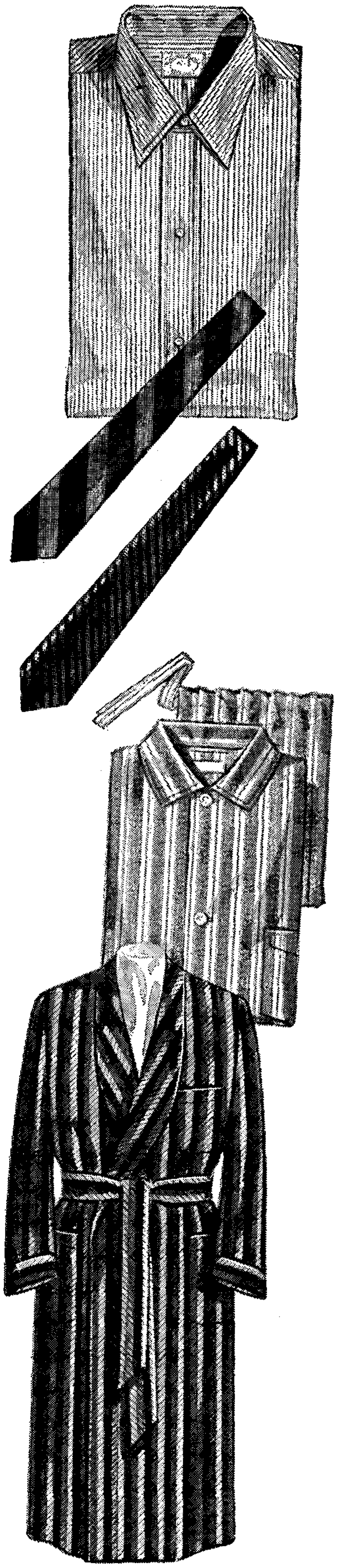
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of the important brokerage houses to establish itself in midtown. Ticker tape is dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room is a mélange called "Steppin' in Society" (*nom d'un nom!*), in which such amusers as Pat Bright, Jack Haskell, and Patricia Marand appear twice a night. Some of it is spirit-of-mockery; the rest is just *de rigueur*, or even rigor mortis. For dancing, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio take the usual turns. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there are visitations





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at dinner and supper by Katyna Ranieri, a singer in whose manner a high priestess lurks. Between times, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte roll out an endless carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a glissando sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Charles Holden's and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The dance band of Lenny Herman, which has been rumbling along in the Grill at a pace that will never kill, checks out on Saturday, Oct. 21; on Monday, Oct. 23, Horace Diaz and his orchestra move in. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra, that old social gadabout, has now nested in the Maisonette, along with Chiquito's trio of rumba chaps. Patachou, a Parisian gadabout, shows up at dinner and supper with a bagful of very tried-and-true songs, largely indigenous to her native city. She signs off on Wednesday, Oct. 25; next evening's canary will be Colette Renard, the compassionate witch of the original and Parisian "Irma la Douce." Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Once in a blue moon turns out to be every evening but Sunday in the Columns, where, bathed in a pale lunar glow, the town's merrymakers may listen to Gunnar Hansen's orchestra from seven to eight-thirty and prance to it from then on. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. Closed Sundays.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs: the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to Lazaro Quintero's orchestra from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

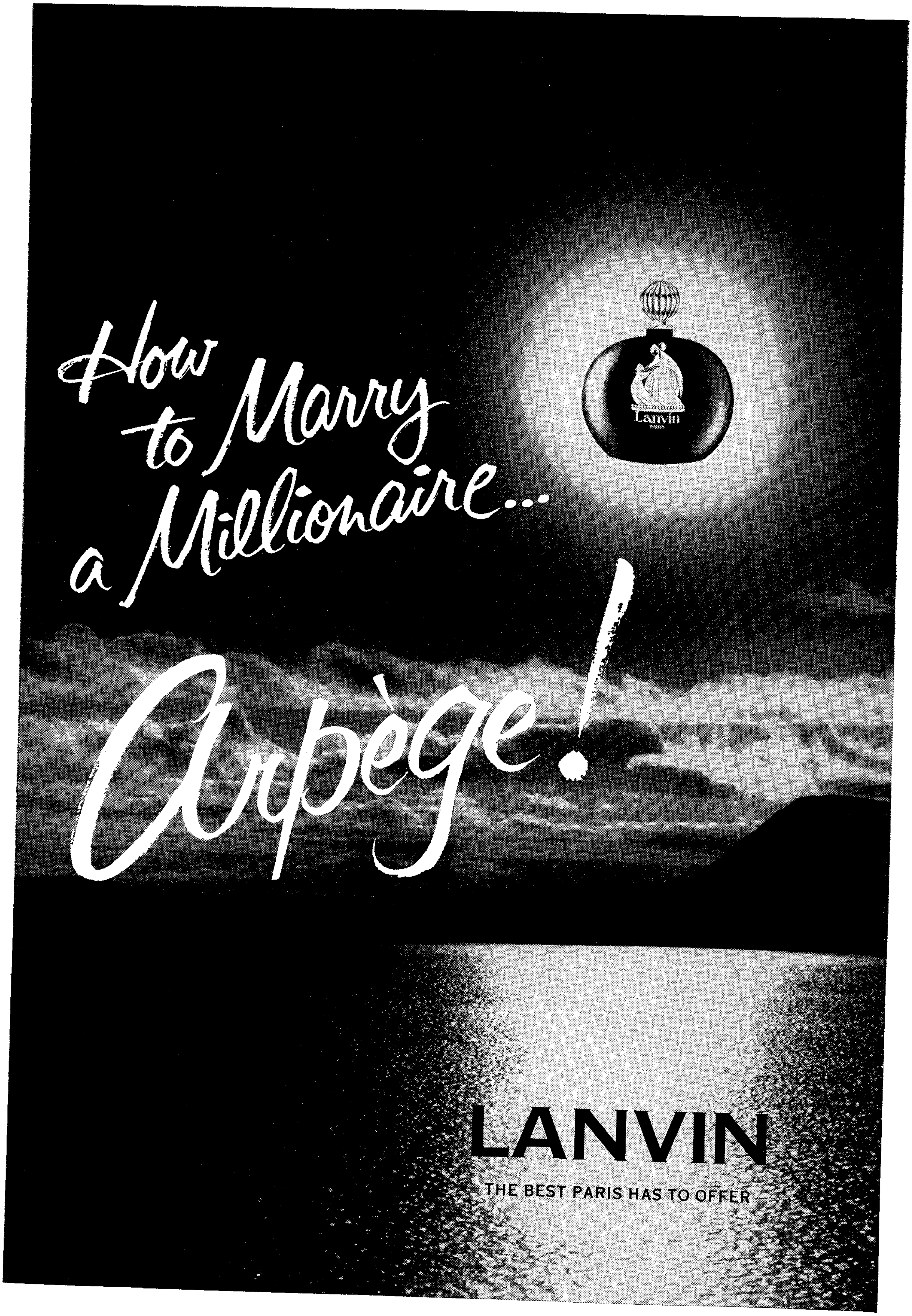
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Lisa Kirk, who proceeds on the plausible assumption that the best approach to a jaunty song is a line drive, turns the Empire Room into her playpen at dinner and supper. There's dancing, too, whenever Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's crews take the stand. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a watchtower for observers of Manhattan, is the top layer of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, as well as a place where the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio and a piano is served up from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A New York cityscape made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the Union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by the piano of Budd Gregg. After ten-thirty, the neat little Plush Room, which hides itself to the rear, gets the songs and piano of Gwen Bari, a mild sedative. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The night is always young here, and often the cast is, too. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appear thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a real rumpus-room team. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *Arrivederci, Roma,* done to the *con-brio* tunes of Herman Honigsberg's covey of mobile violinists; i.e., no place to do homework. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A northern-Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a northern-Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, goes from table to table during his evening constitutional. No sound on Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme—part Vienna and part Tyrol—is carried out to some extent by the chef, the sommelier, and the zither of Hermann Primus, which twangs away from six until ten, but it is crystallized by Greta Keller, who—serene, regal, and yet offhand—arrives soon after ten for a few goes at Kurt Weill and other worthy authors of lieder. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Stampede time along *las ramblas* of Seville, with flamenco by the ton. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. George Feyer's piano, which interferes with nothing, cruises along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the former are a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad Monjoy's tiptoe piano emulates the scrollwork that's the trademark of the Moorish architects who left this restaurant as their monument. He operates from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. The trio of the long-lost Eddie Lane plays for dancing Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but is still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; Jorge Rios, a singer who accompanies himself on guitar and piano, is also on hand every night but Sunday in the bar. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Until ten, the jokes are slyly concealed in the pictures on the wall; thereafter, the wit issues from Paul Dooley, a young man who has given a great deal of original thought to his profession. There's music, too, by the trio of Cal Bostic, whose overt voice and piano are nothing if not blithe. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The serene landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. The best of these is Liane, who has at last given up café life in Vienna for an ocean journey, and has become a bit Americanized en route. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): In the opulent bar of the Hotel Stanhope, a guitar broods *sotto voce* from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Music, music everywhere, and a lot of Mittel-europa drops to drink. Tibor Rakossy is the romantic tenor, and there are instruments galore. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The night was made for love—or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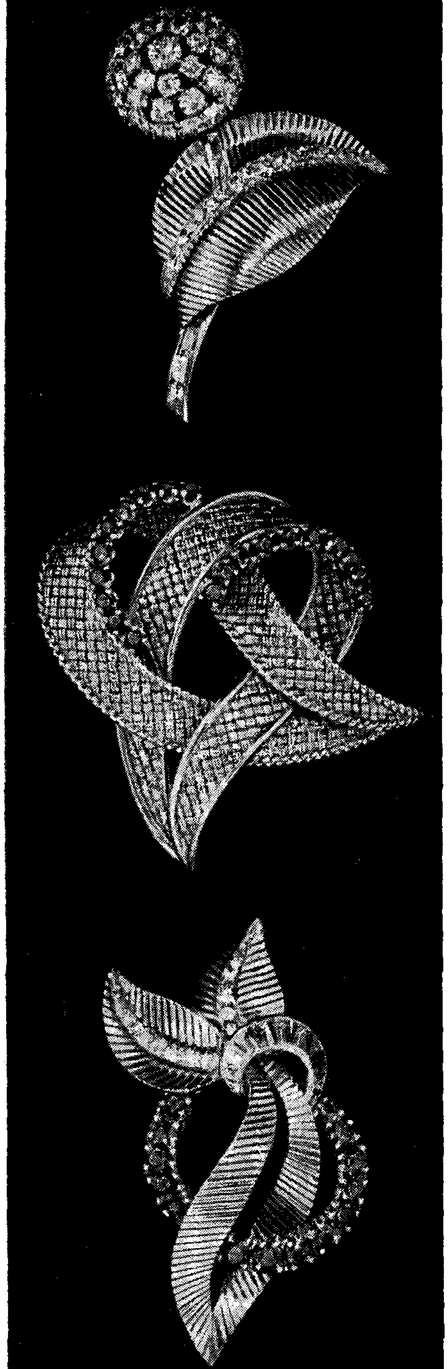

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that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voice, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a flamenco quartet called the Alegrias de España suddenly goes up in flames a couple of times every night but Sunday. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A refresher (and refreshing) course for anyone who doesn't think that girls grow on trees. Six-foot, seven-foot, and eight-foot specimens are interwoven with a vast flamenco carnival and such good-old-days variety acts as the Arnaut Brothers and the aerial Wallendas. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sid Caesar, who knows full well that man is born to trouble, is able to point out that there's a funny lining to every cloud. Tina Robin, the singer of the occasion, is a radio with the bit in its teeth. There is also a gaggle of delightful young ladies on probation from their *école de ballet.* A new bill arrives on Thursday, Oct. 26: Nat King Cole (high-style ballads) and the team of Ford and Reynolds (not especially family-style humor). Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The Blue Angel's course designated Philosophy 401 is administered nowadays by a new crop of educators, who have travelled abroad—to Broadway and the Catskills. One of the very best of these is Jackie Mason, the incumbent lecturer. The Travellers Three, whose journeys have taken them along our folkways, do the singing; Gérard Sety, whose voyagings bring him from France, does pantomime. Harold Fonville and Otis Clements play piano in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty produces expressive and impressionist piano from six to eight-thirty every night but Saturday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's new winter revue, "Seven Come Eleven," is an acidulous biography of New York and Western civilization in their dotage. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, who can cast an aspersion with fearsome accuracy, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, who include Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, Philip Bruns, and Donna Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): One more perfect example of the small revue, also done in the customary wise and witty style of Mr. Monk. The dramatis personae are a lissome lady named Lovey Powell, a girl antelope named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Nothing is one half so precious as a few of the bits in "The Prickly Pair," another revue, but then nothing is much funnier than the rest of it. The Prickly Pair are R. G. Brown, a bright and brittle feuilletonist, and a willow tree named Marian Mercer, who does justice to the handsome ballads invented by Baldwin Bergersen, the *chef d'orchestre,* which consists of his piano. Weekdays at eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): "Too Good for the Average Man," a reverent but perky bow to Rodgers and Hart, is all song and no dialogue. Helen Gallagher and Bobby Van are the major interpreters in a cast of five, and two pianos are the pit band. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spain's crack regiment, Los Chavales de España, is again doing its close-order drill, which involves enough singing, dancing, and whatnot for an entire army. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, a shot easily heard around the world, is once again literally bringing down the house. Her chanteys are set to more or less music by the inexhaustible Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. There also is a miniature revue, "Greenwich Village, U.S.A.," which should have been called "Joe Miller, U.S.A." Closed Mondays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): A newly discovered grotto in which Felicia Sanders flexes the muscles of a lyric voice almost with abandon, and Phil Leeds, as a lifelong orphan of the storm, is as funny as can be about his predicament. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Pee Wee Russell's magic flute pursues its lilting way from Mobile to Miltown and back again while Ruby Braff, Buzzy Drootin, Marshall Brown, and often Mr. Condon, too, keep him company. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chico Hamilton's quintet is doing its best to make extroversion seem a virtue, and a gay little autumn leaf named Carol Sloane gives her songs a real threshold-of-life quality. Don Abney's trio squires her. On Tuesday, Oct. 24, a new deal: John Coltrane's quartet, Mal Waldron's trio, and the bouncy ballads of Ada Lee. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Billy Eckstine, all heart and soul, is wearing both of them on his sleeve as he dives into his arias, and Quincy Jones is shepherding a huge band that hasn't decided whether to run hot or cold. Purely as an afterthought, there is also Don Rickles, whose implausible career involves carving up ringsiders with the sort of talk you get from your friendly neighborhood bus driver. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Matt Monro, whose voice makes the heart of every crystal set in England flutter, finishes up on Saturday, Oct. 21. Cootie Williams' quartet and Jack Kelly's trio are the handymen, doing everything necessary, including dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward a rich, beautiful, and technically brilliant poesy that can even include the Gershwin Concerto in F. Between sets, there's piano by Frances Thompson, new girl in town and one who knows what she's doing. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Johnny Windhurst and his Sheridan Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall and Cliff Leeman are visible and audible, are the anvil chorus. Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A shooting match without a single Maxim silencer. The incumbent participants, Lionel Hampton's band and Sol Yaged's quintet, take leave on Thursday, Oct. 19; the next night, a fivesome topped by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins and a quintet run by Cozy Cole take their places. Jazz concerts Sundays by visiting musicians. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet, which can give as good as it gets from the audience, is planning to continue its braggadocio, but Ray Bryant's terse, introvert trio departs on Saturday, Oct. 21; on Monday, Oct. 23, the trio owned by Kitty Kaye is due. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missioners of on-with-the-new in their

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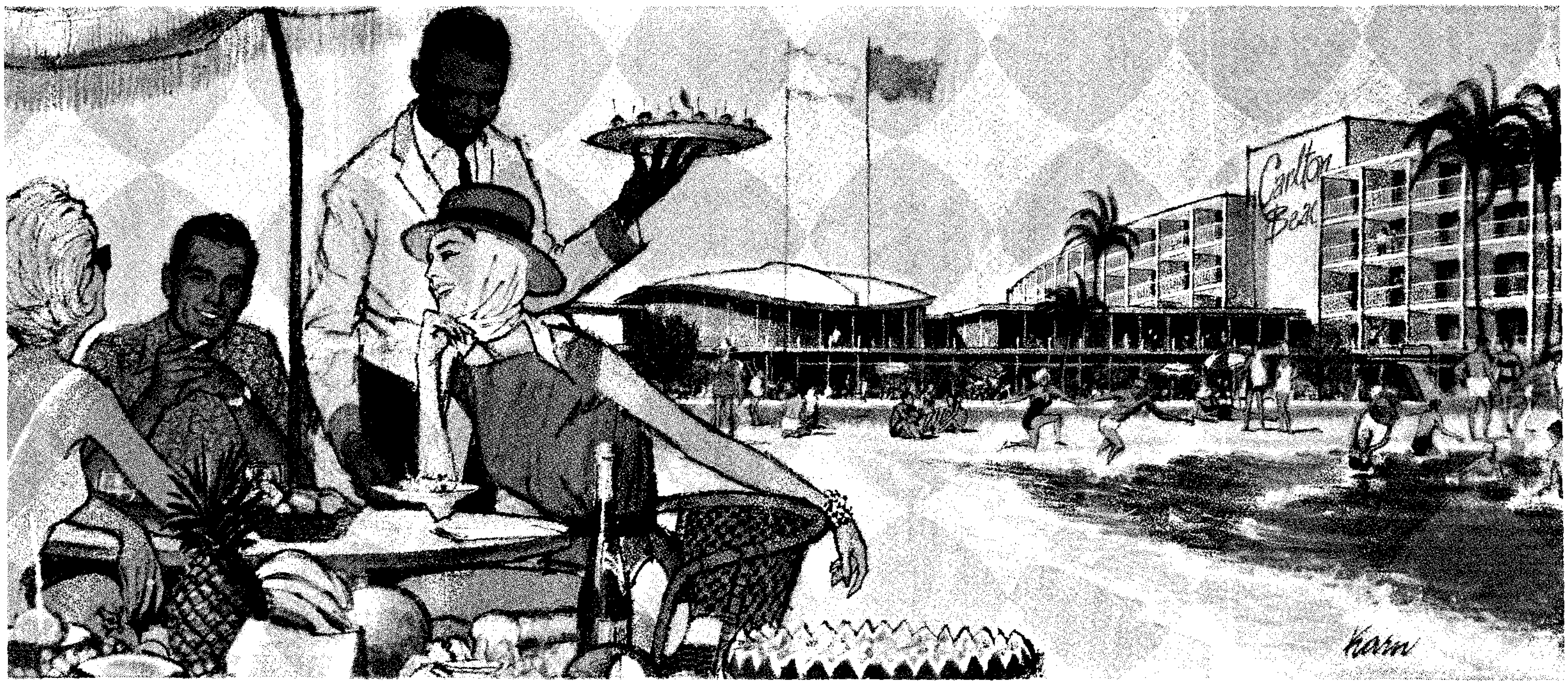

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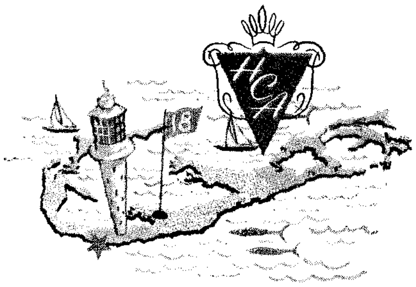

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farthest-south settlement. Zoot Sims and Al Cohn will remove their quintet on Sunday, Oct. 22, and on Tuesday, Oct. 24, a quartet headed by two more alumni—Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz—will check in. Closed Mondays. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, Oct. 25, is the end of the road for the quintet of Charlie Mingus, a freewheeling sort of Genius, Unincorporated, as well as for the trio of Junior Mance, who gets hundreds of fingers on one piano, and the Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin fivesome. A night later, the band dominated by Dizzy Gillespie, now nearly alone in the belief that progress and humor are not antithetical, is arriving, along with the squad led by Olatunji, a drummer whose orientation is African. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . VILLAGE GATE, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's sextet, which is the West Indies in glorious Technicolor and insistent rhythm, plus a songbird named Aretha Franklin. Mondays are relegated to drop-in musicians. . . . FIVE SPOT, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Cecil Taylor's quintet and Don Ellis's quartet have news for you, and you'd better be all ears, for it's phrased in a dialect that will mean nothing to those who run as they read. The Ellises are off Mondays, the Taylors are off Tuesdays. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, should be, along with the old familiars, one unexpected guest—André Persiany, who usually plays piano in Paris. The old familiars: Jo Jones, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, and Kenny Davern.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

JOSEF ALBERS—New abstractions, strict in pattern, glowing in color; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ALBERT ALCALAY—Semi-abstract canvases; through Nov. 9. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

KAREL APPEL—Gouaches and lithographs by the Dutch artist; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St.)

SONDRA BEAL—Abstract wooden sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

GEORGE BIDDLE—A fifty-year retrospective of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Geometric abstractions, rich in color and design; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT BRODERSON—Paintings; through Nov. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

BERNARD BUFFET—Paintings, 1950 to the present, none of which has been shown here before; through Oct. 31. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JAMES BYARS—Black ink paintings on white linen paper; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRUCE CONNER—Neo-Dadaist "assemblages," constructions, and other works; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—A retrospective of his lithographs; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Paintings by this Paris abstractionist, in her first New York showing in five years; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUFY—Seascapes and street and circus scenes, oils for the most part; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

APELLES FENOSA—Bronzes by a Spanish sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ADOLPH FLEISCHMANN—Non-objective paintings by a German-born American artist; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Parma, 1111 Lexington Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MADELEINE GEKIERE—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

ROGER GILLET—Paintings by a contemporary artist of the Paris Tachiste school. First one-man show in New York; through Nov. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

HANS HARTUNG—Pastels, chiefly, by a Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

BERNHARD HEILIGER—Bronzes derived from nature and the human figure by a West Berlin sculptor; through Nov. 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HOFFER—Stone sculptures; through Nov. 2. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

PAUL JENKINS—Abstract oils and water colors, mainly based on flower motifs; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Paintings; through Nov. 4. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT KEYSER—Abstract paper collages and water colors; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

IRVING KRIESBERG—Expressionist paintings, multiple panels, and drawings; through Nov. 4. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD LINDNER—Savagely Surrealist paintings, 1950-61, by a German-born artist now living in this country; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, on loan from private New York collections; through Nov. 4. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

MANÉ-KATZ—Oils, gouaches, and sculptures by a Russian-born French Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

PICASSO—Paintings and drawings; through Nov. 11. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD REDER—A retrospective of drawings and prints that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Nov. 18. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ABE SATORU—Abstract sculptures by a Hawaiian-born artist; through Nov. 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

BEN SHAHN—Paintings and drawings; through Nov. 4. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

DAVID SHAPIRO—Highly stylized paintings, mystical in mood; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID SMITH—New sculptures, in which he experiments with polychrome effects; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAM TROMKA—A small memorial exhibition of oils and other works by this American social-realist, who died in 1954; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY TWARDOWICZ—Abstract Expressionist paintings, dark in tonality; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

JOHN VON WICHT AND ROBERT CRONBACH—New abstractions by the first, very colorful; stylized ritual Menorah candlesticks, in bronze-gilt, by the second; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

CHARMION VON WIEGAND—Non-objective paintings and collages, in her first showing here in five years; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

ZAO WOU-KI—Abstractions by this Chinese-born French artist; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

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containing about seventy pieces (by Jane Wasey, Nathaniel Kaz, Helena Simkhovitch, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 12. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CARAVAN**, 132 E. 65th St.: Paintings by De Hirsh Margules, Jeanne Edwards Schloss, David Weber, and Jean Davidson; through Nov. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5.)... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi, Robert Philipp, and Priscilla Roberts; through Wednesday, Oct. 25.... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 8 W. 56th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new address offers paintings and sculptures by Byron Browne, George Morrison, Hugo Robus, and others; through Thursday, Oct. 26. (Closed Monday mornings.)... **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.: Painters and sculptors, including Peter Agostini, Charles Cajori, and Louise Nevelson; through Thursday, Oct. 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMEL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Benjamin G. Benno, Giorgio de Chirico, and René Magritte are three of the exhibitors in a show called "The Poetic Image;" through Saturday, Oct. 21.... **BRANDT**, 11 E. 57th St.: "500 Years of Still-Life," an exhibition of Old Master and contemporary paintings by Abraham Teniers, J. B. Oudry, and Henry Schnakenberg (to mention a few). For the benefit of the Girls' Club of New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BAYER**, 51 E. 80th St.: German and Austrian Expressionist paintings and drawings by (for instance) Klimt, Kokoschka, and Baumeister; through Nov. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by French masters—Rouault, de Staël, Monet, and others; through Nov. 11. ... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Painters at Pont-Aven," a showing of works by artists who painted in Brittany during the last decade and a half of the nineteenth century, including Paul Gauguin, Emile Bernard, and Paul Sérusier; through Nov. 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Vivin, Peyronnet, and Utrillo; through Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Chinese Art Treasures," consisting of more than two hundred and fifty items once in the national museums of Peking and Nanking. In the show are paintings, porcelains, bronzes, silk tapestries, jades, and lacquer ware, some of them dating back to the eleventh century B.C. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of Assemblage," a showing of collages and other varieties of art put together from paper, cloth, wood, metal, manufactured objects, and whatnot. Some of the artists are Picasso, Duchamp, Severini, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Nov. 12.... ¶ An exhibition of about forty of the large-scale cut-and-pasted gouaches (nudes, dancers, leaves, and flowers) to which Henri Matisse devoted his last years; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Nude in American Painting," a survey of eighteenth- to twentieth-century pictures, on loan from museums and private collections, by artists ranging from James Peale and Samuel Morse to Jack Levine and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Dec. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Art and Life in Old Peru," an exhibition tracing the pre-Columbian history of the country for several thousand years through fabrics, utensils, pottery, gold ornaments, architectural rubbings, and the like; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Peasant and Nomad Rugs of Asia," an exhibit composed of thirty-five examples from the Near East, the Caucasus, and Central Asia, principally; through Nov. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by de Kooning, Guston, Hofmann, Motherwell, and others are on view in the current show, "American Abstract Expressionists and Imagists, 1961;" through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Unusual Books, 1450-1555," an exhibition containing books selected for their uncommon features (books printed in exotic alphabets, manuscript copies of printed books, and so forth). Included are the Constance Missal and the Gutenberg Bible. Through Nov. 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.—An exhibition, in the Courtyard, of sculptures depicting the relationship between man and machine, by Saul Baizerman, Alicia Penalba, David Smith, and others; through Friday, Oct. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Portraits of presidents, statesmen, writers, and entertainers by the late Enit Kaufman; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The forty-fourth annual of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, with works by, among others, John von Wicht, Anna Walinska, and Lily Ente; through Nov. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A Bernard Reder retrospective, made up of sculptures in stone and bronze, drawings, woodcuts, and architectural models; through Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Reder showing at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

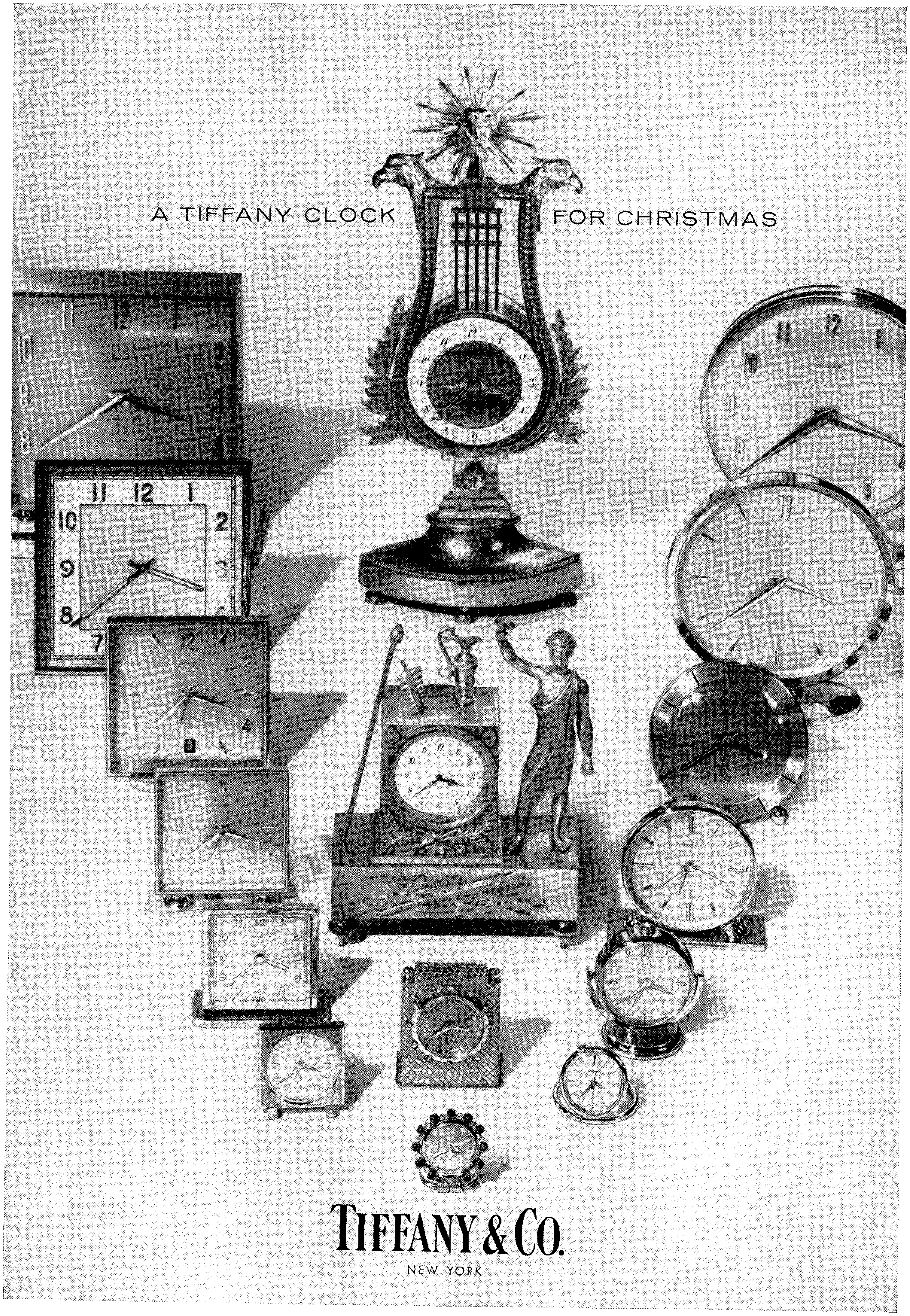
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 21—Monday evening, Oct. 23: "La Fanciulla del West," with Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani. (A non-subscription performance.) ... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 24: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Stich-Randall, Rosalind Elias, Roberta Peters, Charles Anthony, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 26: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Heidi Krall, Barry Morell, Lorenzo Testi, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 27: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and George London.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 28: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 28: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Irene Dalis, Sandor Konya, Walter Cassel, Jerome Hines, and Norman Mittelmann. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Aïda."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "La Bohème."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Carmen."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." ... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "The Wings of the Dove."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi").... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English).... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8: The première of Robert Ward's "The Crucible," with a book by Bernard Stam-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bler. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Aïda." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Aïda," with Herva Nelli. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 20, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3 (all with Gold and Fizdale, pianos, and William Primrose, viola); and Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 27, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 3 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here. A program of Russian music, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting the first two in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30, no soloists; and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, with Leontyne Price, soprano.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra, with Guiomar Novaes, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Stell Andersen—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Samson François—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:15, a Chopin-Schumann program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Daniel Abrams—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

George London—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music by early Renaissance masters. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:40.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Gérard Souzay, baritone. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 4. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

John Ranck—Piano, in a program of French music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Albert Fuller and Robert Gerle—In a program of sonatas for harpsichord and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—In the first in a series of three all-Bach programs, this one played on the harpsichord, clavichord, and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

The Limeliters—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Will Holt—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"The Magic Flute," the first in this season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 19: Philadelphia vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24: Cincinnati vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 26: Syracuse vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (Games begin at 7.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 21: Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Denny Moyer, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28: Farid Salim vs. Teddy Wright, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 21:** Army vs. University of Idaho, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 28:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. West Virginia University, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 22, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 21.). . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 24-29.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 21.). . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 28.)

Racing—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 28. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 21, and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 28. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 11. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 21, and the Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 28. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.). . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Wednesday, Oct. 25, through Saturday, Nov. 11.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—A program called "How to Listen to Music," with Edward Downes, the Festival Singers, violin, viola, cello, oboe, and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.). . . ¶ Opening children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with the Baird Marionettes. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Stage Shows—By the **AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Inside Out Adventure." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturdays at 1 and 3. For tickets, call GR 7-7768.). . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Phoenix

East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Clown Face." A benefit for the Gardens Nursery School-Kindergarten. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 11. For tickets, call UN 5-2680, Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30.) . . . **GIA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "The Candy Princess" and "Punch and Judy." (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—Little ones who wish to escape the gross realities of the Central Park Zoo—elephants, hippos, lions, and that sort of thing—can now retreat next door into the familiar realm of Mother Goose. There's a Noah's Ark, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a story-book castle, and so on, plus an assortment of affable animals. (Central Park. Daily 10 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . ¶ A miniature menagerie, where lambs, kids, ducklings, chickens, and other tame animals can be admired and even patted. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, daily 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Man in Space," explores the problems of putting a man into orbit and getting him safely back to earth. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

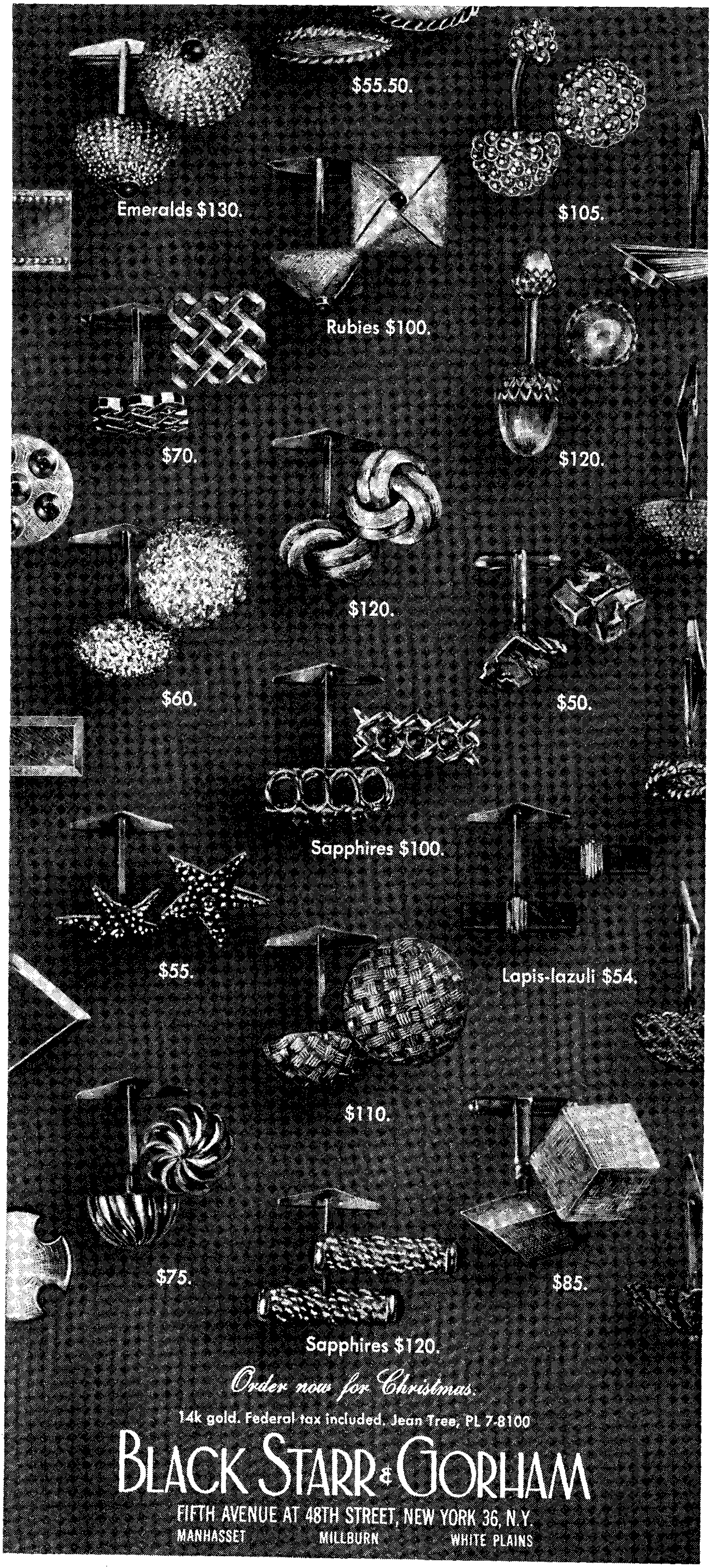
NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—The annual fall jamboree for collectors of everything from snuffboxes to tester beds. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 19-20, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 21, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesday, Oct. 25, from 10 to noon; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 21, at 1:45: Georgian and other English furniture; Chinese jades, ivories, and lamps; Minton, Derby, and other porcelain services; silver; mezzotints and three paintings; and rugs. From the estate of Mrs. Donald G. Geddes. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Bonnard, Chagall, Picasso, and Maillol; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe A. Juviler. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 21.



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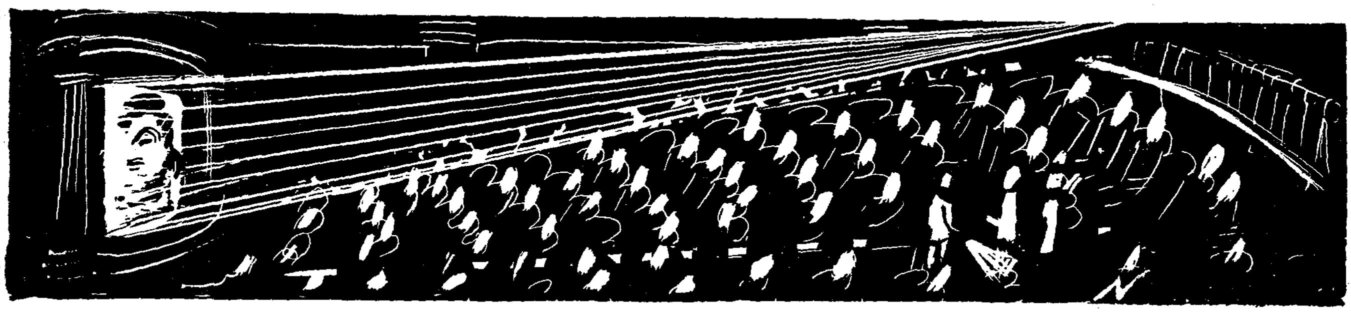
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Breakfast at Tiffany's—A silly affair, slickly photographed. Audrey Hepburn makes us excuse it many of its sins, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Martin Balsam are other mitigating factors. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30. Wednesdays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; through Oct. 24. Weekdays at 8 and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Hustler—A movie that tries to say too much but can be forgiven most of its excesses on the strength of brilliant performances by Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, Piper Laurie, and Myron McCormick. The settings are mostly pool halls—a "hustler" is a pool shark—which Robert Rossen, the producer and director, has brought vividly and repellently to life. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Macario—A pleasant, slow-moving Mexican fable about a hungry peasant and the bargain he makes with Death, who is a shrewd bargainer. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Mark—A harsh, highly effective study of a sexually disturbed man who fights his way up from sickness and despair to something like health, something like hope. Wonderfully acted by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

On the Double—This nutty story about a G. I. in England who is commanded by British Intelligence to masquerade as a British general allows Danny Kaye to shoot the works, which is just what it is meant to do. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 21.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, which, though the plot is something of a cheat, justifies itself by admirable acting and romantic settings. The villain is played by Alain Delon, and the girl he pursues is Marie Laforet, who is very young and pretty. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a Negro family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 21.)

Rocco and His Brothers—The Italian director Luchino Visconti here shows what happens when, in his native Milan, a numerous and impoverished peasant family seeks to rise in the world and finds it easier to sink. A long morality tale, which Mr. Visconti and a well-nigh perfect cast imbue with extraordinary power. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 25.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Alan Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 25, tentative.)

Town Without Pity—Kirk Douglas stars in a courtroom drama that manages to make us care very much how it turns out. The case hinges on a rape and is not for the tender-hearted, young or old. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Two-Way Stretch—A profoundly unserious study of British penology and the wicked ways of unrepentant jewel thieves, conducted by the eminent sociologist Mr. Peter Sellers. Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins assist in the farcical seminar, and the resultant laughter is weightless and almost non-stop. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 19.)

Two Women—An Italian movie about a young widow who takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village in the mountains and meets there an anti-Fascist, who falls in love with her. Although much that happens in the movie is sad, and even shattering, its effect is anything but depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are quite exceptional as the anti-Fascist, the mother, and the daughter, and Vittorio De Sica's direction is perfection itself. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 25, tentative.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J. D.'s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 25, tentative.)

Ben-Hur (1959)—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; starting Oct. 25.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband. Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 25.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 20-23.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 25.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 19.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 24, tentative.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 25, tentative.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Proud and the Beautiful (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 20-23.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Oct. 24.)

The Savage Eye (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Oct. 24.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a chirpy small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 22-24.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Four programs in a series of recent Yugoslav films—Through Oct. 20: "Alone" (1959), directed by Vladimir Pogacic. . . . ¶ Oct. 21-22: "H-8" (1958), directed by Nikola Tanhofer. . . . ¶ Oct. 23-24: "The Sky Battalion" (1961). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 25: "Moments of Decision" (1956), directed by Frantisek Cap. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOWN WITHOUT PITY.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Devil at 4 O'Clock," Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Blood and Roses," Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
PICNIC ON THE GRASS (in French), revival; and **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
THE HUSTLER.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Oct. 24: **EXODUS.**
Oct. 25: Theatre closed.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 25 (tentative): **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 24: "Mr. Sardonicus," Oscar Homolka, Ronald Lewis; and "Five Golden Hours," Ernie Kovacs, Cyd Charisse.
From Oct. 25: **BEN-HUR**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 24 (tentative): **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
From Oct. 25 (tentative): **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Call Me Genius," Tony Hancock, George Sanders.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE MARK.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 21: "Mr. Sardonicus," Oscar Homolka, Ronald Lewis; and "Five Golden Hours," Ernie Kovacs, Cyd Charisse.
Oct. 22-24: "Ada," Susan Hayward, Dean Martin; and "Heroes Die Young," Erika Peters.
From Oct. 25: **TWO WOMEN**; and "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
TOWN WITHOUT PITY.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's," Cecil Parker, George Cole.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 25: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE HUSTLER.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 24: "Mr. Sardonicus," Oscar Homolka, Ronald Lewis; and "Five Golden Hours," Ernie Kovacs, Cyd Charisse.
From Oct. 25: **TWO WOMEN**; and "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 24: "Ada," Susan Hayward, Dean Martin; and "Heroes Die Young," Erika Peters.
From Oct. 25: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 19: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival; and "Street of Shame" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
Oct. 20-23: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From Oct. 24: "The Would-Be Gentleman" (in French), revival, performed by the Comédie-Française; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 21: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; and **ON THE DOUBLE.**
Oct. 22-24: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 25 (tentative): **APARAJITO, PATHER PANCHALI**, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
MACARIO (in Spanish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 24: "Ada," Susan Hayward, Dean Martin; and "Heroes Die Young," Erika Peters.
From Oct. 25: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 24: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
From Oct. 25: "Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau; and "Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Question 7," Michael Gwynn, Christian de Bresson.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Roses for the Prosecutor" (in German), Walter Giller, Ingrid Van Bergen.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 22: "Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale.
From Oct. 23: "The Green Mare" (in French), Bourvil, Sandra Milo.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
PURPLE NOON (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Neapolitan Carousel" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Paolo Stoppa.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"From a Roman Balcony" (in Italian), Jean Sorel, Lea Massari.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 24: "Ada," Susan Hayward, Dean Martin; and "Heroes Die Young," Erika Peters.
From Oct. 25: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 25: **DOUBLE INDEMNITY**, revival; and **IT'S A GIFT**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 24: "By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; and "The Naked Maja," revival, Ava Gardner, Anthony Franciosa.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

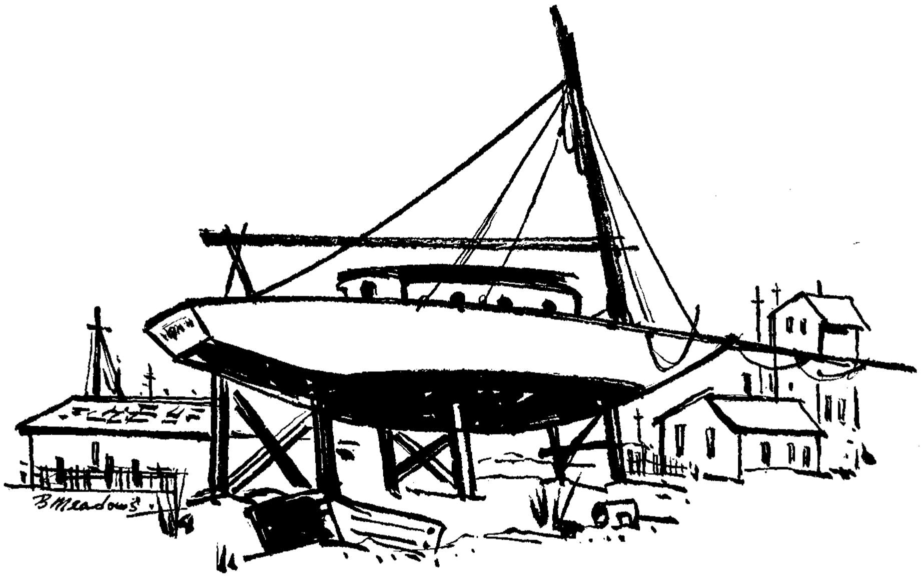
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 19: **TWO-WAY STRETCH**; and **TIGER BAY**, revival.
Oct. 20-23: **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
From Oct. 24: "Topaze," revival, John Barrymore, Myrna Loy; and "Fric-Frac" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

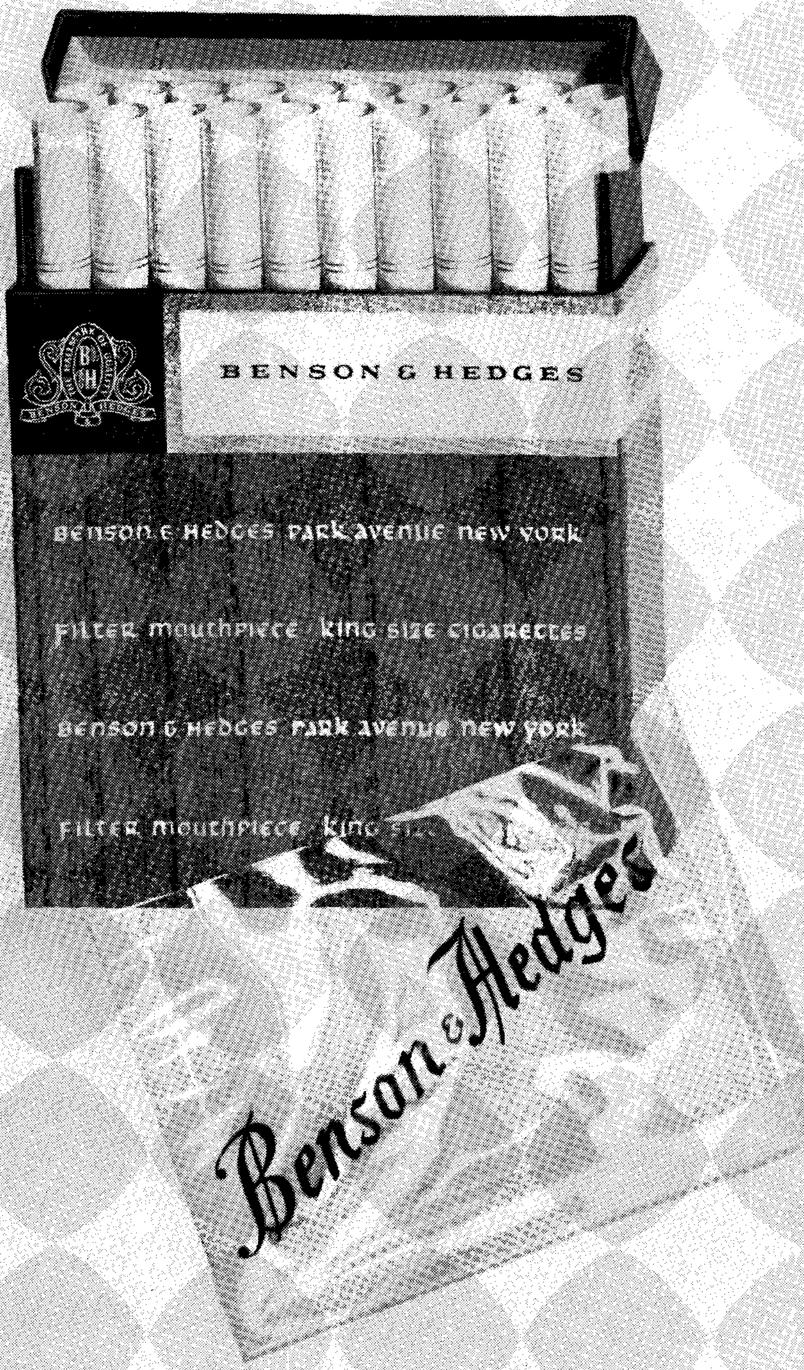
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 24: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival.
From Oct. 25: **TWO WOMEN**; and "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 24: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
From Oct. 25: "Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau; and "Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 24: "Ada," Susan Hayward, Dean Martin; and "Heroes Die Young," Erika Peters.
From Oct. 25: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 24: "Mr. Sardonicus," Oscar Homolka, Ronald Lewis; and "Five Golden Hours," Ernie Kovacs, Cyd Charisse.
From Oct. 25: **TWO WOMEN**; and "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

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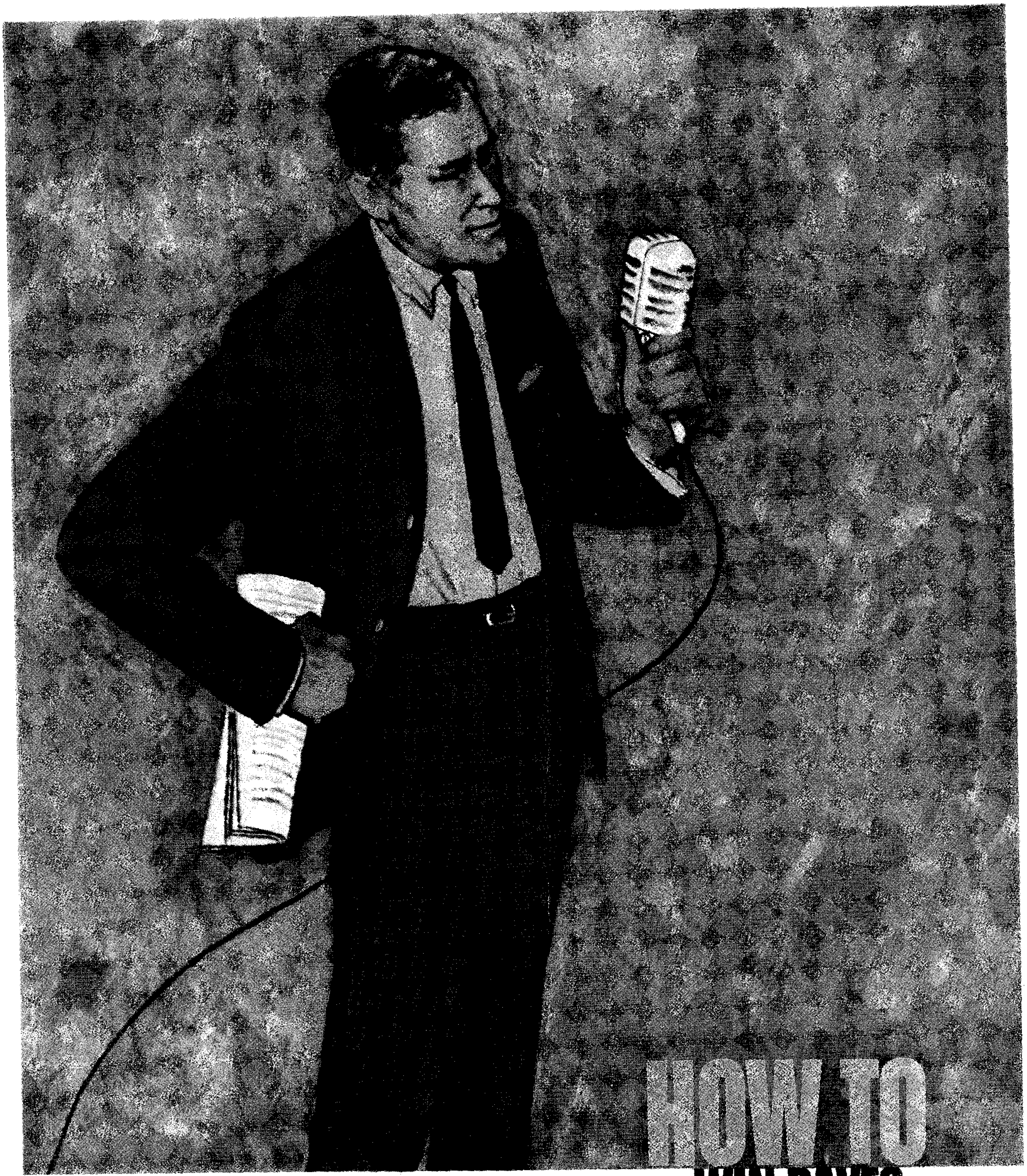

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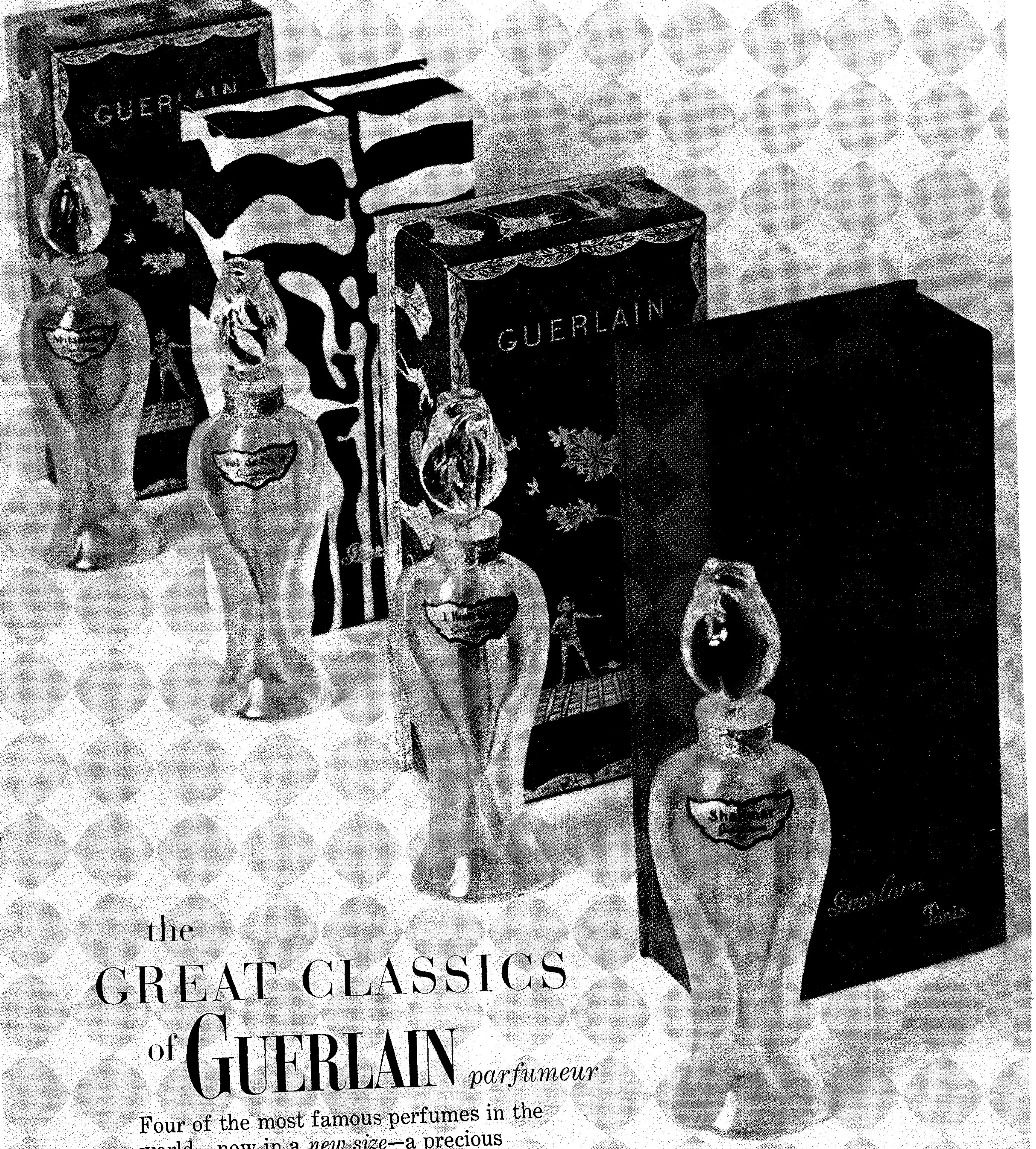
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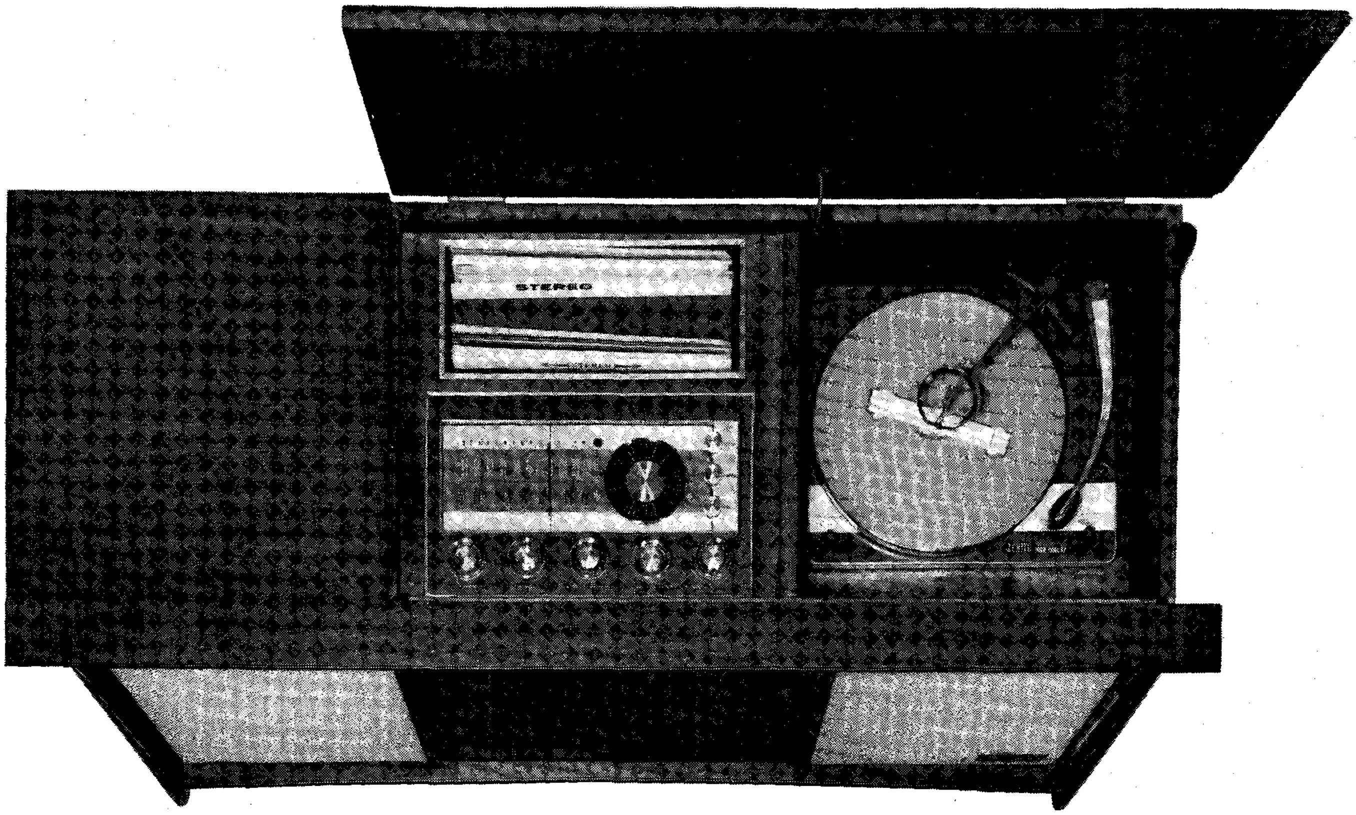

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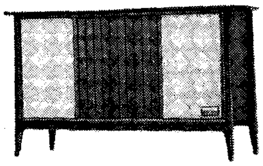

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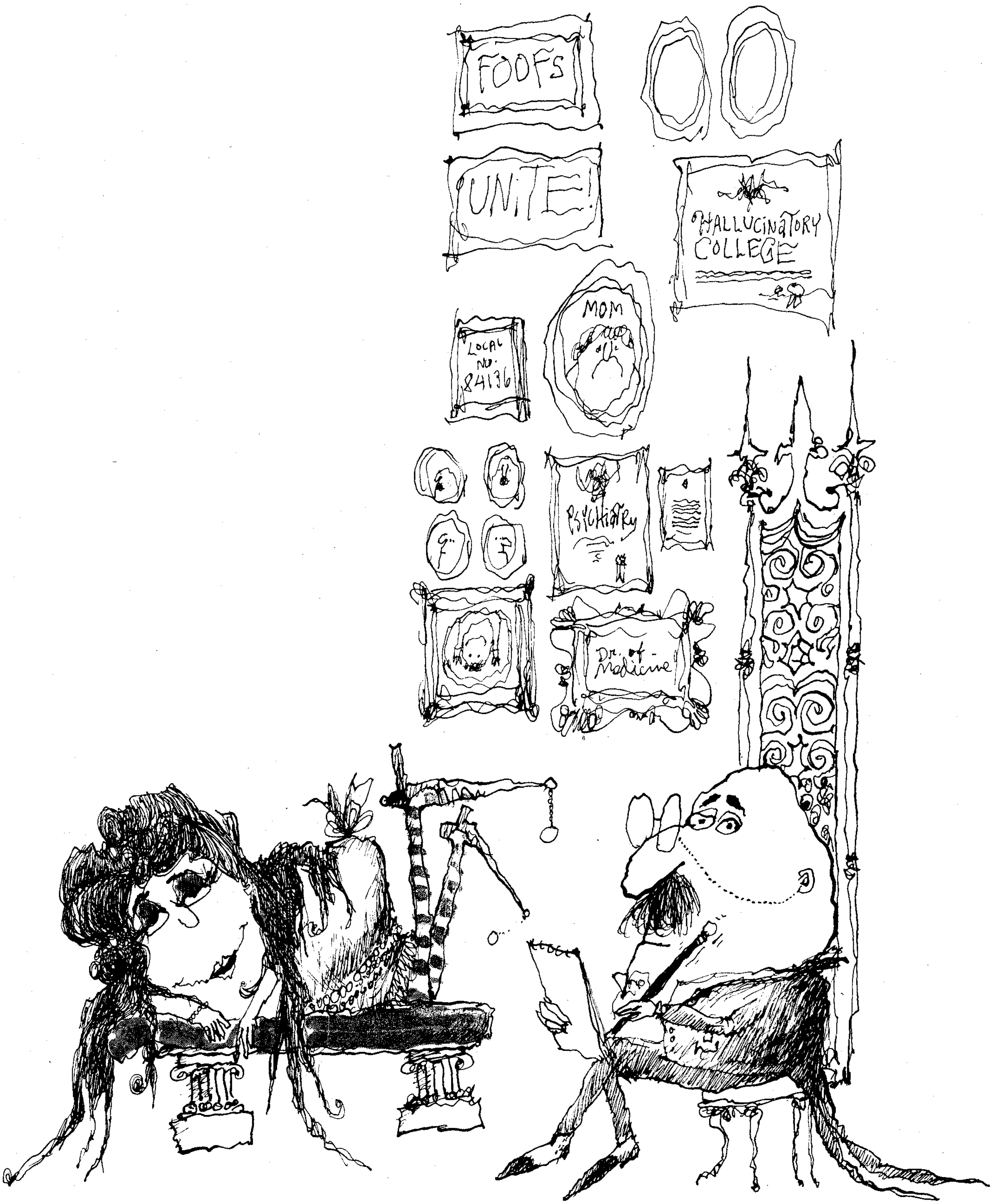
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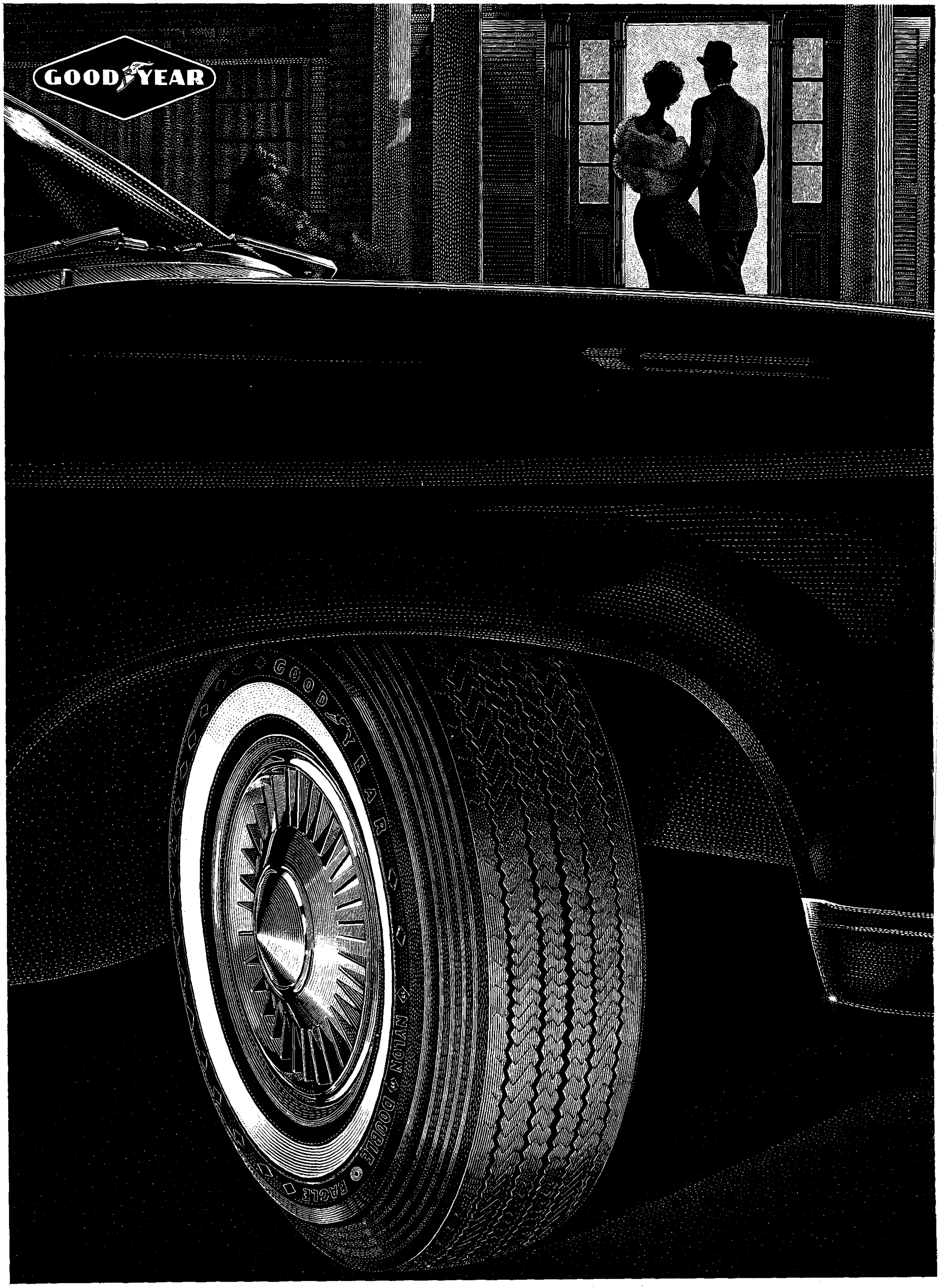
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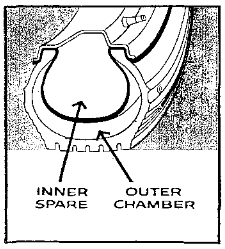

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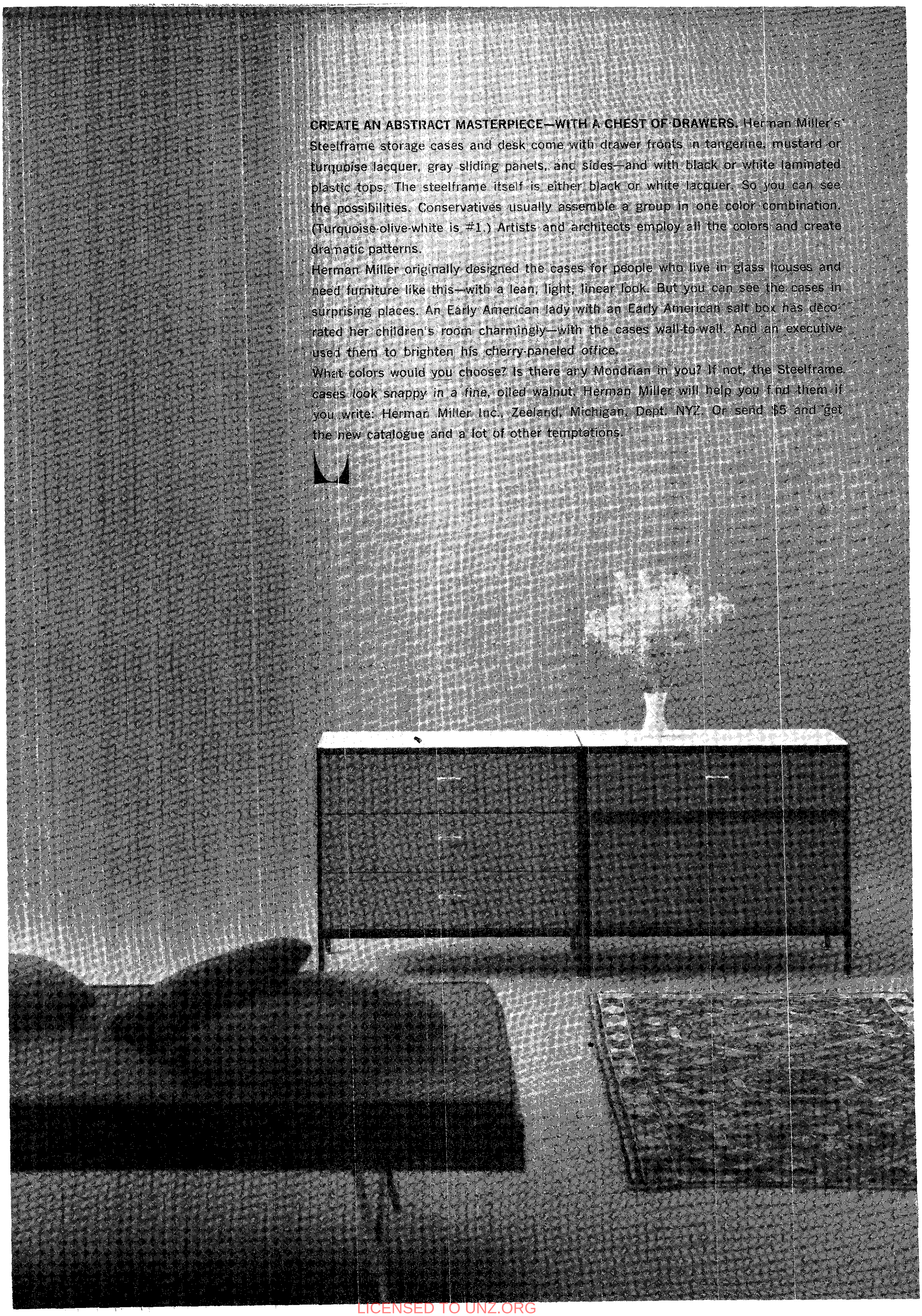

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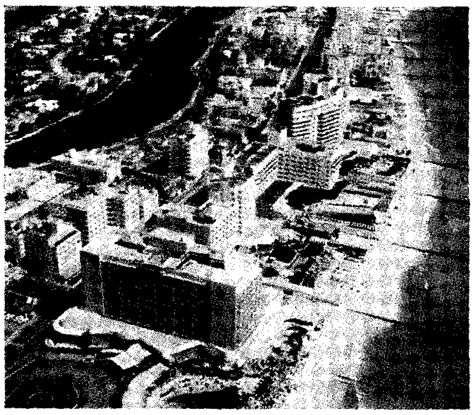

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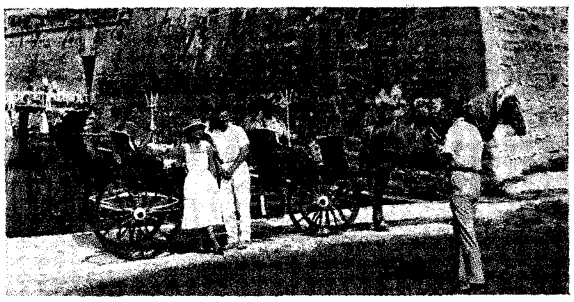
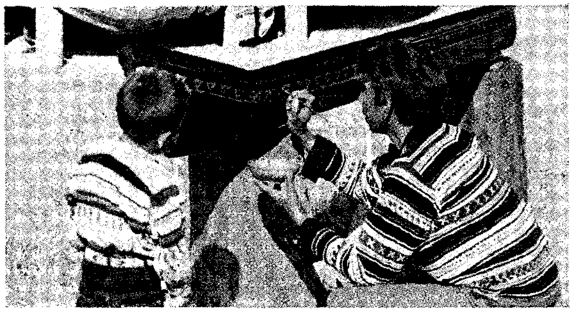


In a horse-drawn surrey, tour St. Augustine—oldest U.S. city. Visit ancient fort, Castillo de San Marcos.

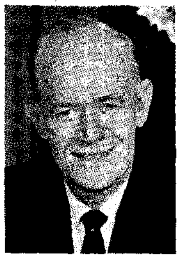


Talk to Indians in a South Florida Seminole village, shop for colorful "squaw dress," other curios.

Enjoy Florida citrus, ripe from the tree at hundreds of gift fruit stands. Snap your family picking the fruit.

See your Travel Agent

There's so much more to *come back to* in **Florida**



Governor Farris Bryant

FREE! New "GUIDE TO FLORIDA VACATIONS" tells where to find new Florida vacation thrills. Mail coupon now!

"*EXECUTIVES:* As Florida's governor I invite you to get facts about Florida's advantages for conventions, sales meetings and for plant locations. Write, on business letterhead, to Florida Development Commission, Box 2113-A, Tallahassee, Florida."

Mr. Wendell Jarrard, Chairman
Florida Development Commission
Box 2113-A, Tallahassee, Florida

Send FREE Florida Vacation Guide book to

Name______________________________

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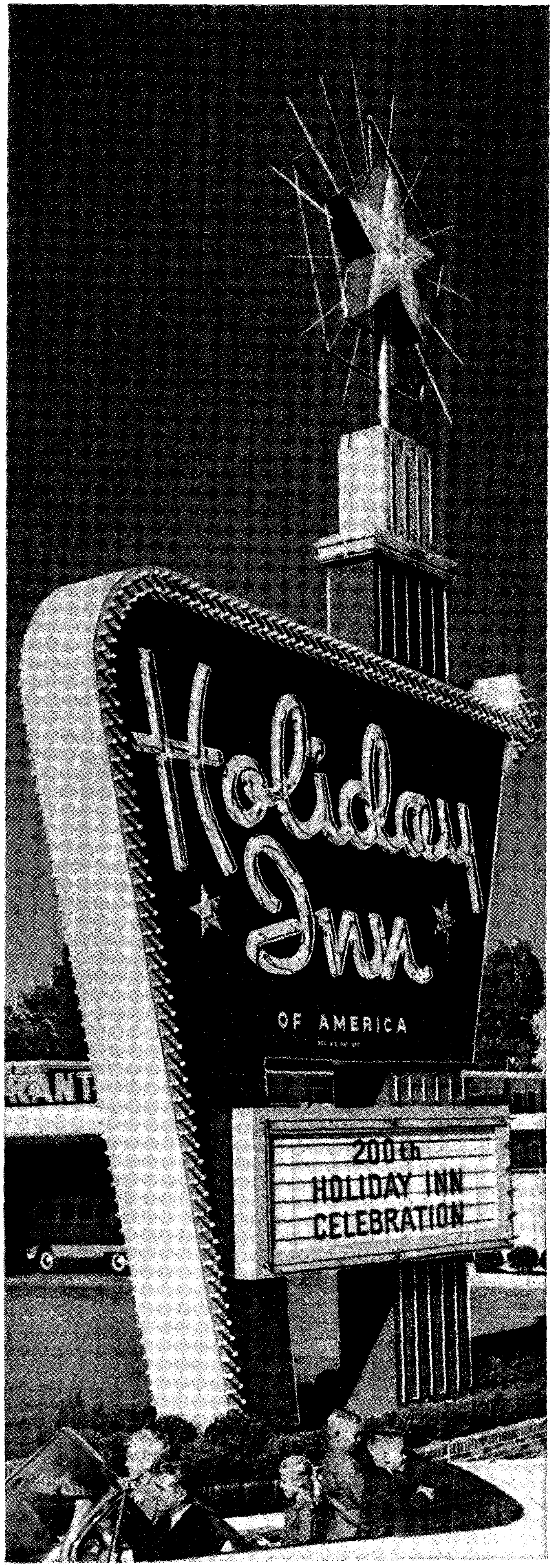
City______________Zone____State________



WE'RE CELEBRATING AT 200 Holiday Inns®!

Visit Your Nearest Holiday Inn During Our Nationwide Celebration...Oct. 20-27.

You are cordially invited to join the fun at any one of the 200 Holiday Inns during the 200TH HOLIDAY INN CELEBRATION—Oct. 20-27. Prizes, favors, refreshments, entertainment—lots of things to do and see for *everyone!*

Set aside a date now to attend the 200TH HOLIDAY INN CELEBRATION. Expect a *fun day* for the whole family. Happy Holiday!

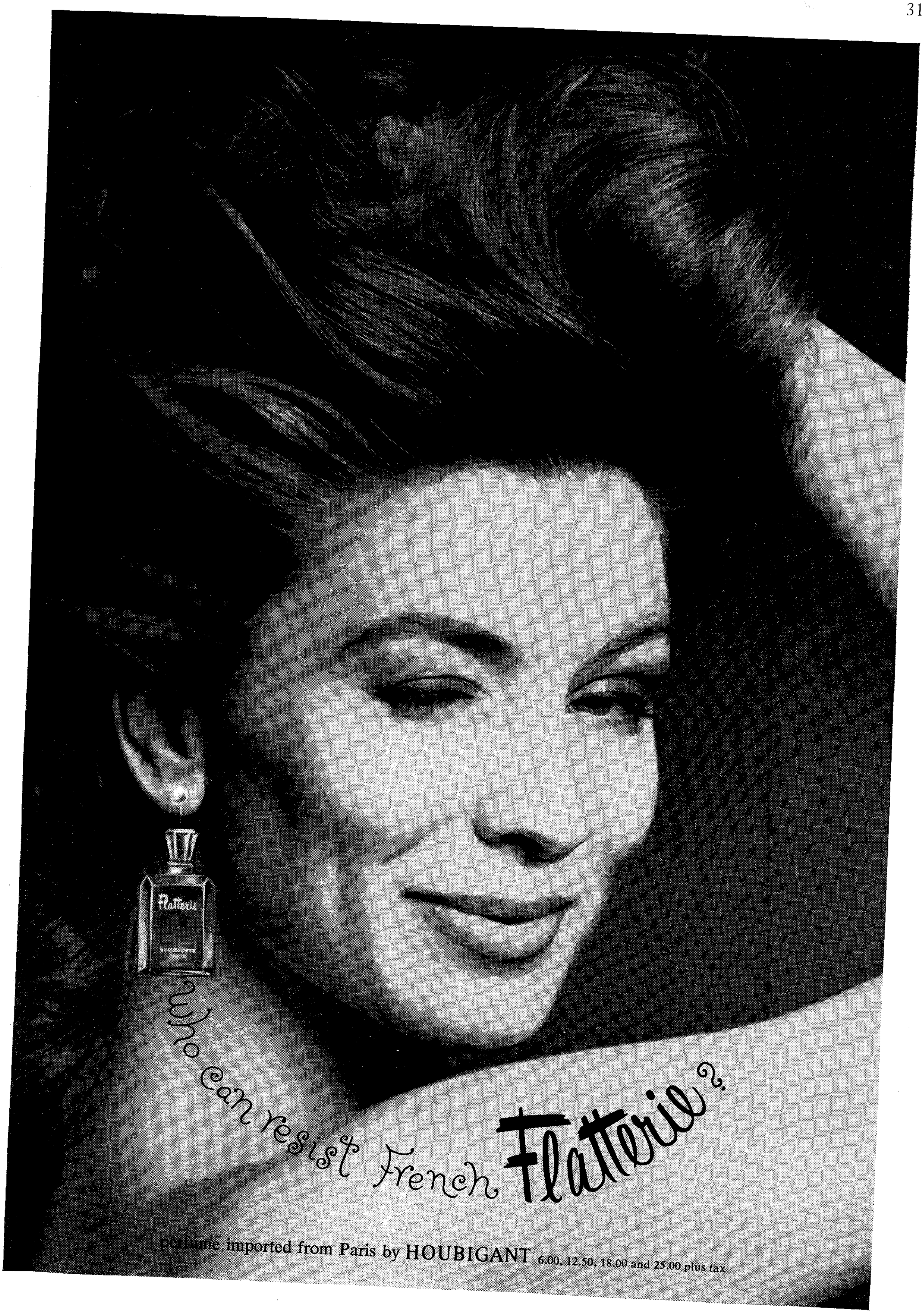
Win a "Palm Springs Holiday" For Two!

Twenty lucky couples across the nation will win a free "Palm Springs Holiday" at the beautiful new Holiday Inn in Palm Springs, California. Complete details and entry blanks for the "Palm Springs Holiday" drawing may be obtained at your nearest Holiday Inn during the Celebration—Oct. 20-27.

PLUS Many Other Local Prizes. Even if you do not win a free weekend trip for two at Palm Springs, you still have a chance to win one of many additional valuable prizes being given away at each Inn during the 200th Holiday Inn Celebration. This means that *one* entry qualifies you for *two* big Holiday Inn drawings.

Holiday Inns are located in 32 states and Canada. Send for free directory.

HOLIDAY INNS OF AMERICA, INC.
3736 Lamar Avenue, Memphis 18, Tenn.


Flatterie
who can resist French Flatterie?
perfume imported from Paris by HOUBIGANT 6.00, 12.50, 18.00 and 25.00 plus tax

Before you spend more money to repair your old TV again, consider this...

This year, TV owners will again spend over 2 billion dollars to maintain their present TV sets . . . about 5 hundred million dollars more than will be spent on new sets.

It may be costing you more to maintain your present TV set than to own a modern television—one that will give you and your family more program enjoyment than you've ever known. What's more, recent advancements in electronic science have been so great as to make your old television completely obsolete. But, the greatest benefits come to you from Magnavox—for only Magnavox can give you all these advanced features to make your TV viewing a delightful new experience:

1. **The biggest, clearest picture**—"life-size" 400 sq. in. screen. More than twice as big as most screens in use today, and more than half again as big as the largest screens of other makes.

2. **Video-matic—the greatest innovation in modern TV**—automatically gives you the best pictures, day or night. All you do is to select your program—Video-matic will do the rest to give you the best picture you've ever seen. It continuously maintains the extremely critical balance of brightness and contrast necessary for the best pictures. In a new Magnavox, tuning and adjustment controls are unnecessary. Video-matic makes all adjustments better, more precisely than you could manually. And there is nothing to "mis-adjust" . . . Video-matic is foolproof.

3. **Total remote control, too.** Magnavox offers the only *total* remote control operation from the comfort of your easy chair. You no longer need to adjust for picture quality as programs or room lights change.

4. **Magnasonic sound**—combined with big pictures, creates a sense of realism you have yet to experience. Music becomes magic—pictures become "alive." You are there!

5. **Chromatic optical filter**—lends depth and beauty to pictures, eliminates reflections and glare that cause eyestrain. Only Magnavox lets you see and enjoy this difference.

6. **Greatest reliability**—Magnavox technology, derived from years of experience in the research and development of precision electronics for our government, has contributed to make this the most dependable television ever. In fact . . . Magnavox is so reliable that **service as well as all parts and tubes are guaranteed for a full year** in Gold Seal models.

7. **Magnavox Color TV**—for luxurious viewing of spectacular color programs. Magnavox is superb in color and sound realism.

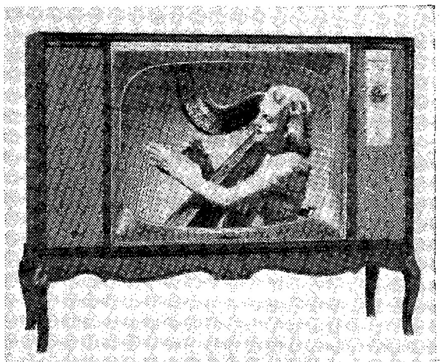
8. **Magnavox is the finest—and your best buy on any basis of comparison**—it costs you less than you may think because Magnavox is sold directly through selected dealers; saving you the high cost of middleman distribution.

A Magnavox costs you less to buy and less to own. Your family can enjoy a magnificent Magnavox for just a few pennies a day.

Let your Magnavox dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages) show you the dramatic improvements in TV enjoyment that you are now missing.

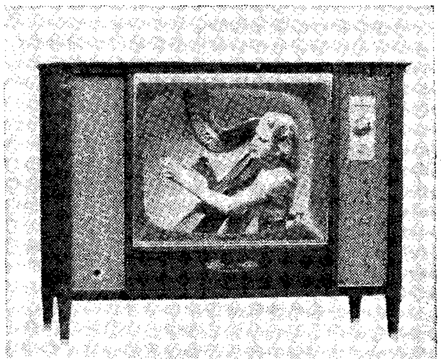
Frank Freimann, President,
The Magnavox Company, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

the magnificent
Magnavox



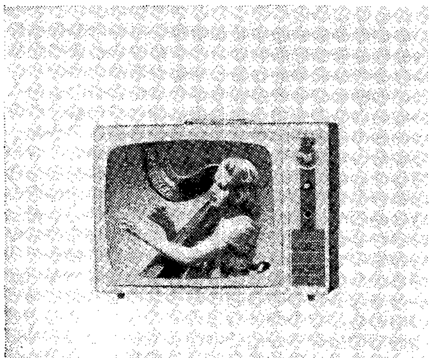
The Video-matic 27"... Provincial
The biggest picture in all TV

400 sq. in. chromatic screen—more than half again as big as the largest of other makes. Select from ten 27" models in a variety of styles, from $299.50 to $495.



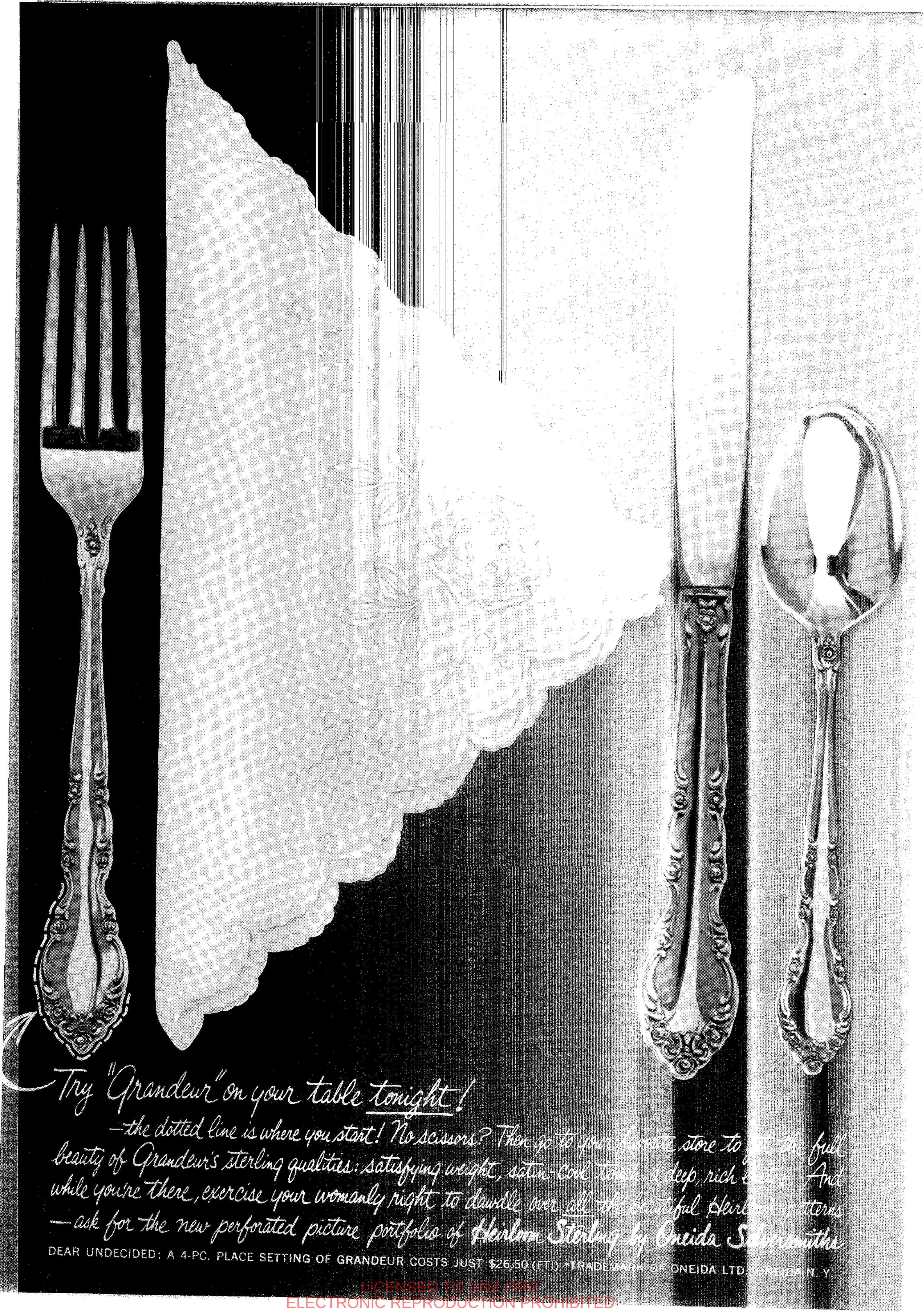
The Video-matic 24"
Italian Provincial

325 sq. in. chromatic screen—20% bigger than the largest of other makes. Eleven beautiful 24" styles priced from $299.50 to $369.50. Magnavox 23" models from only $199.50.



The Plaza 19"... Video-matic operation in room-to-room portables, too

The same quality benefits that make Magnavox big screen TV the most enjoyable and reliable, go into Magnavox portables too. They're ideal second sets, from only $168.



Try "Grandeur" on your table tonight!

—the dotted line is where you start! No scissors? Then go to your favorite store to get the full beauty of Grandeur's sterling qualities: satisfying weight, satin-cool touch, a deep, rich lustre. And while you're there, exercise your womanly right to dawdle over all the beautiful Heirloom patterns—ask for the new perforated picture portfolio of **Heirloom Sterling by Oneida Silversmiths**

DEAR UNDECIDED: A 4-PC. PLACE SETTING OF GRANDEUR COSTS JUST $26.50 (FTI) *TRADEMARK OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA N. Y.

The remarkable Parker 61

The $15 pen that's unnecessarily good

- **It fills itself by capillary action**
- **It can make its own ink from water**
- **It has no moving parts to go out of kilter**
- **It is virtually leakproof**
- **It has a 14K solid gold point**

If you're thinking of buying, or hoping to receive a fine fountain pen as a gift, you'll be interested in these facts about the remarkable Parker 61.

There is a quiet reward in just the sight of its classic design.

It is pleasing and important to the eye. In this age of mass production and slickness (and sometimes, shoddiness), it's good to look upon a truly fine thing.

Easy in the Hand

You pick it up and find your expectations confirmed. The heft of a Parker 61 feels just right to your hand. It cradles comfortably in your fingers.

You touch the point to paper and the ink flows instantly. Abundantly. The polished nib glides along smoothly and effortlessly, line after line, seeming almost to anticipate your thoughts. Here, again, Parker handiwork tells. A man must train four full years before he is qualified to polish the nib on a Parker 61.

A "First-Person Look" in Your Writing

You look back over your words and a pleasurable glow comes over you. No stiff impersonal scrawls, these! Here is writing as richly varied as your own thoughts and moods—now slender and graceful, now delicately shaded, now full and authoritative. With quiet pride, you add your signature. This is writing. This is *you.* For a Parker 61 is responsive to your touch as no other writing instrument made today.

The 14K Solid Gold Point

Gold is used, not only for its looks but because of its spring and flexibility. It makes for an easy, flawless stroke. At the tip there is plathenium, one of the smoothest and hardest alloys known. We don't know how long this will last, because even our laboratory has trouble trying to wear one out.

Fills Itself

This remarkable pen actually *fills itself, by itself,* through the magic of capillary action.

You put the filling end of a 61 in a bottle of ink and leave it alone while it drinks. There is nothing to push or pull—no pistons, plungers or levers—absolutely no moving parts to go out of kilter. This is a Parker exclusive. In just ten seconds, the 61 will drink enough ink to write 5,000 polysyllabic words—(or at least 7,000 little ones like "this").

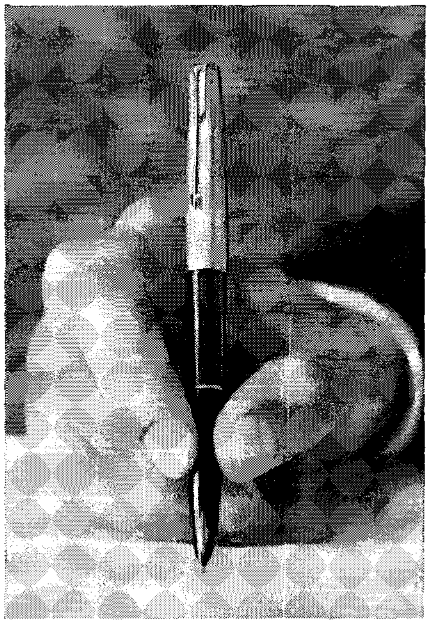
Makes Its Own Ink, Too

If you are going on a trip where you may not have an ink bottle handy, you'll appreciate Parker's new Instant Ink capsule.

This is actually a little container of ink concentrate. Just slip it on the filling end of the 61, dip it in a glass of ordinary tap water and in half a minute your 61 is filled with Super Quink ink.

As Leakproof as a Pen Can Be

If an elephant stepped on it, your 61 would undoubtedly spring a leak. Under ordinary circumstances it won't leak. Each drop of ink is suspended *individually* in little cells inside the barrel until called upon to write. (This is how capillary action works.) On the ground, and in the air, it's as leakproof as a pen can be. We've tested it in jet planes at 40,000 feet and it has never lost a drop.



The most expensive 61, a solid gold model, costs $150. Heads of state give it to other heads of state. Even more opulent is the *Presentation Set:* a solid gold 61 with matching ball pen and solid gold pencil . . . $300.

The least costly 61 costs $15 and it performs just as well. It's the *same basic pen, same point, same* capillary action.

Think back now. How long has it been since you've had the pleasure of writing with a fine pen like this? Too long? Then visit your Parker dealer tomorrow and try a 61, either for an experience you deserve or as a gift that will do you proud.

To enable you to "customize" the 61 you give, Parker offers an extensive choice of points in varying widths from the Accountant to the Stub-plus, the Medium Oblique for special distinctiveness in writing. Custom-built points are available, too.

Parker—*Maker of the World's most wanted pens*

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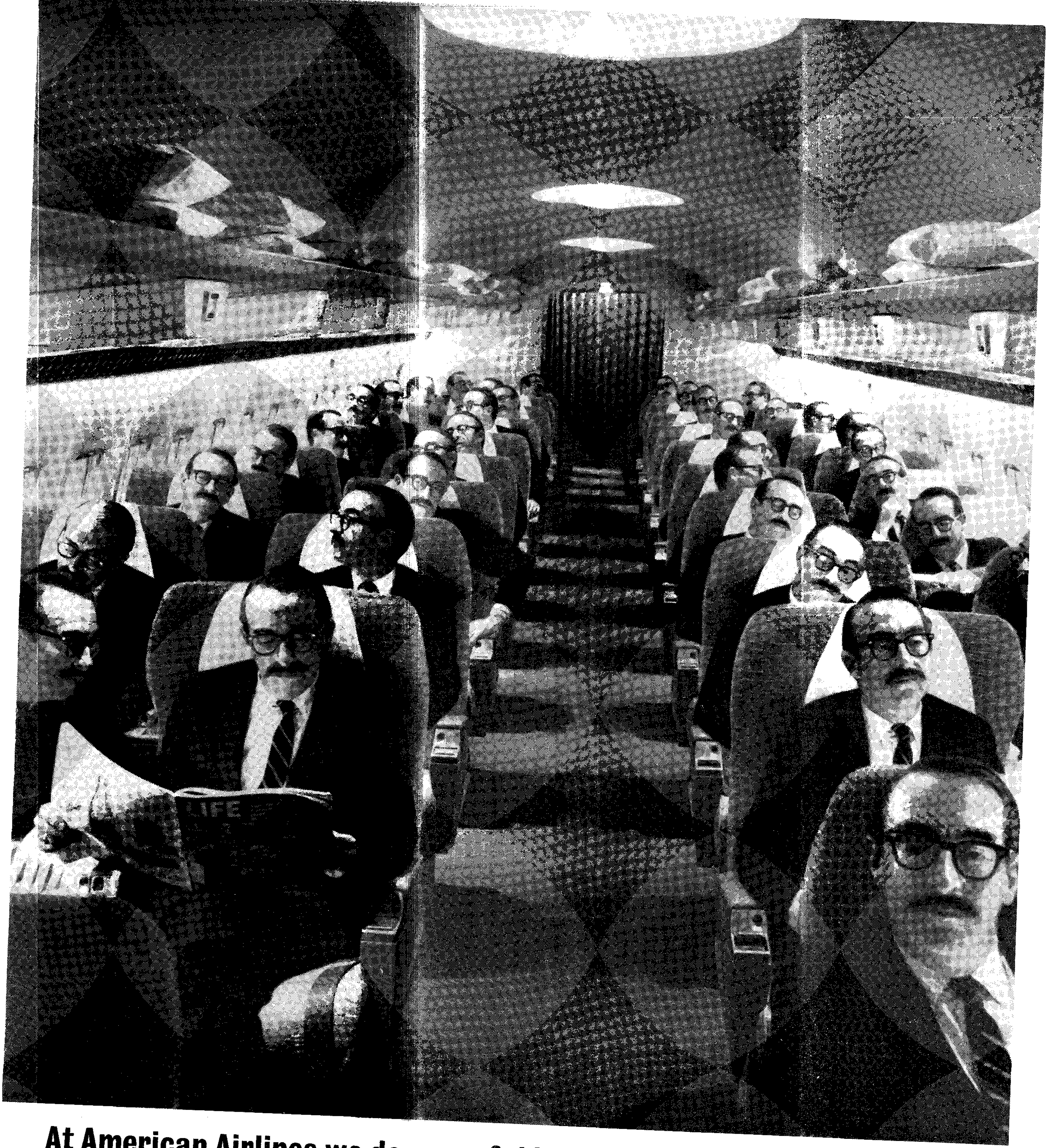

At American Airlines we do an awful lot of repeat business

American is usually the choice of people who fly a lot. And it isn't just because of our pretty stewardesses and delicious meals.

The big reason is American's dependability. For instance:

American's great new Astrojet* (the first plane with fan-jet engines) cruises faster than conventional jets. It flies more quietly. It has more reserve power to ensure on-time arrivals.

American has the only jet fleet completely equipped with DME (Distance Measuring Equipment), the most important advance ever made in airline navigation, even beyond radar.

Our pilots have flown more passengers than any other group of pilots in the world. Many are 7-million-milers.

Our planes are kept in peak condition by one of the largest maintenance setups on earth. Over 3,000 aircraft experts regularly inspect every part of every plane in our fleet.

Experienced travellers like our equipment, and they like the way we take care of it. Next time, fly American.

AMERICAN AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

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*SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

Keens/British Hats raise a man from the ranks. Their look of innate good breeding is characteristic of the best of British headwear, and derives in part from felts which are British throughout. The styling is authentic...confident authority lies in the snap of the brim, the modeling of the crown, the skillful finishing. The unmistakable look of a Keens/British Hat marks a man with importance and pride. $15—$16.50—$20

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Listen—
this is
the sound
of beauty

ORREFORS CRYSTA

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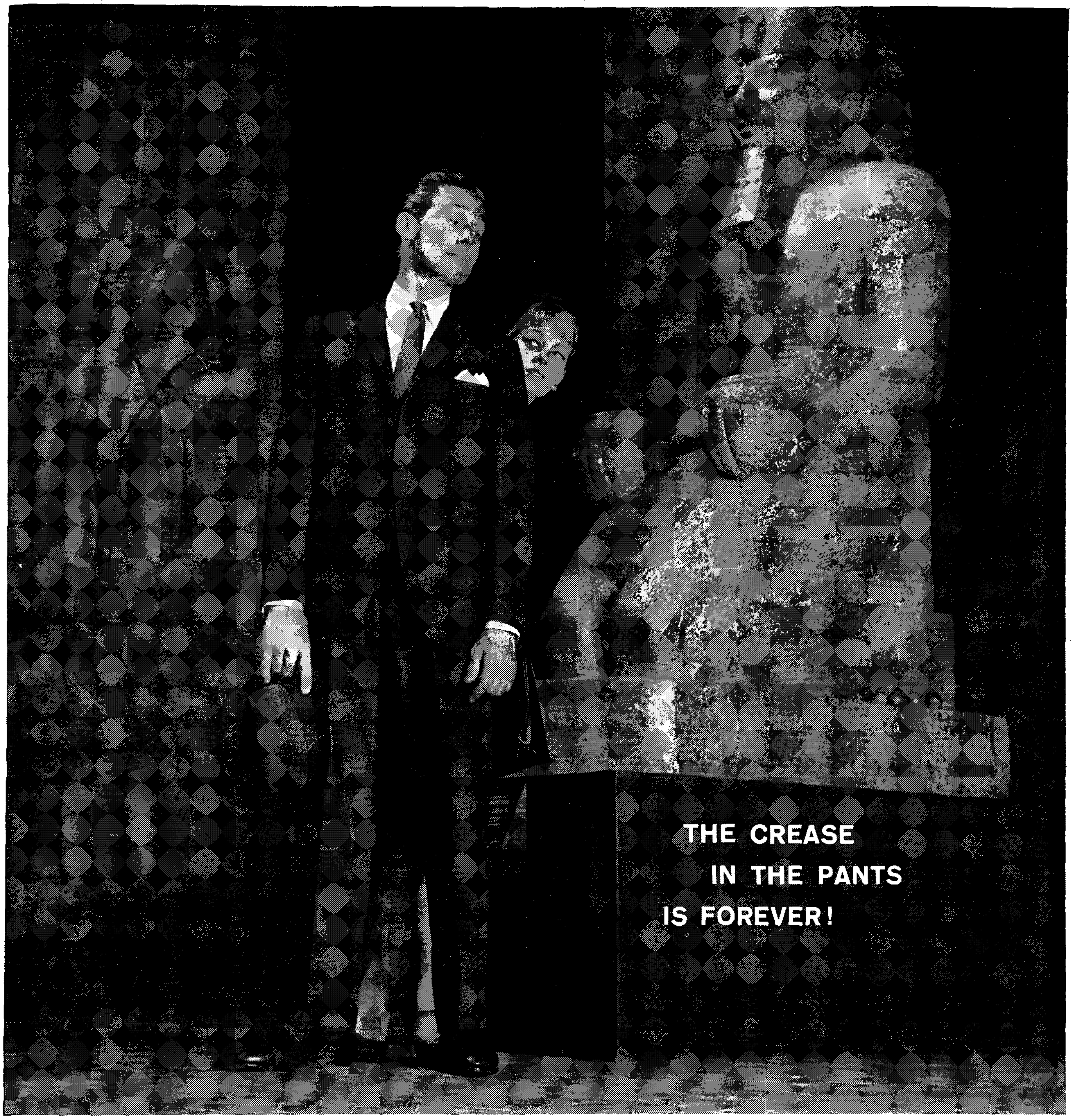


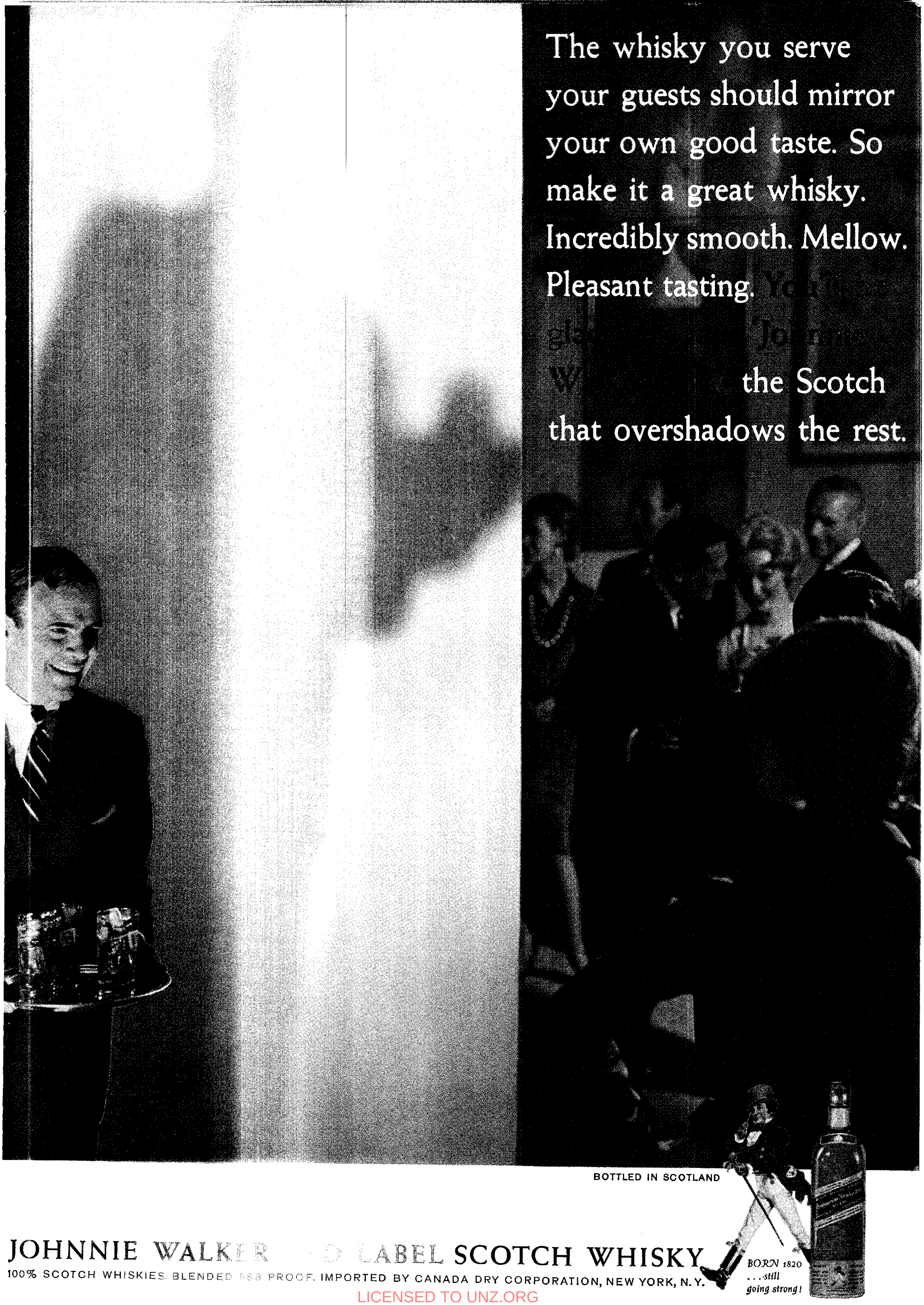
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

POUND STERLING PURE WOOL SUITS

Go ahead and walk in the rain, sit in the dampness, challenge the humidity—be downright careless!—absolutely *nothing* can destroy the trouser-crease in a Pound Sterling Pure Wool suit! It's permanent! It's forever! . . . This new, scientific permanent-creasing process is the extra carefree luxury which Timely Clothes now adds to all the *natural* inherent luxuries of fine wool: richness, resiliency, color clarity, durability, easy comfort, handsome masculinity. And, in Pound Sterling, you enjoy all this wool-greatness so much, much longer because its exclusive, shape-holding Balanced Tailoring keeps every trim line trim indefinitely. If you are a man with fixed ideas about luxury with value, the Pure Wool Pound Sterling is certainly *your* suit! . . . . . About $95.00

WOOL ACHIEVES NEW GREATNESS IN POUND STERLING

TIMELY® CLOTHES
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



The whisky you serve your guests should mirror your own good taste. So make it a great whisky. Incredibly smooth. Mellow. Pleasant tasting. Yo[illegible] gla[illegible] 'Jo[illegible] W[illegible] the Scotch that overshadows the rest.

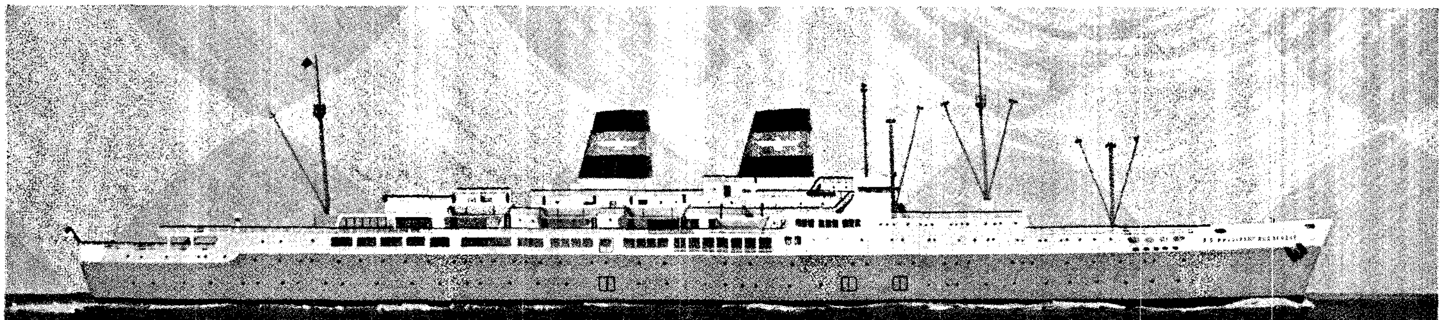
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

JOHNNIE WALKER [illegible] LABEL SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES. BLENDED 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BORN 1820 . . . still going strong!

Big stir in the Pacific...



SS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Here is the newest All First Class liner to the Orient, the long-awaited SS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. A block and a half of seagoing luxury, it has everything you'd expect to find at one of the world's best addresses—from ballrooms to beauty shops, lanais to libraries, spacious lounges (even a soundproof fun-room for teenagers!), cabarets, first-run movies, and gourmet restaurants offering more dishes than Louis XVI himself had to choose from.

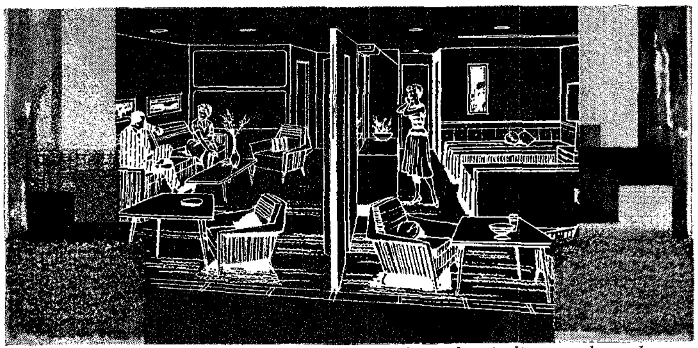
There are nurses and nurseries, a completely equipped hospital, a topside kennel, a swimming pool and volleyball courts. Modern stabilizers give you lake-smooth sailing. There are enough shops to serve a small town. And miles of sun-swept deck space—every square foot of it First Class.

Naturally, each stateroom has its own private bath, telephone, radio and, of course, air conditioning. As well as 'round-the-clock room service at the touch of a button.

Below are sketches of the interior. Color swatches give you an idea of the decor in each room.

Fares for round-trip cruises to the Orient begin at $1175; fares one way to Japan, at $510. To book passage on the maiden voyage of the PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT or any of the other President Liner sailings listed below, call your Travel Agent or write American President Lines, 311 California Street, San Francisco 4, for free brochure.

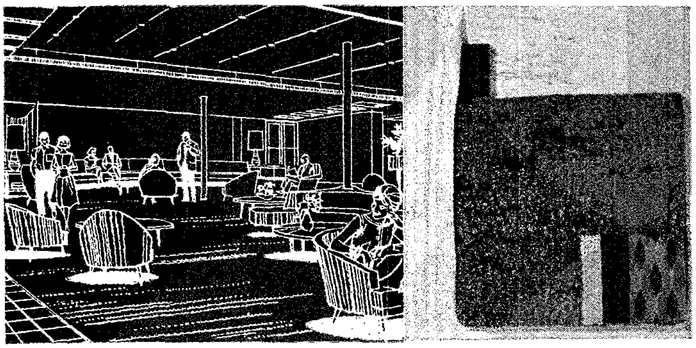
SAILING DATES:	from SAN FRANCISCO	from LOS ANGELES	from HONOLULU
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT	Jan. 11	Jan. 13	Jan. 18
PRESIDENT WILSON	Jan. 26	—	Jan. 31
PRESIDENT HOOVER	Feb. 5	—	Feb. 10
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND	Feb. 13	Feb. 15	Feb. 20
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT	Feb. 28	—	Mar. 5
PRESIDENT WILSON	Mar. 12	Mar. 14	Mar. 19



Suite Arrangement

Swatches indicate color schemes

These bedroom-sitting room suites convert in moments to accommodate from one to four. Complete with spacious modern bath. Ideal for shipboard entertaining or for solitude. Decor: warm browns, rust, beige, blues and burnished yellow.



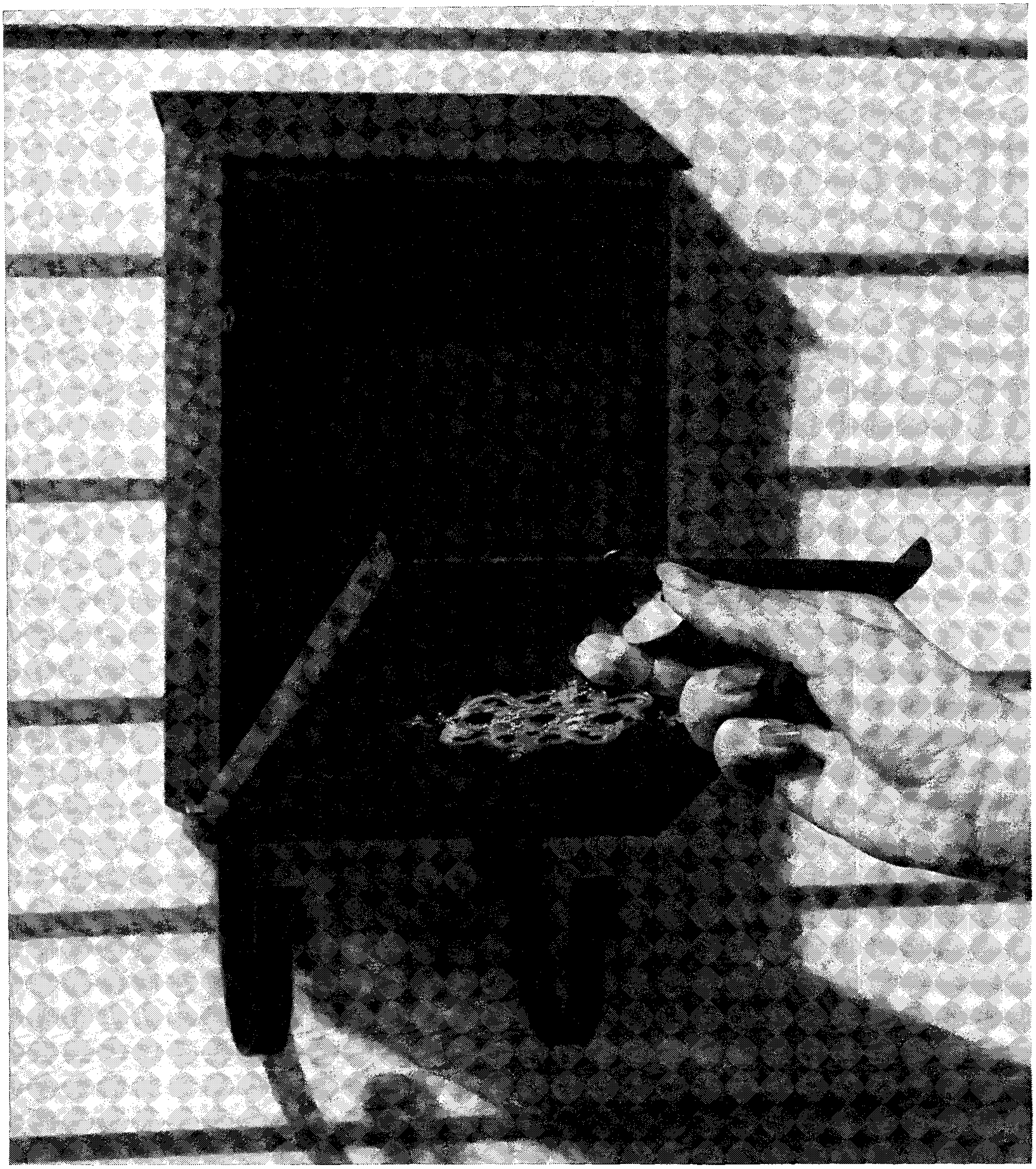
Main Lounge

A quiet room for casual conversation. Deep-cushioned sofas and chairs make it your own private club at sea. The cool blues and greens of the carpeting and upholstery, accented by white drapes and yellow paneling, strike a tranquil note.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES *Sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila, Kobe*

OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • CHICAGO • BOSTON • NEW YORK • WASHINGTON, D.C. • HONOLULU

SAILING ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO THE ORIENT IN JANUARY 196

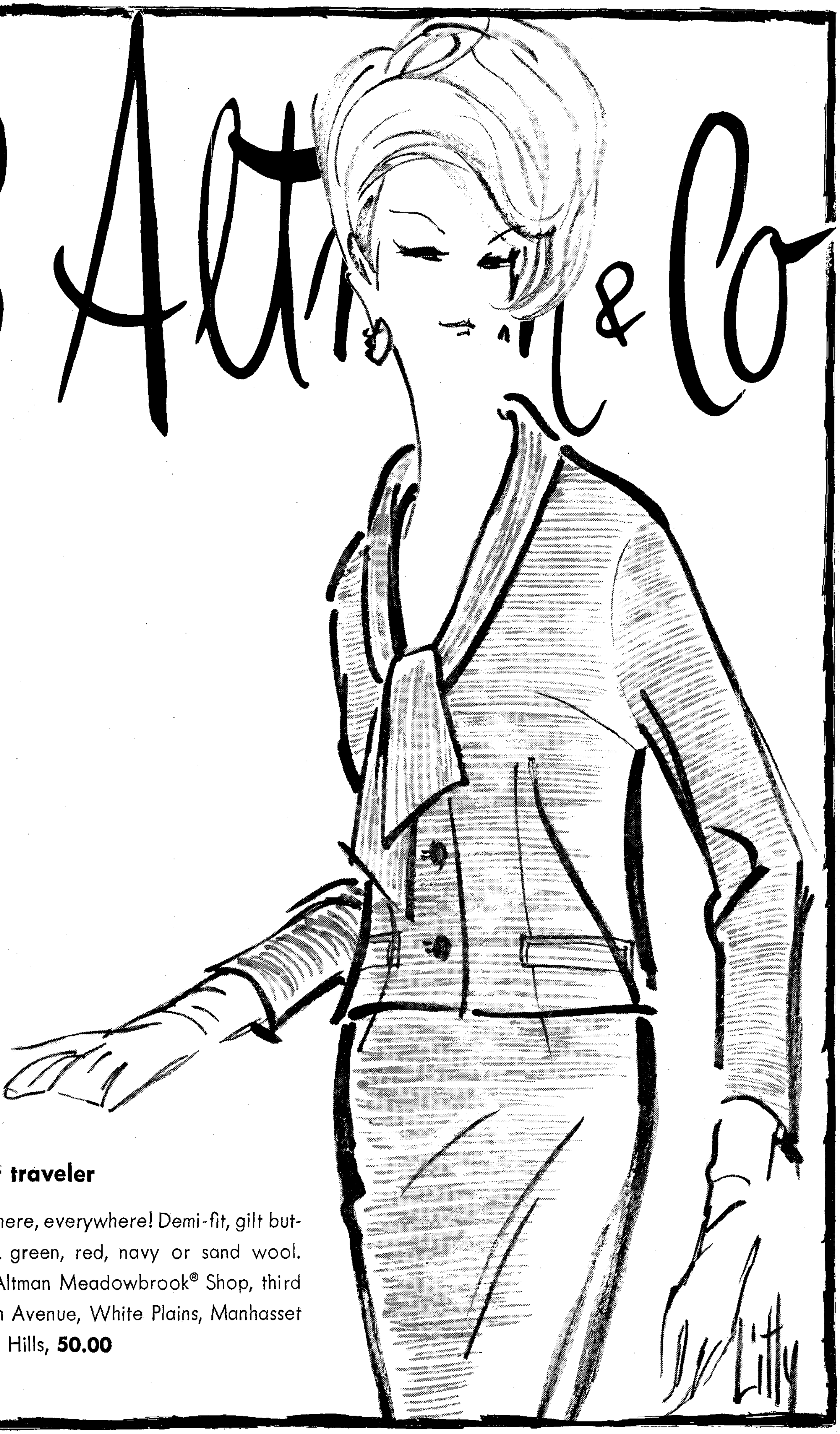


No news from the family?

Good time to call Long Distance

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

B. Altman & Co



The knit traveler

... *here, there, everywhere!* Demi-fit, gilt buttoned . . . green, red, navy or sand wool. 10 to 18 Altman Meadowbrook® Shop, third floor. Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills, **50.00**

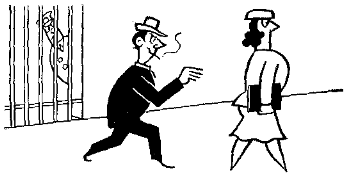
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day, we paid a final call on the anonymous write-in candidate for Mayor of New York whom we've reported on a few times recently. The prevailing mood at his campaign headquarters was one of confident, almost somnolent tranquillity. "Our work here is virtually done," the candidate was telling his assembled volunteers when we arrived. "In the course of this vigorous campaign, I have plainly told the public how I mean to solve an immense assortment of local problems. In so doing, I have clearly established in the mind of every thoughtful citizen my superiority over the other candidates. I therefore take it that my victory is assured. But, gentlemen, I seek more than a mere personal triumph. I seek a victory of such staggering proportions that every local politician will be convinced that never again can anyone run for office here without speaking as forthrightly as I have spoken on the issues of the day. To insure this overwhelming conquest, I have prepared a final civic proposal. It relates to crime.

"Now, I must confess that I have not closely followed the public statements of the other candidates, since a cursory scanning has sufficed to show that they contain no substance worthy of debate. I am prepared to believe, however, that each of the candidates has ventured to come out boldly against crime. I am also persuaded that not one of them has given the problem the mature philosophical attention that I have lavished on it. Suppose we consider, for a moment, the career of the average hoodlum under present conditions. While yet in his teens, he is arrested in the midst of, say, a clumsy attempt to steal an automobile. He is sentenced to a reformatory, whose wiser inhabitants instruct him in more sophisticated methods of manipulating locks. Upon his release, he resumes his interrupted occupation with increased skill, and causes a great deal of trouble before he is once again arrested. This time, perhaps, he is sent to prison, where he enlarges his felonious repertory by absorbing instruction in the arts of purse-snatching and burglary. Thus, from every sojourn in the jails he returns a more versatile and efficient criminal. Our present methods are obviously worse than useless."



"But what alternative can you suggest?" queried the Campaign Manager in Charge of Timely and Helpful Questions.

"Banishment. It accomplished wonders for the ancient Greeks, and it will accomplish wonders for us. First, it will remove the criminal from the city for the term of his banishment. Second, and more important, it will work toward his reformation, for it is a punishment at once humane and frightful. Imagine the misery of a New Yorker who finds himself suddenly denied the right of residence in this incredible city during the most exhilarating and fruitful period of its history. (I refer, of course, to the years of my coming administration.) Surely he will do *anything* to win the right to return, and once he is readmitted to the civic fold, he will do anything—even dedicate himself to a life of probity—to stay here."

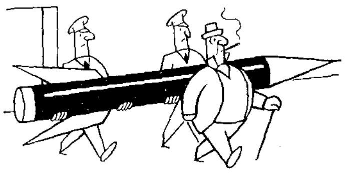
"I foresee a grave difficulty," interjected the Campaign Manager in Charge of Second Thoughts. "I beg you to consider that the artistic life of this city depends upon its artists, and they, by nature, are sometimes inclined to be disturbers of the peace. Consider how their banishment would diminish us all. Besides, think of what your opponents might make of it. 'Like Plato,' they would say, 'the anonymous candidate threatens to banish poets from the city.' On the eve of an election, such a charge could be political dynamitesville."

The candidate obviously had not considered this dangerous possibility, for his face clouded. A moment later, however, it reassumed its expression of serenity. "I have it," he declared. "I have conceived a punishment for poets and such that is both unobjectionable and condign. Any errant virtuosi will be forbidden, for a period commensurate with their offenses, to appear on any television panel programs whatever. The mere prospect of such a deprivation, I am convinced, will perfectly serve to curb their more vagrant impulses, without unduly depressing their essential liveliness of spirit."

The anonymous candidate gathered his papers and rose, and the assembled volunteers, in a spontaneous gesture of deference, rose with him. "I am weary," he confessed, with a valedictory glance around his shabby headquarters. "If you will excuse me, I shall retire to await the verdict of this city and of history. Permit me to thank you all for your counsel and support. We will soon meet again, I trust, in a better place—namely, City Hall."

Away You Go!

LAST spring, when the Institute of Radio Engineers was at the Coliseum, we shopped there for some of the electronic odds and ends that go into a missile; we went back last week to sample what the American Rocket Society, also bivouacked in the Coliseum, had to offer. We found the real goods this time, not just accessories, and are in a position to report that anyone with sturdy feet and a few million dollars to spend can come away with a rocket that will be no



mere flash on the pad. Our own feet were put to the test shortly after we arrived, when a large plastic ball, with wires attached, all but tripped us up as it bounced down an aisle. We followed it, and it homed in on the R.C.A. booth. "Sorry," said the operative, switching off a control panel as the ball hid under a table. "I was merely demonstrating one means of remote-control locomotion on the moon. There are other systems besides rolling," he went on, directing our attention to another table, which was covered with small four- and six-legged mechanical monsters. "These are crawlers," he said, and turned them all on at once. Slowly and ponderously, amid much clacking of machinery, they walked about. Two of them collided, and while he was untangling them we made our way to the boutique of Cutler-Hammer's Airborne Instruments Laboratory.

"There's more to controlling transportation on the moon than rolling balls around the floor," the Airborne salesman observed, not too suavely. "There's the whole science of avionics; that is, communication with and control of an unmanned vehicle in interplanetary travel. For instance, do you realize it takes one point three seconds for a radio impulse to travel from the moon to the earth? And another one point three seconds for a command signal to travel from the earth to the lunar vehicle? In that time, the vehicle could have plunged to the bottom of a lunar chasm." This disaster he brought to life for us on a model lunar landscape, complete with a remote-control vehicle of its own, but before he could get to Airborne's solution of the problem, a nearby rocket, at the booth of North American Aviation's Rocketdyne Division, erupted as if it were about to burst straight through the Coliseum roof.

"This is a full-scale model of the boat-tail—that is, bottom—section of a Saturn missile," the man in charge was saying as we hurried over to North American. "It's essentially eight missiles in one, producing a thrust of one and a half million pounds. We're also working on our F-1 rocket, which consumes three tons of oxygen per second—exactly half the oxygen all the people in the U.S.A. breathe in the same period."

We nodded and moved off in search of a cheaper, less voracious engine. Over at General Electric, we found one that consumed almost nothing—just a few cheap ions and electrons. "It's a plasma-accelerator engine," the G.E. man said proudly. "Argon is the propellant. You shoot a very high current through it; it strips off negative electrons; they whoosh out the rear; and away you go!" The price, he went on soberly, was as astronomical as the distance the ion engine could travel on one pellet of argon; he refused to quote it to us because of the R. and D. factor, which he translated as the cost of research and development.

After that, we chatted briefly with a representative of the Titanium Metals Corporation of America, who informed us that his firm had supplied titanium for the Atlas, Samos, Midas, Titan, and Mercury programs. "It's the ideal metal for rockets," he said, slapping a titanium section of a Minute Man missile, which responded with a hearty echo. "It's thirty per cent lighter than steel, it's far tougher than aluminum, and it doesn't rust."

We ventured to observe that we thought metal didn't corrode in space anyway.

"Combustion corrodes!" he said loudly, thwacking the missile again. It had recently been fired, he went on, and he defied us to find a speck of rust on its nozzle. He then offered us some titanium, at three dollars a pound. "Steel's seventy-eight cents a pound, but you get almost twice as much titanium for your money," he said encouragingly.

We declined the offer, and moved off to look at tubing at the LeFiell Manufacturing Company's digs.

"We make all kinds of metal tubes," a LeFiell man said. "Tubes for cooling rocket engines. Strut tubes for engine mounts. Push-pull control-actuator rods for angling rocket fins. Venturi tubes for nozzles. Up there is the nose boom we made for the X-15 rocket plane. On top is a javelin made from a tube."

We inquired about a particularly lethal-looking bit of tubing.

"That's for a vacuum cleaner," he said.

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Incidental Intelligence: In the Telephone Directory, the Department of State of New York is divided into four sections. They are Division of Cemeteries, Cemetery Board, Secretary of State, and Upholstery and Bedding.

Big Frog

LIFE has many facets. Whom should we be sharing a lunch of leek-and-potato soup, Philadelphia mixed grill, and soufflé Rothschild with at Carlton House the other day but John M. Crawford, Jr., one of the country's leading collectors of Oriental art; Donald F. Hyde, noted corporation lawyer, dean of Johnsonian collectors, and president of the Grolier Club; J. Terry Bender, the Grolier's librarian; Paul Banks, an apprentice bookbinder who is helping rehabilitate the Grolier's library of thirty-seven thousand volumes; and Sydney M. Cockerell, who is considered by many to be the greatest binder and book repairer extant! Mr. Cockerell hails from England, where his father, the late Douglas Cockerell, was once the g. b. a. b. r. e., and where his uncle, Sir Sydney Cockerell, who is ninety-four, is a literary executor of William Morris, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, and Thomas Hardy. Mr. Cockerell had arrived a few days before from Ottawa, where he had bound a Korean War roll of honor and a Boer War roll of honor for the Canadian Department of Veterans Affairs, and he was scheduled to address the Grolier Club that afternoon on the subject of repairing books.

"The two rolls, which will be placed in the Parliament Buildings, were bound with bird's-eye-maple boards and with spines of buffalo skin, and have solid-gold maple-leaf clasps," he said. "This is my first time over the Atlantic. I'm very pleased with it here. Your streets are wider than I had expected, and much airier. I went up the Empire State Building on a very clear night and was very pleased with what I saw. And I was very pleased with the wooden houses in Connecticut. Your country is more mature than I had expected. In Ottawa, I thought how very young Canada is, but you *are* fifty years older, aren't you?"

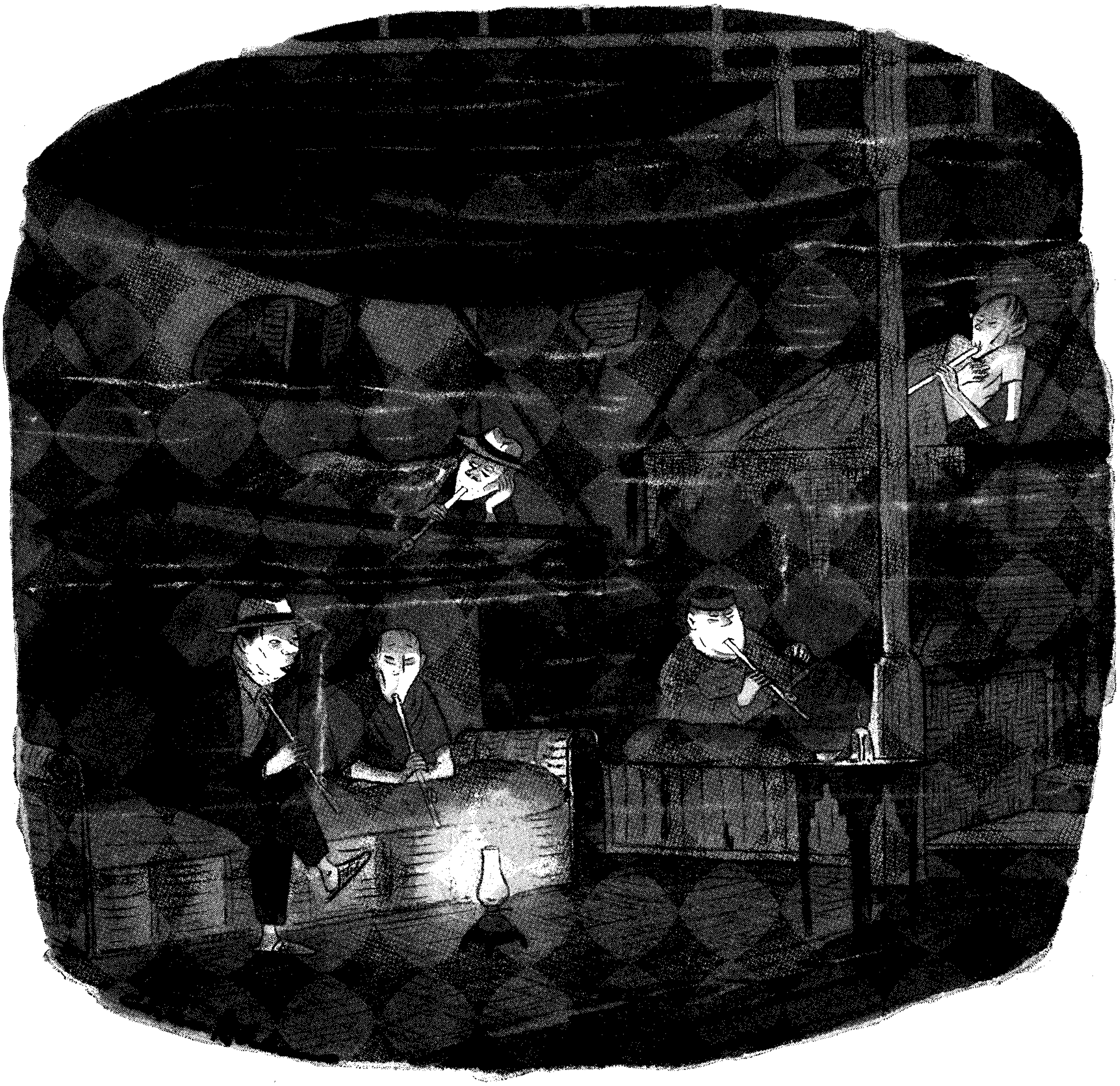
"Was it you who repaired the Book of Kells, in Trinity College, Dublin?" Mr. Hyde asked.

"Roger Powell," Mr. Cockerell said. "It was a great feather in his cap. He got an honorary degree for it. He and I were partners for eleven years, before he went on his own."

"Oh, the Book of Kells!" said Mr. Crawford. "I wish it would visit this country. It would be wonderful to have it in the Grolier Club, if only for a few hours."

"Tell us about the Codex Sinaiticus manuscript," Mr. Hyde said, referring to a fourth-century Greek copy of the Bible, in the British Museum, that Cockerell *père*, assisted by Cockerell *fils*, bound and repaired in 1935.

"Well, its vellum leaves were lying loose in a tin box, and had an enormous number of tears, and the folds were damaged," Mr. Cockerell replied.



"Sure it's the same old crowd, but at least it's something to do."

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"The leaves were cockled, too. My father built a special frame to flatten them. First, we humidified the vellum, then we stretched it on the frame and dried it under tension. We sewed the leaves together with special linen and bound them in two volumes, using oak boards. The job was done in the Museum, and it took three months. Dealing with a vellum manuscript is always a bit tricky; when the vellum gets damp, it reassumes the shape of the original animal."

"Calf?" we asked.

"Lamb, sheep, goat, calf, and, in the fourth century, for all I know, unicorn," Mr. Cockerell said. "It's amazing that a leaf can go back to the shape of a fourth-century animal."

"The humidity here is terrible," Mr. Hyde said. "Last year, my vellum bindings buckled, and after a while my cases curled up."

"The humidity rose to eighty-five in the Morgan Library this summer," Mr. Crawford remarked.

"One of my customers had a fire in his library, and he sent me a fourteen-volume set of Voltaire that had got damaged by water from the firemen's hoses," Mr. Cockerell said. "The leaves were uncut, and to repair them we had to cut them. The set was valuable because you couldn't read it. How ridiculous!"

Mr. Hyde looked pained. "You must admit that a lot of emotion is involved in collecting," he said. "Some collectors prefer an uncut book, because that's how it came off the presses. In that way, you come close to the author."

"Not if you can't read him," said Mr. Cockerell.

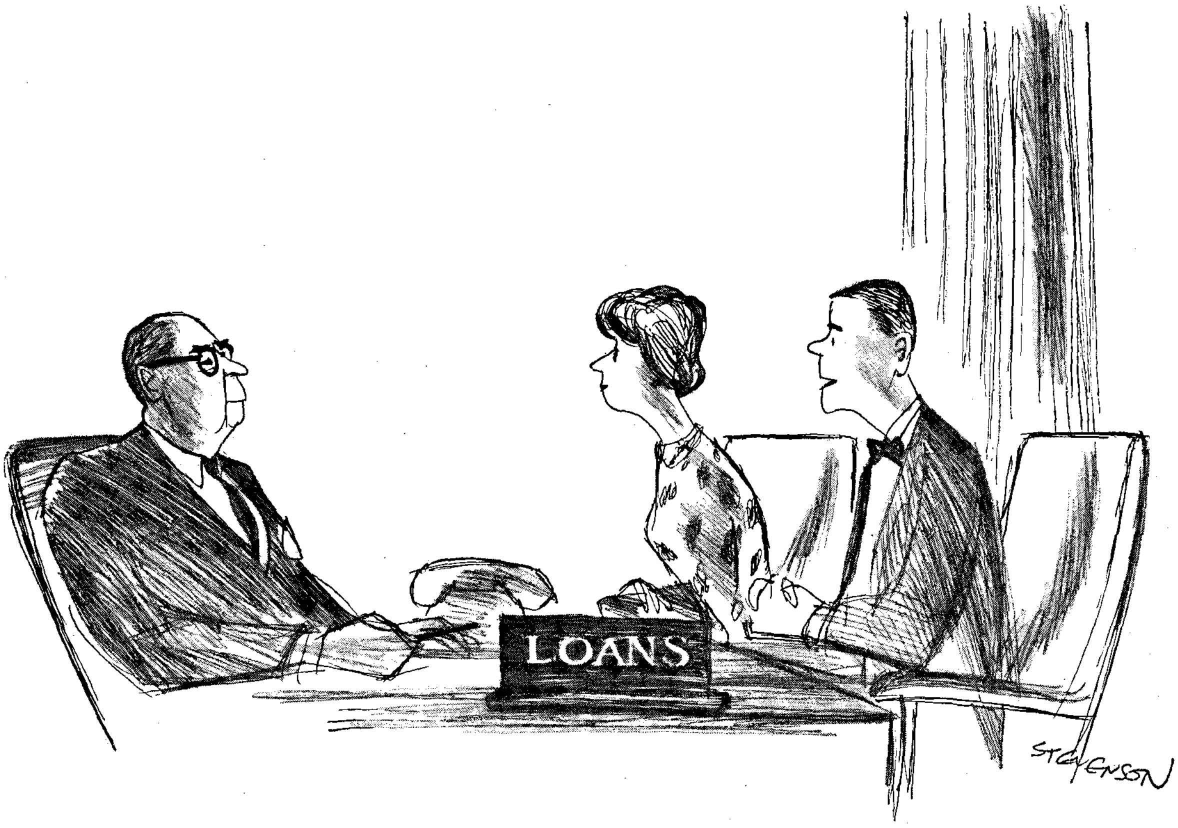
"You can buy another copy to read," Mr. Hyde said.

"Which would you prefer?" Mr. Crawford asked, addressing both Mr. Hyde and Mr. Cockerell. "A *used* first edition of Boswell's 'Johnson' or an uncut one?"

"Used," replied Mr. C.

"Uncut," replied Mr. H.

"It's absolutely essential that you should get to the contents," Mr. Cockerell said. "I feel the unopened-page business is like the accidentally unperforated stamps that philatelists prefer to



"Later on, when we can afford it, we'd like to build a regular house, but right now we just want to borrow enough for a nice little fallout shelter."

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the perforated ones. It's an adolescent preference."

"I can only say that for me the thrill of a pristine book is just unbelievable," Mr. Hyde said. "It's probably something adolescent in me. In any case, I like to think of an uncut book as a virgin book rather than as an adolescent one."

"Should a binder or a customer have the say on what kind of binding to use?" Mr. Bender asked, changing the subject.

"A binder who does just what the customer asks for has no character," Mr. Cockerell replied. "If you bind a book, you should read it first, and match the binding to the contents. A good binder must be dictatorial. You're in a little puddle, and you need to be a big frog in it."

"There's a marvellous example of binding in the General Theological Seminary," Mr. Banks said. "A Gutenberg Bible in nineteenth-century binding. Unbelievably inappropriate. Ghastly."

"Artistic form should be evolution, not revolution," Mr. Hyde said.

"That's why I like English binding, which is evolution, better than French, which is revolution," Mr. Crawford said.

"Well, the English are a stolid race," Mr. Cockerell said. "I think we bind more historical manuscripts than you do here. I've bound manuscripts of Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, and so forth, mostly for university libraries—especially in Scotland, for some reason."

Mr. Hyde asked whether he had a special man to do his marbling, and we asked what marbling is.

"The process of streaking or mottling paper, generally for end papers or covers of books, to make them look like marble," Mr. Cockerell explained. "I've had the same marbler for twenty years. He works in a separate workshop in my place at Letchworth, thirty-five miles north of London. It's rather a messy business. You make a soup out of a purple seaweed called carrageen and float various colors on its surface, which is quite viscous. Then you draw a large comb over the surface, creating a pattern, which you transfer to paper or cloth by laying the material on the soup for a moment and then pulling it away. The exciting thing about marbling is that it's a traditional process whose patterns are endless. It probably originated in Japan a thousand years ago. At any rate, it came to England, by way of Turkey, Persia, and Holland, in the seventeenth century. No two sheets are exactly alike."

Presently, everyone went on to the Grolier, where all hell broke loose. The projector that the club had rented for showing photographs of bindings didn't work, its microphone produced sounds like a foghorn, and the lights in the exhibition hall went out. Mr. Cockerell rose above all this unruffled, passing his photographs around by hand and delivering an informative talk.

Subsequently, Mr. Crawford, who is chairman of the club's Committee on Arrangements, apologized for the mishaps.

"Well, they *were* a bit off-putting, but actually I enjoyed them," Mr. Cockerell said. "I had always supposed that everything in America was mechanically perfect and went like clockwork. I now feel that Americans are almost human. I hope I'll be able to come back."

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FIRST act of overheard dialogue between a lady customer and a very young waitress in the Schrafft's at Fifty-seventh Street and Third Avenue:

"I'll have a Canadian Club and soda, please."

"What kind of bread do you want it on?"

The Twist

OUR man Stanley, gyrating from head to foot, swung into our office the other morning, executed a couple of outlandish capers, and launched into a husky refrain:

"Come on, baby! Let's do The Twist.
Take me by the hand and go like this."

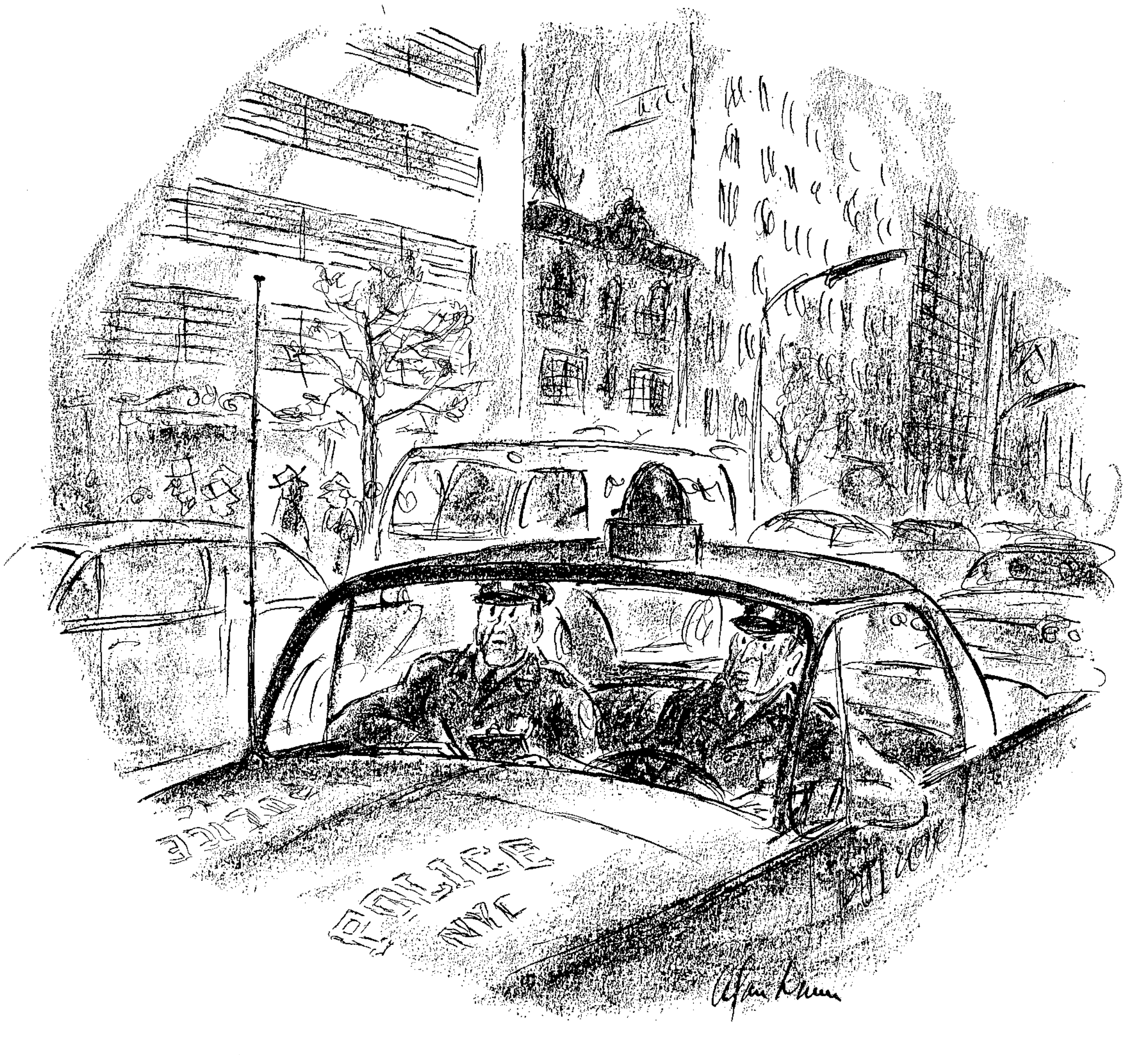
We suggested he cut the clowning and tell us what possessed him.

"The Twist! What else?" he said, and cavorted out the door, tossing at us, as he did so, a sheaf of cocktail napkins, on which the following notes were scrawled:

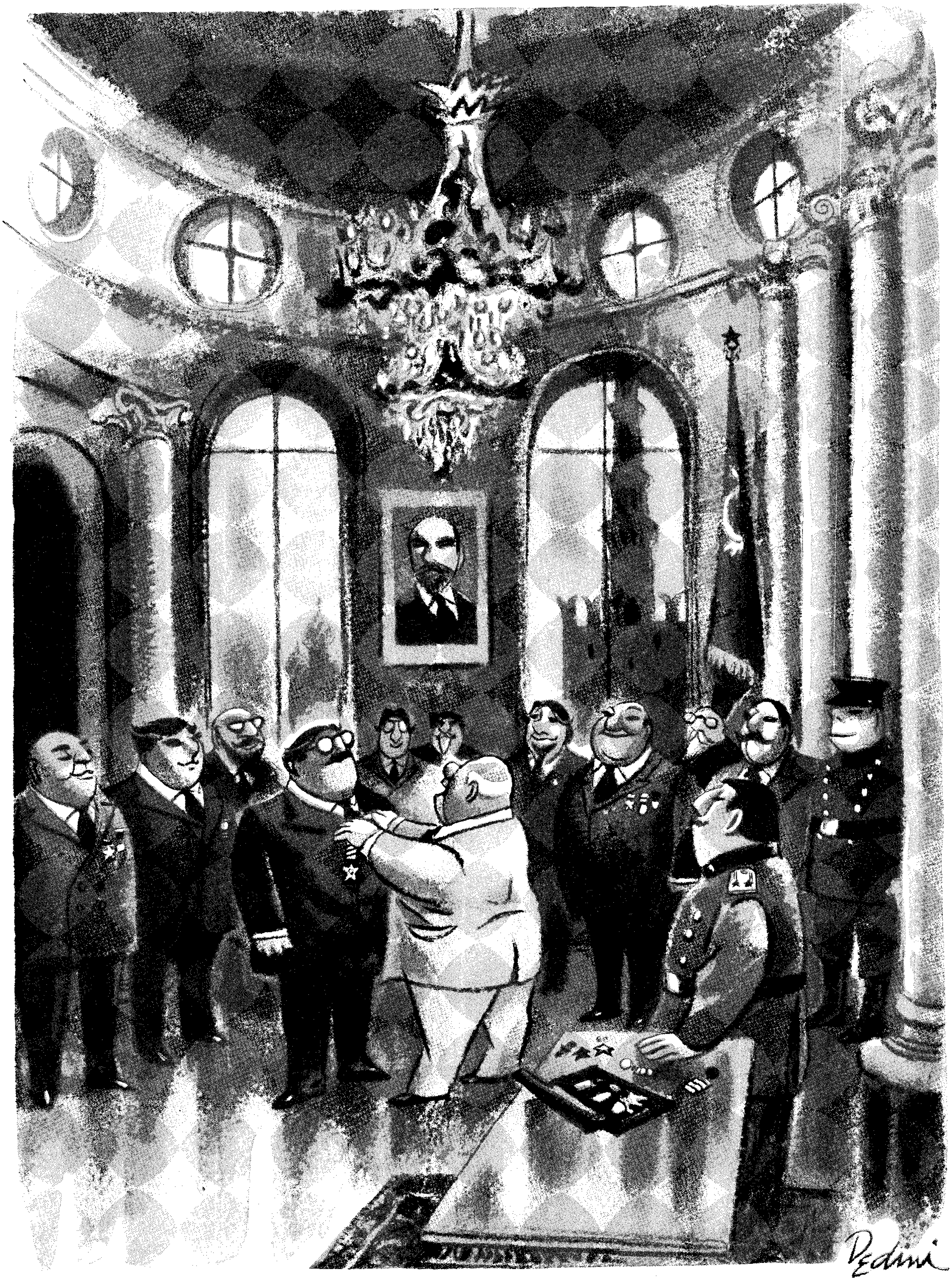
"Been trying for weeks to get into Peppermint Lounge. Hot spot on West Forty-fifth where new dance step known as The Twist has fantastic following. Place always jammed. Huge line outside. Portals closely guarded. Finally made it last night, after hour's wait. Exhilarating experience! Feel ten years younger. Hit Peppermint close to midnight, in blue mood. Inside, found pandemonium. Dance floor packed and popping. Was battered by wild swinging of hips and elbows. Drinkers at bar four rows deep. Decided enterprise horrible mistake. Tried to get out. Impossible. Incoming tide too strong. Asked huge fellow with air of authority, obviously bouncer, if any seats in back. Was told out of question. Bouncer very glum. Hard-pressed, he said, just to preserve flow of traffic. (One lane in, one lane out.) Claimed job complete nightmare. Said kids bad enough, but all of a kind. Now V.I.P.s taking joint over. Cholly Knickerbocker people. Nancy Randolph people. Suzy people. Difficult to know who's who. Almost gave Duke and Duchess the heave-ho. Sympathized with bouncer. Moved on. Was swept into inner circle of dance floor. One couple giving flamboyant solo exhibition. Standees cheering. Chaos! People not on dance floor were twisting hips. Some on chairs, others on tabletops. Couldn't see. Climbed up on table for clearer view. Garb of Twisters seems to run gamut. Some couples in evening dress, others in T shirts and blue jeans. Young. Old. Businessmen. Crew cuts. Beatniks. Younger girls mostly barefoot or in flats, women in high heels. Basic motion simple swivelling of hips. Not like rock 'n' roll. Not like cha-cha, merengue, jitterbug, or rumba. Not like anything. Mesmeric. Fell into trance, and dropped cigarette ash on woman's shoulder below me. Woman Elsa Maxwell. She didn't notice. Let well enough alone. Felt tug at elbow. Lovely brunette. Name of Naomi. Wanted to twist. Felt very flattered but had to say no. Was given scolding look by fellow on adjoining tabletop. Looked like deejay Dick Clark. *Was* deejay Dick Clark. Shook hands. Pumped him for professional opinion of The Twist. Clark prejudiced. Knew and helped fellow who got The Twist rolling—Chubby Checker, singing butcher boy from South Philadelphia. Classic success story. Said Chubby's records plus appearance on Clark's 'American Bandstand' show sold The Twist to teenagers. Now biggest thing since the Charleston. Going to get bigger. Claimed adults take to it because it's fun and youthful but not difficult or complex. Saw Elsa Maxwell leaving. Nobody goggling at her. All concentrating on The Twist. Tempo getting faster, motions wilder. Grateful when intermission came around. Descended from tabletop. Heard loud whispers sweeping dance floor: '*The Arthur Murrays just arrived!*' Music resumed, slower tempo. Murrays reached edge of dance floor. Mr. Murray tall, dapper, aloof. Mrs. Murray short, chic, smiling. Clark full of concern. No table, no seats for Murrays. Clark rushed off to remedy situation, exert pull. Worked my way over to Murrays and said hello. Asked if they did The Twist. Said yes but were there to learn, not teach. According to her, The Twist nice exotic dance—not vulgar. Good for reducing. According to him, The Twist not dance at all—no steps, pure swivel. Clark back with bad news. Seating situation hopeless. Murrays very gracious. Said they preferred to stand. Another tug at my elbow. Naomi again. Insisted I twist. Go ahead, urged Murrays. Go ahead, urged Clark. Couldn't refuse. Sought remote corner, out of sight. Naomi excellent teacher. Twisted for half hour. Fantastic sense of achievement! Waved to Clark! Waved to Murrays! Clark and Murrays waved back."

Transaction

An acquaintance of ours, a Harvard-faculty import from Italy, tells us that he had about given up finding any trace of the Boston he had heard so much about before coming over here when he stopped in at the Back Bay branch of the Post Office to buy some stamps. Behind the stamp window was a handsome red-headed fellow, and in front of our friend was a lady who appeared to be in her eighties. "I don't want any stamps today, young man," she said to the clerk. "I just want to see your smile." The young man gave her what she had asked for, and the lady turned, somewhat apologetically, to our friend and said, "This is my favorite post office, and you can understand why."



"*. . . translucent planes juxtaposed with linear space elements and red splotches, the whole canvas characteristic of the artist's endless search for meaningless meaning.*"



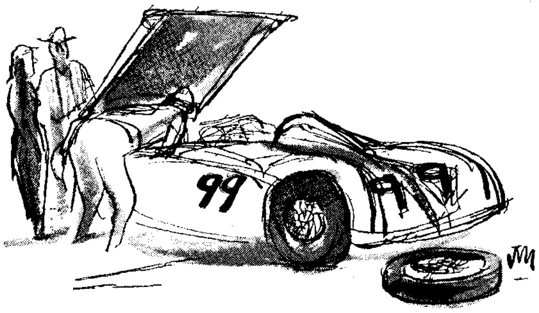
"To you, Ivan Gregorovitch Petrovsky, for successfully translating the entire Sunday edition of the New York 'Times' . . ."

THE ANGEL OF THE BRIDGE

YOU may have seen my mother waltzing on ice skates in Rockefeller Center. She's seventy-eight years old now but very wiry, and she wears a red velvet costume with a short skirt. Her tights are flesh-colored, and she wears spectacles and a red ribbon in her white hair, and she waltzes with one of the rink attendants. I don't know why I should find the fact that she waltzes on ice skates so disconcerting, but I do. I avoid that neighborhood whenever I can during the winter months, and I never lunch in the restaurants on the rink. Once when I was passing that way, a total stranger took me by the arm and, pointing to Mother, said, "Look at that crazy old dame." I was very embarrassed. I suppose I should be grateful for the fact that she amuses herself and is not a burden to me, but I sincerely wish she had hit on some less conspicuous recreation. Whenever I see gracious old ladies arranging chrysanthemums and pouring tea, I think of my own mother, dressed like a hat-check girl, pushing some paid rink attendant around the ice, in the middle of the third biggest city in the world.

My mother learned to figure-skate in the little New England village of St. Botolphs, where we come from, and her waltzing is an expression of her attachment to the past. The older she grows, the more she longs for the vanishing and provincial world of her youth. She is a hardy woman, as you can imagine, but she does not relish change. I arranged one summer for her to fly to Toledo and visit friends. I drove her to the Newark airport. She seemed troubled by the airport waiting room, with its illuminated advertisements, vaulted ceiling, and touching and painful scenes of separation played out to an uproar of continuous tango music. She did not seem to find it in any way interesting or beautiful, and compared to the railroad station in St. Botolphs—whistles, steam, the smell of coal gas, and the noise of the telegraph—it was indeed a strange background against which to take one's departure. The flight was delayed for an hour, and we sat in the waiting room. Mother looked tired and old. When we had been waiting half an hour, she began to have some noticeable difficulty in breathing. She spread a hand over the front of her dress and began to gasp deeply, as if she was in pain. Her face got mottled and red. I pretended not to notice this. When the plane was announced, she got to her feet and exclaimed, "I want to go home! If I have to die suddenly, I don't want to die in a flying machine." I cashed in her ticket and drove her back to her apartment, and I have never mentioned this seizure to her or to anyone, but her capricious, or perhaps neurotic, fear of dying in a plane crash was the first insight I had into how, as she grew older, her way was strewn with invisible rocks and lions and how eccentric were the paths she took, as the world seemed to change its boundaries and become less and less comprehensible.

At the time of which I'm writing, I flew a great deal myself. My business was in Rome, New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and I sometimes travelled as often as once a month between these cities. I liked the flying. I liked the incandescence of the sky at high altitudes. I liked all eastward flights where you can see from the ports the edge of night move over the continent and where, when it is four o'clock by your California watch, the housewives of Garden City are washing up the supper dishes and the stewardess in the plane is passing a second round of drinks. Toward the end of the flight, the air is stale. You are tired. The gold thread in the upholstery scratches your cheek, and there is a momentary feeling of forlornness, a sulky and childish sense of estrangement. You find good companions, of course, and bores, but most of the errands we run at such high altitudes are humble and terrestrial. That old lady, flying over the North Pole, is taking a jar of calf's-foot jelly to her sister in Paris, and the man beside her sells imitation-leather inner soles. Flying westward one dark night—we had crossed the Continental Divide, but we were still an hour out of Los Angeles and had not begun our descent, and were at such an altitude that the sense of houses, cities, and people below us was lost—I saw a formation, a trace of light, like the lights that burn along a shore. There was no shore in that part of the world, and I knew I would never know if the edge of the desert or some bluff or mountain accounted for this hoop of light, but it seemed, in its obscurity—and at that velocity and height—like the emergence of a new world, a gentle hint at my own obsolescence, the lateness of my time of life, and my inability to understand the things I often see. It was a pleasant feeling, completely free of regret, of being caught in some observable mid-passage, the farther reaches of which might be understood by my sons.



I liked to fly, as I say, and had none of my mother's anxieties. It was my older brother—her darling—who was to inherit her resoluteness, her stubbornness, her table silver, and some of her eccentricities. One evening, my brother—I had not seen him for a year or so—called and asked if he could come for dinner. I was happy to invite him. We live on the eleventh floor of an apartment house, and at seven-thirty he telephoned from the lobby and asked me to come down. I thought he must have something to tell me privately, but when we met in the lobby he got into the automatic elevator with me and we started up. As soon as the doors closed, he showed the same symptoms of fear I had seen in my mother. Sweat stood out on his forehead, and he gasped like a runner.

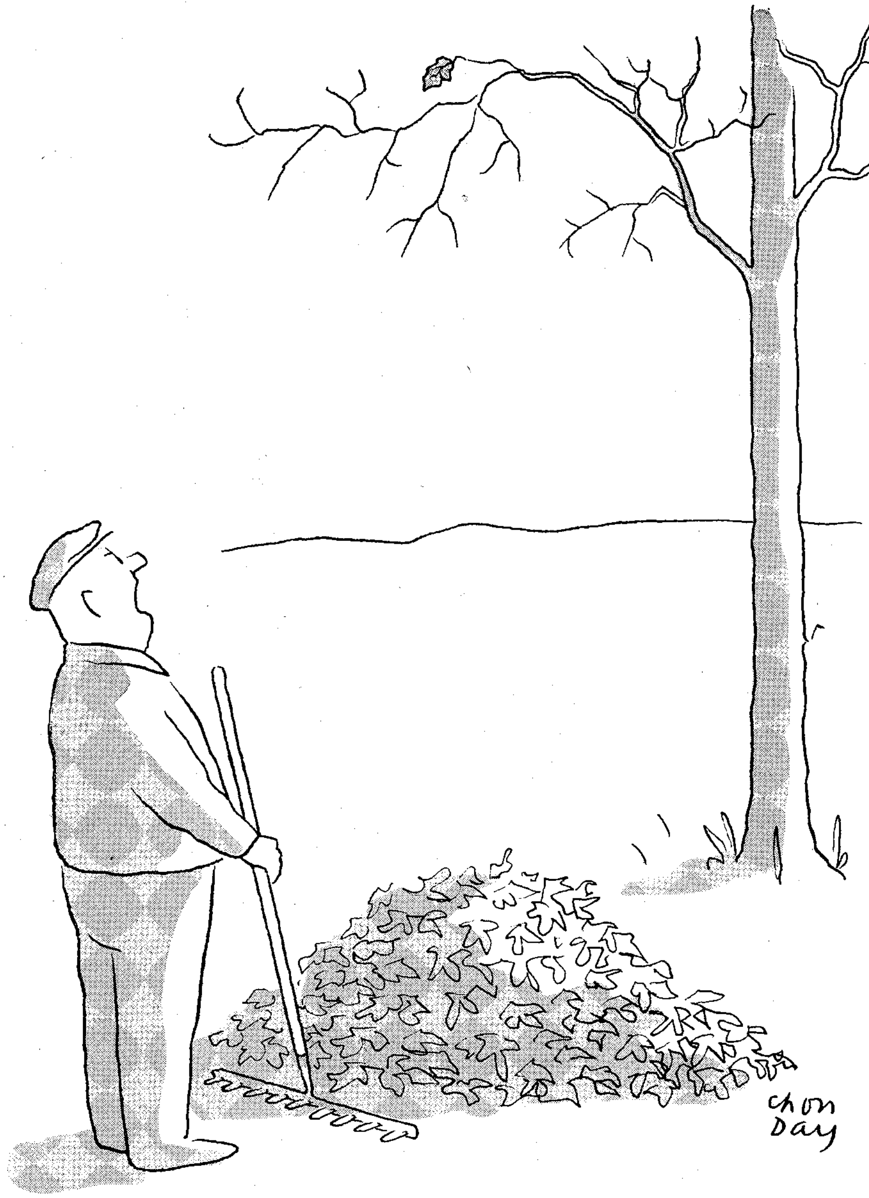
"What in the world is the matter?" I asked.

"I'm afraid of elevators," he said miserably.

"But what are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid the building will fall down."

I laughed—cruelly, I guess. For it all seemed terribly funny, his vision of the buildings of New York banging against one another like ninepins as they fell to the earth. There has always been a strain of jealousy in our feelings about one another, and I am aware, at some obscure level, that he makes more money and has more of everything than I, and to see him humiliated—crushed—saddened me but at the same time and in spite of myself made me feel that I had taken a stunning lead in the race for honors that is at the bottom of our relationship. He is the oldest, he is the favorite, but watching his misery in the elevator I felt that he was merely my poor old brother, overtaken by his worries. He stopped in the hallway to recover his composure, and explained that he had been suffering from this phobia for over a year. He was going to a psychiatrist, he said. I couldn't see that it had done him any good. He was all right once he got out of the elevator, but I noticed



"I'm waiting."

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that he stayed away from the windows. When it was time to go, I walked him out to the corridor. I was curious. When the elevator reached our floor, he turned to me and said, "I'm afraid I'll have to take the stairs." I led him to the stairway, and we climbed slowly down the eleven flights. He clung to the railing. We said goodbye in the lobby, and I went up in the elevator, and told my wife about his fear that the building might fall down. It seemed strange and sad to her, and it did to me, too, but it also seemed terribly funny.

IT wasn't terribly funny when, a month later, the firm he worked for moved to the fifty-second floor of a new office building and he had to resign. I don't know what reasons he gave. It was another six months before he could find a job in a third-floor office. I once saw him on a winter dusk at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, waiting for the light to change. He appeared to be an intelligent, civilized, and well-dressed man, and I wondered how many of the men waiting with him to cross the street made their way as he did through a ruin of absurd delusions, in which the street might appear to be a torrent and the approaching cab driven by the angel of death.

He was quite all right on the ground. My wife and I went to his house in New Jersey, with the children, for a weekend, and he looked healthy and well. I didn't ask about his phobia. We drove back to New York on Sunday afternoon. As we approached the George Washington Bridge, I saw a thunderstorm over the city. A strong wind struck the car the moment we were on the bridge, and nearly took the wheel out of my hand. It seemed to me that I could feel the huge structure swing. Halfway across the bridge, I thought I felt the roadway begin to give. I could see no signs of a collapse, and yet I was convinced that in another minute the bridge would split in two and hurl the long lines of Sunday traffic into the dark water below us. This imagined disaster was terrifying. My legs got so weak that I was not sure I could brake the car if I needed to. Then it became difficult for me to breathe. Only by opening my mouth and gasping did I seem able to take in any air. My blood pressure was affected and I began to feel a darkening of my vision. Fear has always seemed to me to run a course, and at its climax the body and perhaps the spirit defend themselves by drawing on some new and fresh source of strength. Once over the center of the bridge, my pain and terror began to diminish. My wife and the children were admiring the storm, and they did not seem to have noticed my spasm. I was afraid both that the bridge would fall down and that they might observe my panic.

I thought back over the weekend for some incident that might account for my preposterous fear that the George Washington Bridge would blow away in a thunderstorm, but it had been a pleasant weekend, and even under the most exaggerated scrutiny I couldn't uncover any source of morbid nervousness or anxiety. Later in the week, I had to drive to Albany, and although the day was clear and windless, the memory of my first attack was too keen; I hugged the east bank of the river as far north as Troy, where I found a small, old-fashioned bridge that I could cross comfortably. This meant going fifteen or twenty miles out of my way, and it is humiliating to have your travels obstructed by barriers that are senseless and invisible. I drove back from Albany by the same route, and next morning I went to the family doctor and told him I was afraid of bridges.

He laughed. "You, of all people," he said scornfully. "You'd better take hold of yourself."

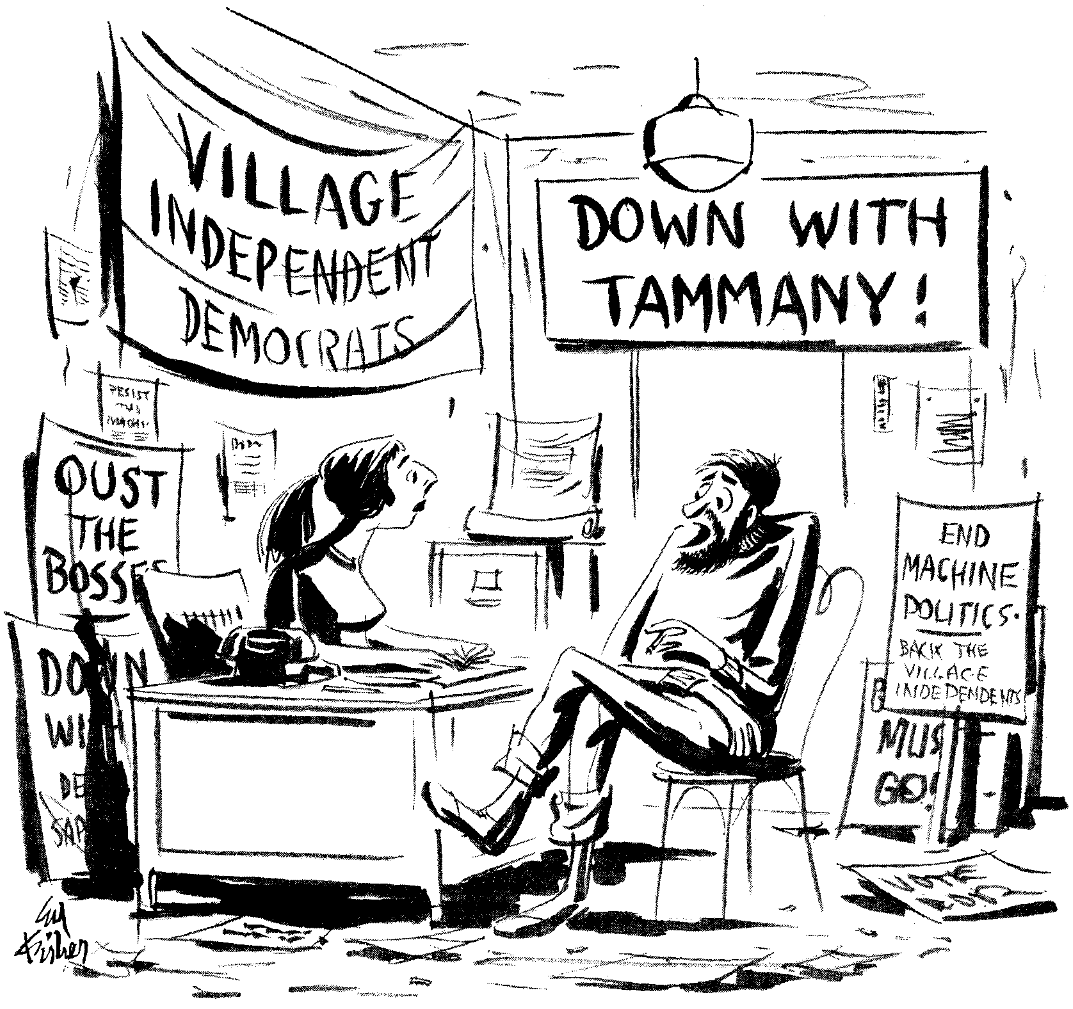
"But Mother is afraid of airplanes," I said. "And Brother hates elevators."

"Your mother is past seventy," he said, "and one of the most remarkable women I've ever known. I wouldn't bring *her* into this. What *you* need is a little more backbone."

This was all he had to say, and I asked him to recommend an analyst. He does not include psychoanalysis in medical science, and told me I would be wasting my time and money, but, yielding to his obligation to be helpful, he gave me the name and address of a psychiatrist, who told me that my fear of bridges was the surface manifestation of a deep-seated anxiety and that I would have to have a full analysis. I didn't have the time, or the money, or, above all, the confidence in the doctor's methods to put myself in his hands, and I said I would try and muddle through.

There are obviously areas of true and false pain, and my pain was meretricious, but how could I convince my lights and vitals of this? My youth and childhood had their deeply troubled and their jubilant years, and could some repercussions from this past account for my fear of heights? The thought of a life determined by hidden obstacles was unacceptable, and I decided to take the advice of the family doctor and ask more of myself. I had to go to Idlewild later in the week, and, rather than take a bus or a taxi, I drove the car myself. I nearly lost consciousness on the Triborough Bridge. When I got to the airport I ordered a cup of coffee, but my hand was shaking so I spilled the coffee on the counter. The man beside me was amused and said that I must have put in quite a night. How could I tell him that I had gone to bed early and sober but that I was afraid of bridges?

I flew to Los Angeles late that afternoon. It was one o'clock by my watch when we landed. It was only ten o'clock in California. I was tired and took a taxi to the hotel where I always stay, but I couldn't sleep. Outside my hotel window was a monumental statue of a young woman, advertising a Las Vegas night club. She revolves slowly in a beam of light. At 2 A.M. the light is extinguished, but she goes on restlessly turning all through the night. I have never seen her cease her turning, and I wondered, that night, when they greased her axle and washed her shoulders. I felt some affection for her, since neither of us could rest, and I wondered if she had a family—a stage mother, perhaps, and a compromised and broken-spirited father who drove a municipal bus on the West Pico line? There was a restaurant across the street, and I watched a drunken woman in a sable cape being led out to a car. She twice nearly fell. The crosslights from the open door, the lateness, her drunkenness, and the solicitude of the man with her made the scene, I thought, worried and lonely. Then two cars that seemed to be racing down Sunset Boulevard pulled up at a traffic light under my window. Three men piled out of each car and began to slug one another. You could hear the blows land on bone and cartilage. When the light changed, they got back into their cars and raced off. The fight, like the hoop of light I had seen from the plane, seemed like the signs of a new world, but in this case an emergence of brutality and chaos. Then I remembered that I was to go to San Francisco on Thursday, and was expected in Berkeley for lunch. This meant crossing the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, and I reminded myself to take a cab both ways and leave the car I rented in San Francisco in the hotel garage. I tried again to reason out my fear that the bridge would fall. Was I the victim of some sexual dislocation? My life has been promiscuous, carefree, and a source of immense pleasure, but was there some secret here that would have to be mined by a professional? Were all my pleasures impostures and evasions, and was I really in love with my old mother in her skating costume?



"When I joined the reform movement, I sure never thought I was joining an 'in-group.'"

Looking at Sunset Boulevard at three in the morning, I felt that my terror of bridges was an expression of my clumsily concealed horror of what is becoming of the world. I can drive with composure through the outskirts of Cleveland and Toledo—past the birthplace of the Polish Hot Dog, the Buffalo Burger stands, the used-car lots, and the architectural monotony. I claim to enjoy walking down Hollywood Boulevard on a Sunday afternoon. I have cheerfully praised the evening sky hanging beyond the dishevelled and expatriated palm trees on Doheny Boulevard, stuck up against the incandescence, like rank upon rank of wet mops. Duluth and East Seneca are charming, and if they aren't, just look away. The hideousness of the road between San Francisco and Palo Alto is nothing more than the search of honest men and women for a decent place to live. The same thing goes for San Pedro and all that coast. But the height of bridges seemed to be one link I could not forge or fasten in this hypocritical chain of acceptances. The truth is, I hate freeways and Buffalo Burgers. Expatriated palm trees and monotonous housing developments depress me. The continuous music on special-fare trains exacerbates my feelings. I detest the destruction of familiar landmarks, I am deeply troubled by the misery and drunkenness I find among my friends, I abhor the dishonest practices I see. And it was at the highest point in the arc of a bridge that I became aware suddenly of the depth and the bitterness of my feelings about modern life, and of the profoundness of my yearning for a more vivid, simple, and peaceable world.

But I couldn't reform Sunset Boulevard, and until I could, I couldn't drive across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. What *could* I do? Go back to St. Botolphs, wear a Norfolk jacket, and play cribbage in the firehouse? There was only one bridge in the village, and you could throw a stone across the river there.

Rosa carolina

I GOT home from San Francisco on Saturday, and found my daughter back from school for the weekend. On Sunday morning, she asked me to drive her to the convent school in Jersey where she is a student. She had to be back in time for nine-o'clock Mass, and we left our apartment in the city a little after seven. We were talking and laughing, and I had approached and was in fact on the George Washington Bridge without having remembered my weakness. There were no preliminaries this time. The seizure came with a rush. The strength went out of my legs, I gasped for breath, and felt the terrifying loss of sight. I was, at the same time, determined to conceal these symptoms from my daughter. I made the other side of the bridge, but I was violently shaken. My daughter didn't seem to have noticed. I got her to school in time, kissed her goodbye, and started home. There was no question of my crossing the George Washington Bridge again, and I decided to drive north to Nyack and cross on the Tappan Zee Bridge. It seemed, in my memory, more gradual and more securely anchored to its shores. Driving up the parkway on the west shore, I decided that oxygen was what I needed, and I opened all the windows of the car. The fresh air seemed to help, but only momentarily. I could feel my sense of reality ebbing. The roadside and the car itself seemed to have less substance than a dream. I had some friends in the neighborhood, and I thought of stopping and asking them for a drink, but it was only a little after nine in the morning, and I could not face the embarrassment of asking for a drink so early in the day, and of explaining that I was afraid of bridges. I thought I might feel better if I talked to someone, and I stopped at a gas station and bought some gas, but the attendant was laconic and sleepy, and I couldn't explain to him that his conversation might make the difference between life and death. I had got onto the Thruway by then, and I wondered what alternatives I had if I couldn't cross the bridge. I could call my wife and ask her to make some arrangements for removing me, but our relationship involves so much self-esteem and face that to admit openly to this foolishness might damage our married happiness. I could call the garage we use and ask them to send up a man to chauffeur me home. I could park the car and wait until one o'clock, when the bars opened, and fill up on whiskey, but I had spent the last of my money for gasoline. I decided to take a chance, and turned onto the approach to the bridge.

All the symptoms returned, and this time they were much worse than ever. The wind was knocked out of my lungs as by a blow. My equilibrium was so shaken that the car swerved from one lane into another. I drove to the side and pulled on the hand brake. The loneliness of my predicament was harrowing. If I had been miserable with romantic love, racked with sickness, or beastly drunk, it would have seemed more dignified. I remembered my brother's face, sallow and greasy with sweat in the elevator, and my mother in her red skirt, one leg held gracefully aloft as she coasted backward in the arms of a rink attendant, and it seemed to me that we were all three characters in some bitter and sordid tragedy, carrying impossible burdens and separated from the rest of mankind by our misfortunes. My life was over, and it would never come back, everything that I loved—blue-sky courage, lustiness, the natural grasp of things. It would never come back. I would end up in the psychiatric ward of the county hospital, screaming that the bridges, all the bridges in the world, were falling down.

Then a young girl opened the door of the car and got in. "I didn't think anyone would pick me up on the bridge," she said. She carried a cardboard suitcase and—believe me—a small harp in a cracked waterproof. Her straight light-brown hair was brushed and brushed and grained with blondness and spread in a kind of cape over her shoulders. Her face seemed full and merry.

"Are you hitchhiking?" I asked.

"Yes."

"But isn't it dangerous for a girl your age?"

"Not at all."

"Do you travel much?"

"All the time. I sing a little. I play the coffeehouses."

"What do you sing?"

"Oh, folk music, mostly. And some old things—Purcell and Dowland. But mostly folk music. . . . 'I gave my love a cherry that had no stone,' " she sang in a true and pretty voice. " 'I gave my love a chicken that had no bone/I told my love a story that had no end/I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.' "

SHE sang me across a bridge that seemed to be an astonishingly sensible, durable, and even beautiful construction designed by intelligent men to simplify my travels, and the water of the Hudson below us was charming and tranquil. It all came back—blue-sky courage, the high spirits of lustiness, an ecstatic sereneness. Her song ended as we got to the toll station on the east bank, and she thanked me, said goodbye, and got out of the car. I offered to take her wherever she wanted to go, but she shook her head and walked away, and I drove on toward the city through a world that, having been restored to me, seemed marvellous and fair. When I got home, I thought of calling my brother and telling him what had happened, on the chance that there was also an angel of the elevator banks, but the harp—that single detail—threatened to make me seem ridiculous or mad, and I didn't call.

I wish I could say that I am convinced that there will always be some merciful intercession to help me with my worries, but I don't believe in rushing my luck, so I still stay off the George Washington Bridge, although I can cross the Triborough and the Tappan Zee with ease. My brother is still afraid of elevators, and my mother, although she's grown quite stiff, still goes around and around and around on the ice.

—JOHN CHEEVER

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PRIVACY

Privacy finds herself a nook
In bold print of an open book
Which few have eyes to read; the rest
(If studiously inclined) will look
For cipher or for palimpsest.

—ROBERT GRAVES

AH, LA JEUNESSE . . .

“Mamma!”

“Oh, do you know the Sackrees, too? Then I expect you know their cousins, the Leighs—Justin and Tabby Leigh . . . No? Oh, but you should! They’ve got such an amusing house.”

“Mamma!”

“At Margate, of all places, embossed with shells. Yes, Fenella, what is it?”

“Mamma, if you have no other plans for this afternoon, may I go to Grifone with Miss Wilson?”

“But I thought you were going to play tennis with Roger.”

“I was. But now he doesn’t want to.”

“Tiresome boy! Well, darling, why not wait a little, and then we’ll go and bathe in the lake together.”

“I bathed this morning. Twice. I bathed with the Darnleys, and then I bathed all over again with Susan and Melissa. Now I feel I want a change.”

“But, my pet, Grifone is halfway up the mountain, and just another of these squalid little villages with open drains. Anyway, why Grifone?”

“Miss Wilson is painting the church.”

The lady who didn’t know the Leighs gave a laugh. “Fenella wants a change after all that modern art at the Biennale.”

Fenella’s mother echoed the laugh. “Some good old English fare. Cut off the joint and two veg.”

“Oh, cruel! But I’m sure it’s a perfect description.”

Both ladies laughed. Fenella remained silent and uncomplyingly grave. All that money spent on having her teeth straightened, and never a smile out of her, thought her mother; and said, “Well, darling, I see you’re bent on it. Go with my blessing. But don’t hang over the drains. And for God’s sake don’t let Miss Wilson give you an ice off a barrow.”

“No, Mamma.”

She would be almost pretty, thought the lady who didn’t know the Leighs, if she didn’t look so like a tallow candle, and hadn’t her father’s upper lip. But a miss is as good as a mile—and in this case it was a mile. The object of these considerations having moved away, she said, “All the same, I expect your daughter’s right. The young have an instinct for what’s coming next, and ten to one in another few years we shall all be scrambling to buy strong beefy canvases by Miss Wilsons.”

“God forbid! Do you really think so?”

“I’m positive. After all, people are doting on Landseer already.”

“Landseer, yes. I’m beginning to dote on him myself. But Miss Wilsons—”

“Sh-h-h! There she is.”

A tall lean woman in a faded blue cotton dress and carrying an easel had come up the steps of the hotel terrace. Fenella hurried toward her. “It’s all right, I can come. I’ll just dash to my room and put on my rope-soles.”

“Dash, then!” exclaimed Miss Wilson in a voice too loud and too dramatic to sound convincing.

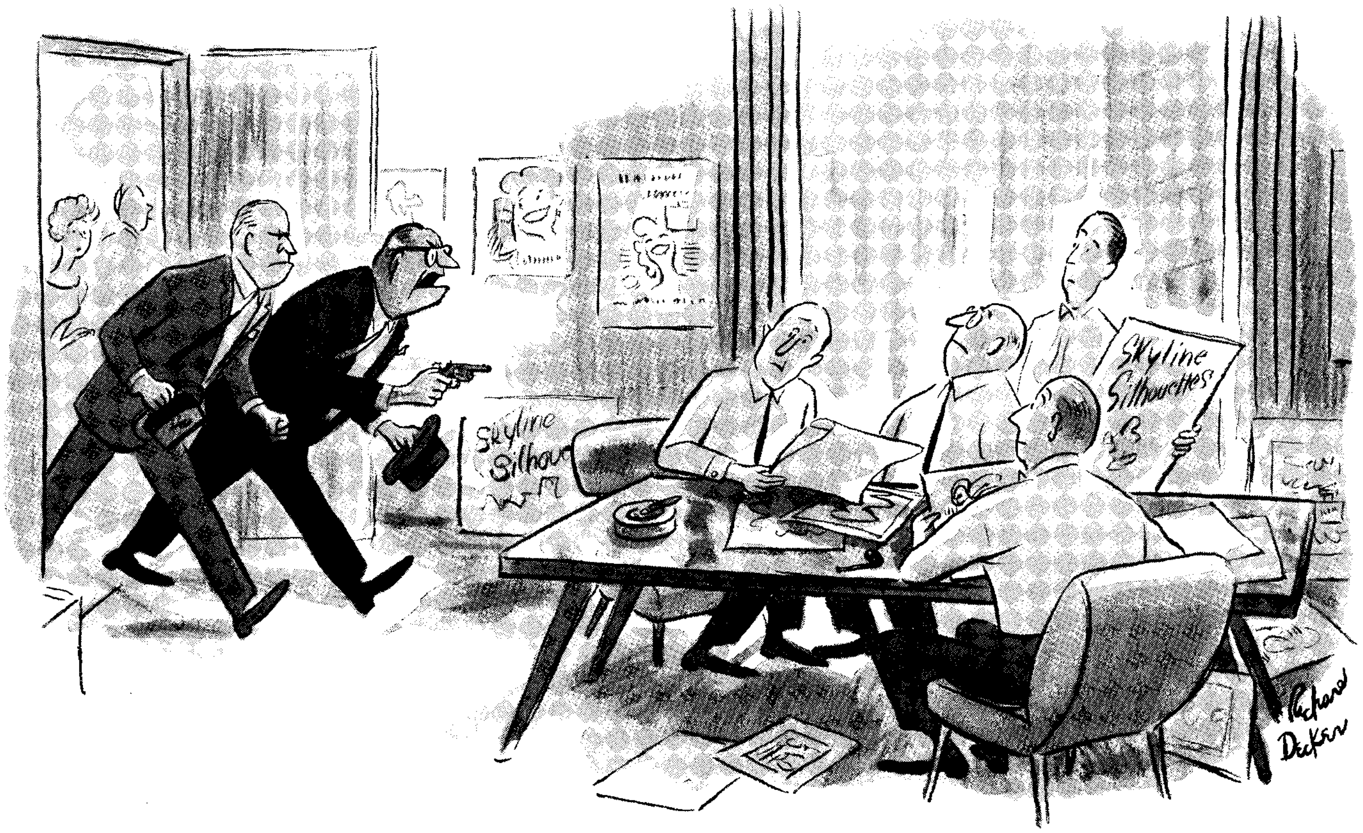
The two ladies averted their gaze and lowered their voices.

“Doesn’t it seem extraordinary to find someone like that in San Barbaro?”

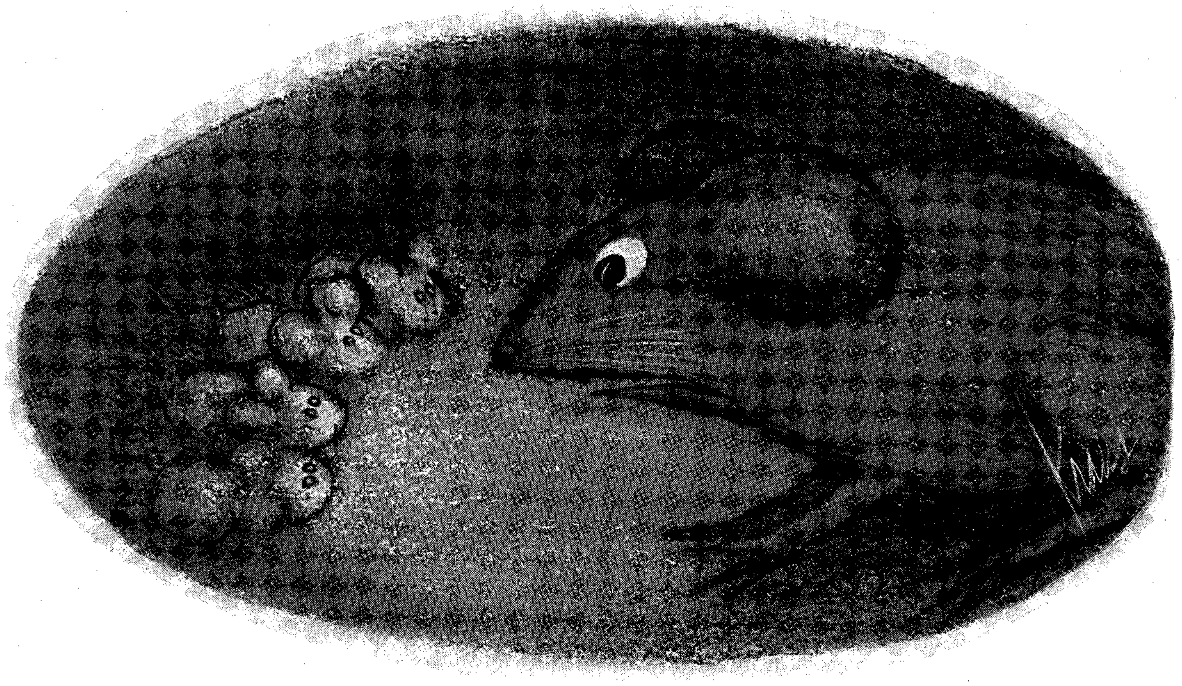
“Quite extraordinary.”

To Miss Wilson, on the other hand, who had settled in San Barbaro twelve years before, and so matter-of-factly that in another twelve years she would probably be regarded as an inhabitant, it was the presence of such figures as Fenella’s parents, the lady who didn’t know the Leighs, the Darnleys, etc., that seemed extraordinary.

In point of fact, they had got there by a very natural course of events. In 1956, Timon Avery, an eminent art critic and connoisseur, had developed mumps on his way home from Venice. His wife, his sister-in-law, and his nephew, who were travelling with him, had known instantaneously what to do, and had battered their way into a convent near Belluno, assuring the mother superior that in England everyone of distinction, regardless of denomination,



“Perkins, Hatfield, Johnson & Osgood, you’ve stolen your last account!”



"And if for any reason you feel the vessel is not seaworthy, go ashore immediately."

• •

goes into convents for nursing. The onslaught was so pervasive and Timon's Italian so commandingly fluent that the mother superior gave way. To visit the sick is a Christian obligation; perhaps she thought that to accept visitations by the sick came under the same heading. Anyway, they got in. They were soon on terms of affection with the whole convent, and giving a great deal of trouble. Finally, the convent's doctor and the chaplain intervened. What the convalescent needed, said the doctor, was pure air and repose. Pure air and repose were available in perfection, together with mountain scenery, said the chaplain, in his native village of San Barbaro, where the church contained some most interesting frescoes, where the policeman's wife, a retired nurse, let lodgings that were simple but commodious and entirely free from insects. Somehow or other, the party was bundled off to San Barbaro. What was left of the frescoes appeared to have been painted in mid-nineteenth century by the village idiot, and the lodgings stank of disinfectant and rang with mosquitoes. But Timon, never at a loss for an unknown masterpiece, discovered in the loft above the sacristy two icons and a harpsichord decorated by Angelica Kauffmann, and drew attention to them in an article. From then on, San Barbaro became a preserve of Timon's intimate circle, who came there on their way to the Biennale or on their way back, arriving in punctual flocks like migrant birds. A stretch of the lakeside at a discreet remove from the outfall of the village's main drain was cleared of its deposit of old tins, old shoes, old tires, and broken crockery, a tennis court was laid out, and two rival hotels were built and promoted by Signora Amalia Pons, widow.

"HEIGHT," remarked Miss Wilson, leaning over the wall at the third turn of the road that led to Grifone, "height shows one proportion."

"Yes, doesn't it," gasped Fenella. She was already rather out of breath, which was why they had paused. The proportion Miss Wilson had in mind was that between the old San Barbaro and the new. Seen from above, this was reassuring. The Excelsior and the Splendide were well on the outskirts of the village; round its patron's mild dome, nothing broke the pattern of tiled roofs, the outdoor-apricot-colored roofs over which the shadow of the mountain would presently advance its astonishing blue.

"From here the roofs look almost like corrugated iron," Fenella said.

"Rested?" inquired Miss Wilson. "Shall we go on?"

Two designs warred in Miss Wilson's mind. She wanted to get to Grifone and finish her painting of the church; she wanted to make a portrait of this pale, lanky girl, with her air of being a mermaid who had never for an instant sported in her native element—this benighted little gentry *bezprizornaya*. But Grifone must come first. The girl was hers for the whole afternoon. Not so the light.

Fenella was more simply preoccupied with self-expression, idealism, and revenge; she wanted to show those bores, those tittering, copycatting, running-around-in-a-circle-and-being-fashionable bores, that she, at any rate, could discern the difference between the sham and the true. While they were all laughing at Miss Wilson and her easel; while Miss Wilson, sitting, like Coleridge, "in the exceeding lustre and the pure intense irradiation" of her love of art, was paying no attention to any of them, Fenella had defied public opinion and made determined approaches—had asked the name of a flower, had offered an ice, had asked to see her pictures. "What I would actually like would be to see you actually painting," she had then said. The invitation to Grifone had followed; and, having lied all round, and plotted like a Communist, and endured two dreary, strategic bathes in one morning, she was now in the way to enjoy it. Unfortunately, the road to Grifone was remorselessly steep, gritty, parchingly hot, and apparently interminable; and all that bathing had weakened her legs. Nothing had weakened Miss Wilson's legs. Despite the easel, and the canvas, and the haversack, they darted on ahead. It was like following a machine—a reaping machine or something of that sort.

Though the mountainside from below looked uninhabited, they passed several farmhouses, where large dogs rushed out at them, where unseen pigs yelled. At the roadside, by one of these farms, a terrible sort of idiot with an enormous head lay in a gocart under a cloud of flies. Miss Wilson's legs darted onward. "Nearly there, Fenella."

"Oh, good."

"In winter this road is often impassable for weeks on end."

"Really? How do the—the *Grifonesi* get out?"

"They don't."

The flies that had buzzed over the idiot seemed to be buzzing in Fenella's head. The stony surface of the road was so hot that it was like walking over red-hot plowshares.

"If I lived at Grifone, I think I should quite look forward to winter," she said.

"What? I didn't hear."

"I just said there must be a gorgeous view from Grifone."

Presently, remarking that this was a short cut to the church, Miss Wilson stepped over a dead snake, scrambled up a precipice, and was out of sight. Struggling up the narrow path between the brambles, Fenella was obsessed with a fear that she would slip, roll to the bottom, lie there beside the snake, and be swarmed over by the ants that were swarming over it.

The church squatted in an enclosure of long, sunburned grasses. Here and there black wire crosses rose out of the grass like thistles. It was a very small church, and quite ordinary, except for the porch, which was disproportionately ample and deep. Miss Wilson had already set up her easel, the canvas was mounted, and she was standing back surveying it with a thoughtful expression.

"Please, may I look?" Fenella asked.

Miss Wilson made way for her. Fenella's first impression was disconcerting. Miss Wilson, after all, was only another of these clever modern artists. Yet the picture did not seem to be altogether an abstract; it looked more like a church the wrong way up.

"Oh, but I *like* it!" She had not wanted to sound like Mamma, but the words came automatically, and she did.

"You haven't seen it yet. I was standing it on its head to see how it hangs together." Miss Wilson reversed the canvas. It now looked exactly like the church.

"I *see*."

This sounded even more reminiscent of Mamma. She blushed furiously.

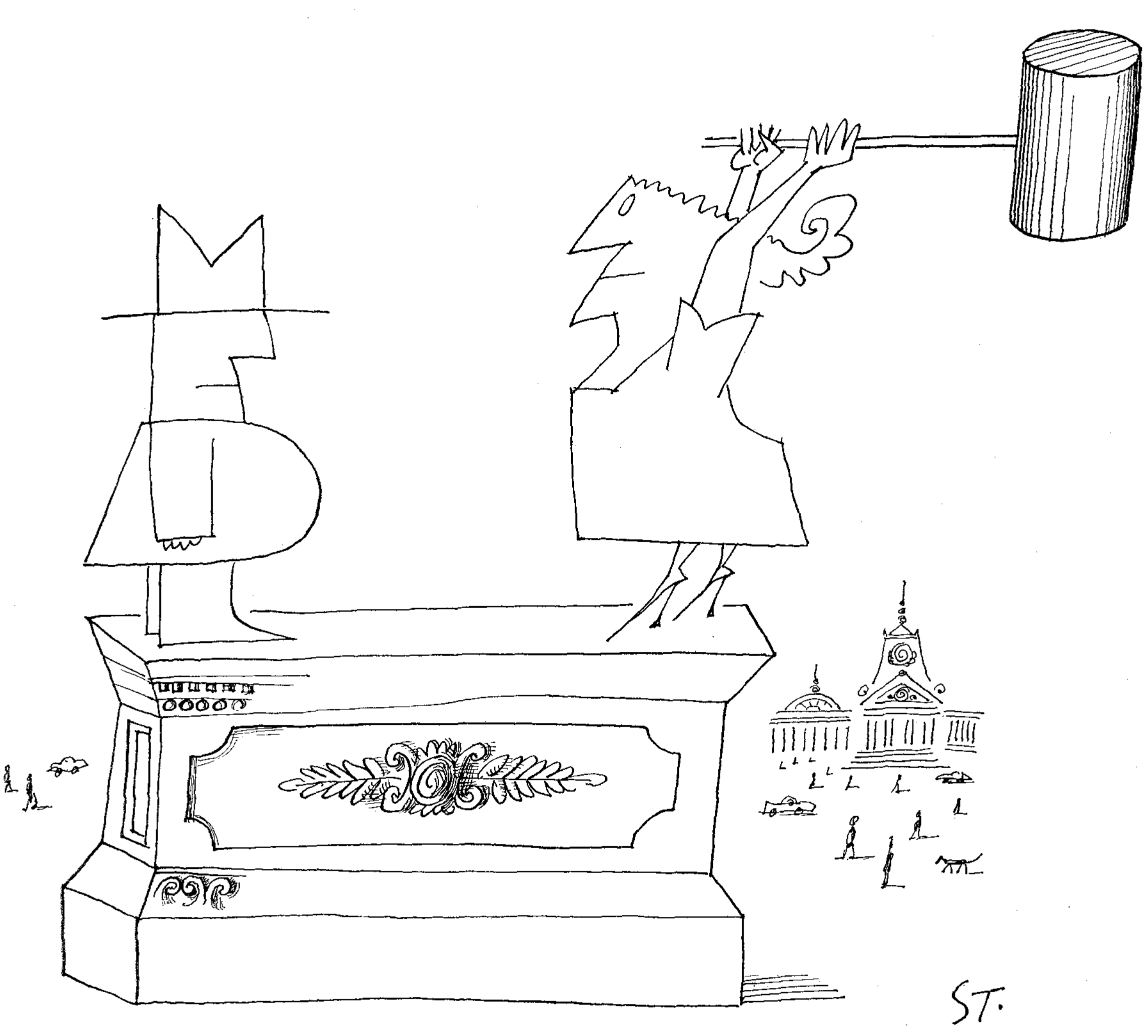
Miss Wilson glanced up from unpacking the haversack. "My poor child, how hot you look! Why don't you go and sit in the church, and cool off?" At that moment Fenella had no mermaid charms for her, was not paintable, was not even pitiable—an affected chit.

Dogged by her mother's voice, dogged, too, by the thought that the long grasses must certainly harbor a great many snakes whose hissings would be inaudible in that din of grasshoppers, and reflecting on the inadequacy of all human relationships—she was not really cynical but there are some things one just has to admit—Fenella approached the church. The shade in the porch was as blinding as the sun outside. Beneath her tread there was suddenly a rattling, resounding vacancy, crossed by vacillating iron slats. She drew back.

"Go on, go on! It's only to keep out animals," Miss Wilson called.

INSIDE the church was silence, coolness, safety, a smell of piety and paraffin, a dimmed daylight, a small lamp steadfastly burning in a crimson glass shade. Fenella made a deep genuflection, crossed herself, spread her handkerchief on the floor, crossed herself again, and went down on her knees. Only then did she remember an omission: dry crossings of oneself are comparatively worthless. She ventured back into the porch, reawakened the rattling and the vacancy, found a holy-water stoup. "She surely can't be coming out already!" muttered Miss Wilson.

Properly dampened, like linen before ironing, Fenella returned to the handkerchief, and settled down to go on resolving to become a Roman Catholic. Of course, it wasn't totally original—Peregrine Fielding had, and Lucy Trivett, and Mr. Walmisley. But in her case it would be different. They were all middle-aged—Mr. Walmisley was over forty, indeed, and could remember Queen Mary's toques; their lives were behind them. She was thirteen. Her passions were stronger than theirs, her need intenser. She wanted to escape from always feeling scornful, selfish, and lonely. She wanted to have a deep spiritual life that wouldn't always be leaking away from her. She craved to be understood, and guided, and rebuked, and consoled, and to feel herself part of an all-embracing yet exclusively True Church. She longed to call someone Father—someone not Popski. If only she could get inside—walk calmly and firmly over all the rows and arguments and amusement and expostulation as she had walked over the arrangement in the porch to keep out animals, and be christened all over again, and properly, with salt, and holding a candle in her hand, and be called Chantal instead of horrid Fenella, like an advertisement of pajamas. But no one would possibly listen to her. No



MY FATHER IN THE NIGHT COMMANDING NO

My father in the night commanding No
Has work to do. Smoke issues from his lips;
He reads in silence.
The frogs are croaking and the street lamps glow.

And then my mother winds the gramophone—
The Bride of Lammermoor begins to shriek—
Or reads a story
About a prince, a castle, and a dragon.

The moon is glittering above the hill.
I stand before the gateposts of the King—
So runs the story—
Of Thule, at midnight when the mice are still.

And I have been in Thule! It has come true—
The journey and the danger of the world,
All that there is
To bear and to enjoy, endure and do.

Landscapes, seascapes . . . Where have I been led?
The names of cities—Paris, Venice, Rome—
Held out their arms.
A feathered god, seductive, went ahead.

Here is my house. Under a red rose tree
A child is swinging; another gravely plays.
They are not surprised
That I am here; they were expecting me.

And yet my father sits and reads in silence,
My mother sheds a tear, the moon is still,
And the dark wind
Is murmuring that nothing ever happens.

Beyond his jurisdiction as I move,
Do I not prove him wrong? And yet, it's true
They will not change
There, on the stage of terror and of love.

The actors in that playhouse always sit
In fixed positions—father, mother, child
With painted eyes.
How sad it is to be a little puppet!

Their heads are wooden. And you once pretended
To understand them! Shake them as you will,
They cannot speak.
Do what you will, the comedy is ended.

Father, why did you work? Why did you weep,
Mother? Was the story so important?
"*Listen!*" the wind
Said to the children, and they fell asleep.

—Louis Simpson

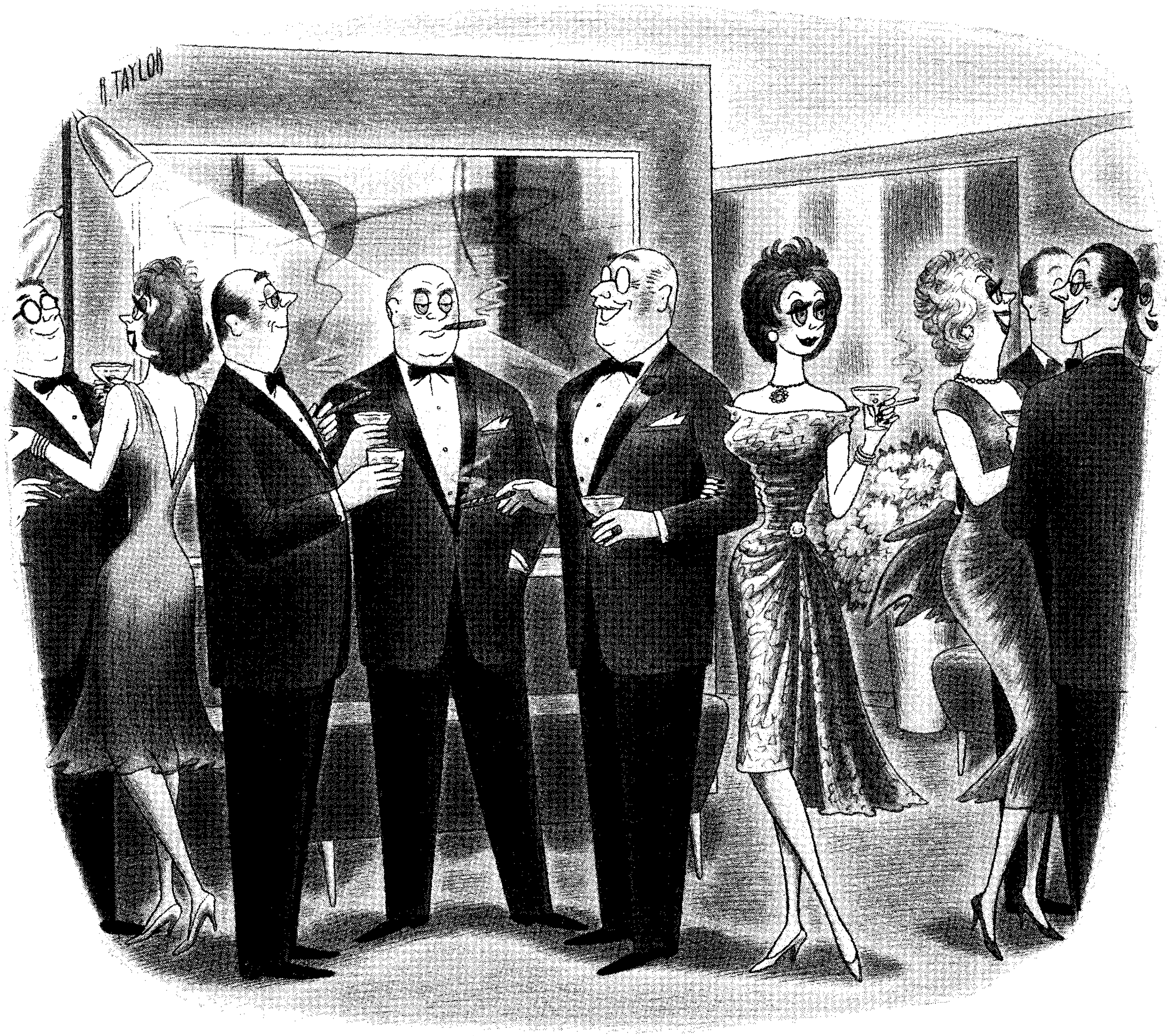
• •

one ever listened to one unless one said the wrong thing. If she could have a vision . . . or if at this moment a priest would come into the church, a dear simple old parish priest who wouldn't laugh at her bad Italian . . . or if Miss Wilson were a Roman Catholic, and also rather different, so that one wouldn't have that Hunt-the-Thimble sensation of Hot! Cold! As for Peregrine, or Lucy, or Mr. Walmisley, that was quite out of the question. They were bogus. Anyone with an atom of religious feeling could see that.

Meanwhile, time was running away, whirling past her like a cloud of dust. In three days, they would be driving home. In a week, she would be back at school, struggling with algebra, flinching at lacrosse, showing off about all the famous people her parents knew, reading poetry in the toilet. A vision! She must pray for a vision. Immediately. She shut her eyes, clenched her fists till the nails ran into her palms, and prayed so intensely that she felt perfectly hollow. A vision—or perhaps a voice. The voiceless blood rang in her ears. When she opened her eyes, nothing was there. Presently, she realized that she was deathly cold. I am going to faint, she thought, and revised this into I am going into a trance. But she merely went on feeling extremely cold, and bruised all over. She got up and staggered about the church on legs that did not seem like her own. Her heart, too, had become cold.

She observed as impartially as though she were following a guide round yet another *palazzo* that the building was poverty-stricken and decaying, that the Stations of the Cross were oleographs in Oxford frames, that the altar frontal had been patched with red flannel, that there was a profusion of blood and the usual awful statues. Near the second altar, on a table covered with a green baize cloth, lay a long narrow box with a glass top and sides, like a showcase, containing some she-saint or other dressed in sky-blue satin with a great deal of lace and puffings and furbelows. The figure was about two-thirds life size, but yards and yards of satin must have been expended in the puffings and furbelows. On her head was a wreath of white roses, her face was covered with some sort of dingy kid, and she had yellowish kid gloves on her hands. When she was new, she must have been very smart, and in the height of fashion. Even now, Grifone must think quite a lot of her, for there were several bouquets of artificial flowers on the table, and a candlestand nearby. Fenella had not brought her purse, so she could not honorably light a candle. Yet, having thought of it, it seemed impolite not to do so. Miss Wilson had said something about drinking goat's milk on a terrace overlooking the view, so she must have some money about her. Fenella went rather slowly toward the door, nerving herself to borrow the price of a candle. She noticed the handkerchief, still lying where she had knelt down to pray—so hopefully, so desperately, and now seeming so long ago. She picked it up, saw from its condition how right she had been to spread it between her knees and the floor, and in the same breath she was racing back to the glass box. Had she not prayed for a vision? A vision might take any form, might arise from the most unpromising, the most rubbishy lair. She would light all the candles as an Act of Faith, and pray all over again, and this time the vision would be granted; the face would smile, or a gloved hand would lift and beckon.

There were eight candles—her unlucky number; but never mind, that was only superstition. She had placed



"All I am I owe to my wife. My first one, that is."

• •

three candles when it occurred to her that she would give a little polish to the glass lid of the box. It must have been very devoutly breathed on; dry rubbing did no good at all. She spat on her handkerchief; the grime began to come off in little rolls. Spitting and rubbing, breathing and polishing, she became so absorbed in her attentions to the glass that she did not glance at what lay beneath it until she had cleaned down as far as the hands folded on the rosary. What extraordinary gloves—so thin that the nails, long, and rather dirty, showed through. No kid could be so thin, no silk could fit so closely. Chicken skin? No, it must be wax. The hands were made of wax, that in course of time had yellowed and grown dry. She looked at the face. It had blue eyes, to match the blue dress. One of them projected from the face, squeezed out by the shrivelling socket into which it had been fitted. It seemed to stare at her with alarm. The other eye was still in place, and placid. She was looking at a small dead body, dressed in blue satin, with a lace veil falling from under a wreath of white rosebuds, and a few grains of rouge adhering to its cheeks. Too small to be a woman, too overdressed to be a child, it lay on a white satin mattress and did not even look dead. It looked like death's doll.

Setting her teeth, she lit the three candles, and ran for her life. She had leaped over the rattling pit, she was out in the sun, propping herself against the entrance of the porch. "Stay just as you are!" shouted Miss Wilson.

Chit or no chit, the girl was certainly a born model. As though the words had nailed her, she remained exactly as she had been when they were spoken, no hand sneaking up to her hair, no redressing shift of balance, no change of expression even. It was an interesting pose, too, with that El Greco quality of artless, outrageous drama that one only sees in the adolescent. The ballerina expansion of her sulphur-yellow skirt would have to be lopped into a more rational shape—but its color was just what was wanted to pick up the patches of lichen on the church roof. Well, she hadn't come to Grifone for nothing, this young person!

"Thank you. Dis-miss!" Looking up from her canvas, Miss Wilson saw that the girl was still holding that remarkable pose. She couldn't have heard. "Thank you, Fenella. That's all. I've done with you."

The girl undid herself from the wall—there was really no other word for it—and came slowly through the grasses and the clattering grasshoppers. Her head drooped, and once she put her hand up to it as though to support a suddenly felt weight. That was a good pose, too. It was to be hoped that she hadn't got a sunstroke.

"Well, did you enjoy your rest in the church? Did you see the saint?"

"The saint?"

"In the glass case. Didn't you notice her?"

"Yes. Is she a saint? She looks sort of ninetyish."

"Eighteen eighty-three. She was the daughter of a local landowner—a girl about your age. Very devout, and died of whooping cough."

"Poor thing."

"The mountain people were sure she was a saint. They even tried to get her taken up by the Vatican. Nothing came of it. But she's still called the Saint of Grifone, and there's still quite a cult of her—though not what it was, of course."

"She's very small—if she was my age."

"Girls were smaller then. No fresh air, no exercise."

"Perhaps she's shrunk. Was it because she was a saint that they stuffed her—or whatever it was they did to make her keep?"

"No, no. That was her father. He was devoted to her, and very rich, so he had her embalmed."

"Oh yes, of course! That's the word. I couldn't remember it. Miss Wilson, I'm afraid I ought to be getting back. I promised Mamma not later than six, and it's past that already."

"Well, have a look at yourself in my painting first."

The girl looked. Her face fell, and she instantly began to praise the coloring.

"But how will you get it back? Won't the flies settle on it?"

"If you don't mind carrying the easel . . ."

SOME of the dead snake was still there, but the idiot had been taken indoors. At intervals Miss Wilson remarked on Fenella's talent for keeping a pose, and expressed an increasingly firm intention to paint a portrait of her.

"But why? I'm so wishy-washy. At my school they call me Creamed Rice."

"You've got rather an interesting bone structure. Suppose we say tomorrow afternoon? I shan't keep you long for a first sitting."

"But there won't be time. We're leaving early on Friday."

"I can get all I want in a couple of hours, and work it up later."

"And then there will be all sorts of farewell parties. I don't know what Mamma hasn't arranged."

They parted outside the hotel. Fenella rushed upstairs, heard bath water running, hammered on the door.

"Mamma, Mamma! It's been too awful. Oh, for pity's sake, turn off that tap! Mamma! She's put me into her painting of the church—and made my poor skirt look like a drowned rat. And now she's determined to paint a portrait of me. You must, *must* get me out of it!"

"I'll think it over. Mind, I don't promise."

"But, Mamma . . . Her painting was grisly. Like a railway poster."

"You don't know everything, Fenella. Some people think she's definitely good."

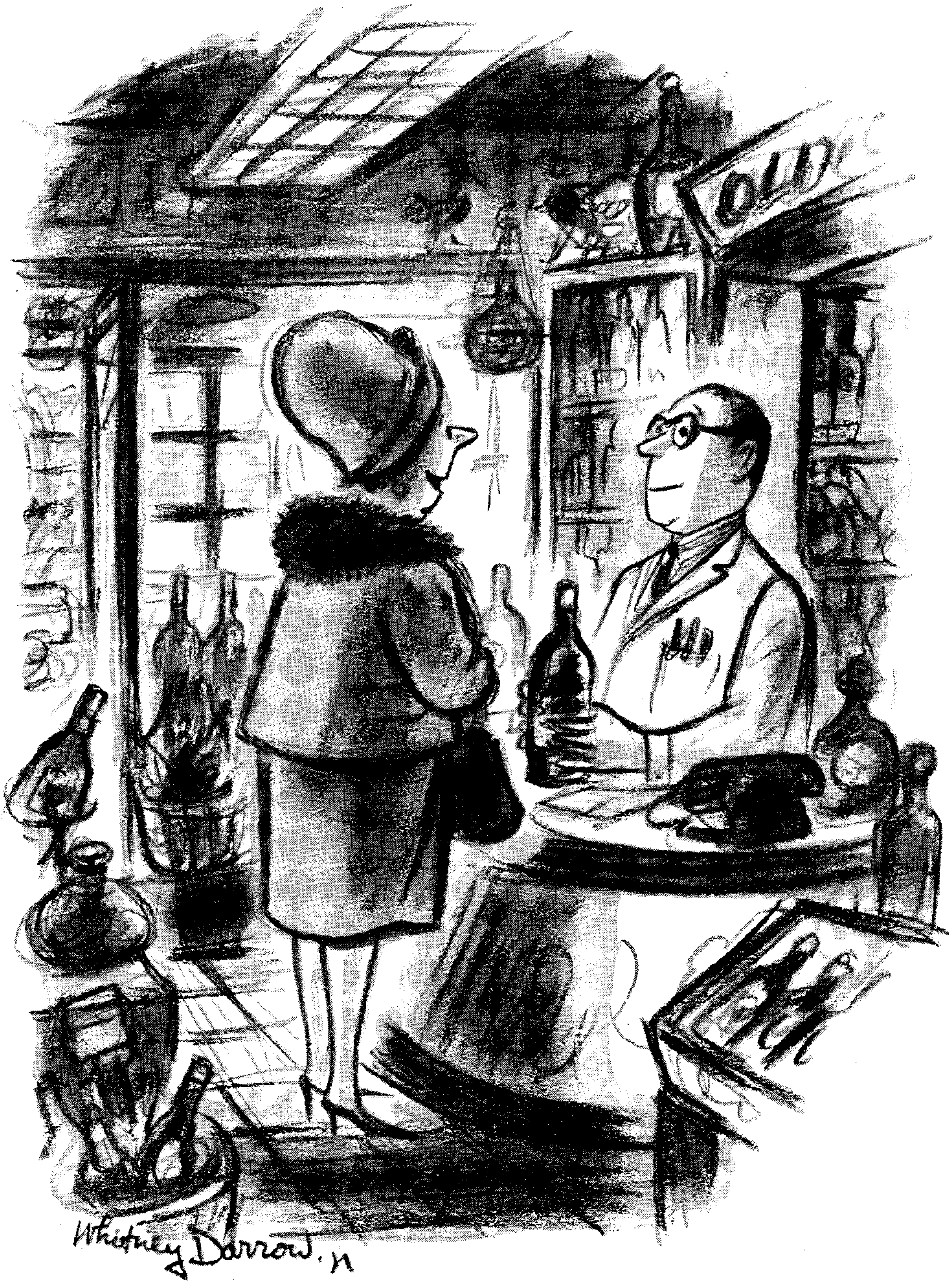
"Good? They must be raving."

"In any case, it will do you no harm to sit. And later on it might turn out to be quite worth having."

"But, Mamma, she's positively extinct. She's a living corpse, she's . . ."

"I can't hear you," her mother said, turning on the taps.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER



"And a bottle of branch water."

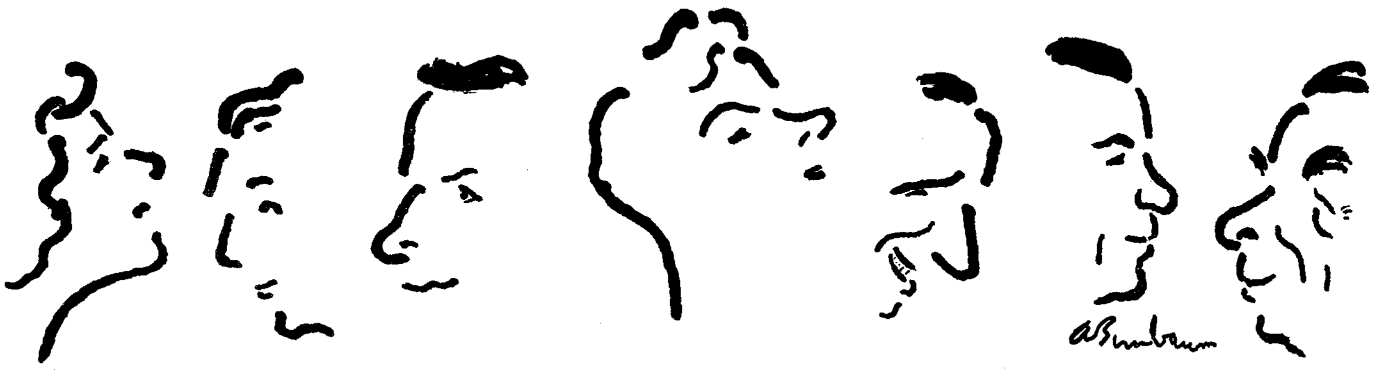
●

"There are still some people in the party," he said, "who feel that the Republican Party can win elections with people whose descendants came over in the Mayflower."—*Newsday.*

But they're in no shape to get to the polls.

PROFILES

THE PLAYER—I



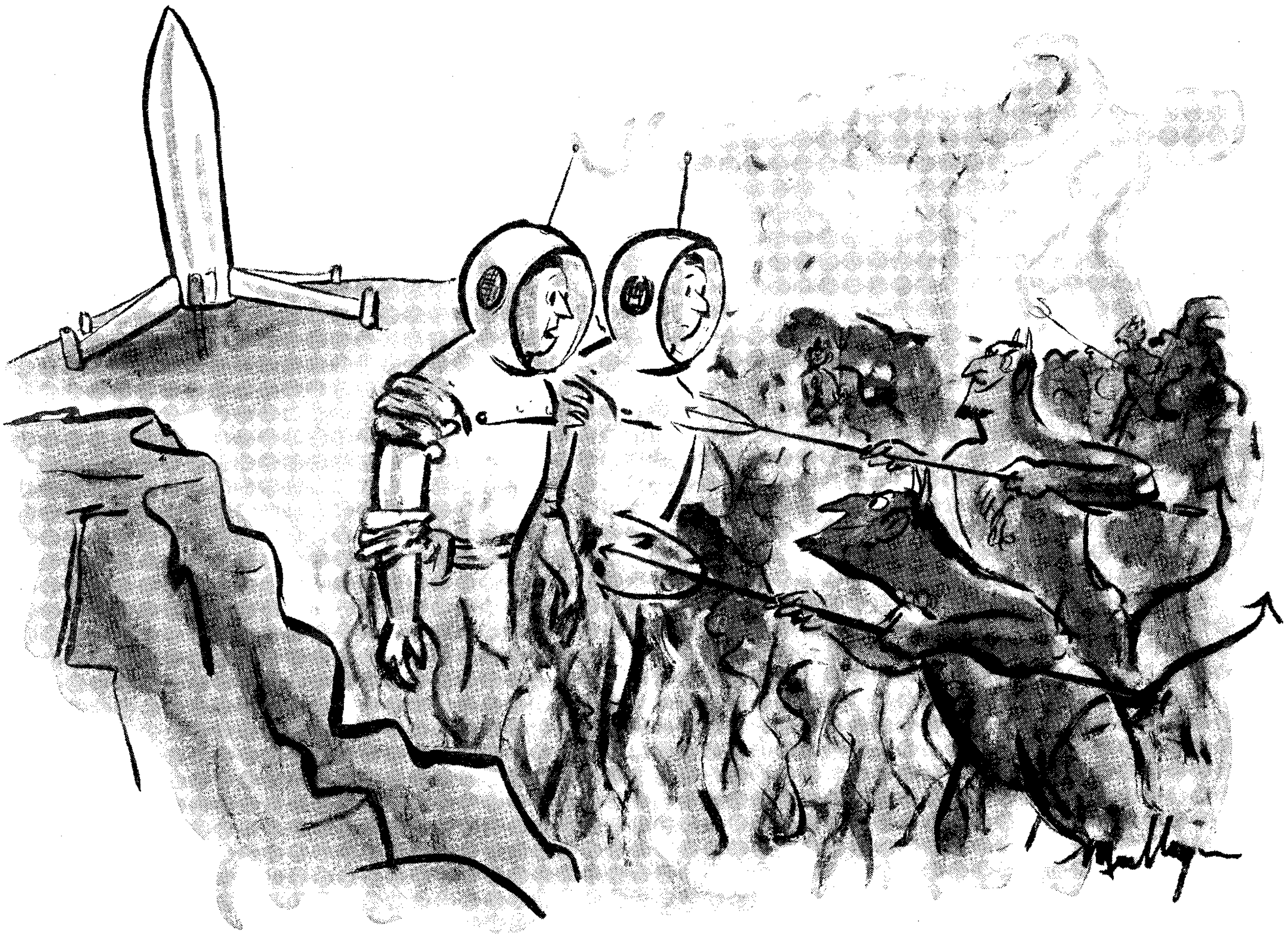
Kim Stanley · *Michael Redgrave* · *Eli Wallach* · *Ingrid Bergman* · *Hume Cronyn* · *William Holden* · *Vladimir Sokoloff*

Kim Stanley: *Unlike other artists, the actor has only his own body and his own self to work with. To exhibit oneself on the stage is quite a brave and wonderful thing to do.*

I was born on February 11, 1925, in Tularosa, New Mexico. My parents were divorced when I was three. My father, J. T. Reid, is part Irish and part Cherokee Indian, and he married my mother, a German-English girl named Ann Miller, when she was sixteen. He's a retired professor of philosophy and education, and he now teaches a fishing class at the University of New Mexico, and writes about fishing and hunting. My mother paints as a hobby, and lives in Greenwich Village. I took my maternal grandmother's maiden name. The family were farm people on both sides. I had three older brothers: Howard, now a psychiatrist in Milwaukee; Justin, a lawyer who recently gave up his practice to write, and who lives in New City; and Kenneth, who was killed in the Second World War. My mother was an interior decorator, and moved us from one part of the Southwest to another. I felt lonely as a child; I dreaded the feeling of coming home to an empty apartment after school. I was a skinny kid. My mother likes to say that I inherited acting talent from my father, because he did some professional singing to work his way through college. Actually, nobody in the family was in acting. My first experience with it came when I was in the third grade, in Albuquerque, where my teacher, Violet C. Moore, took an interest in me. We still correspond occasionally. She took me home with her, gave me cookies and milk, and was very good to me. She is a lovely, warm, kind lady. She got me to act in a school play called "New Mown Hay." It was all about new-mown hay and a young man haying, and I was the ten-year-old ingénue in it. I can clearly remember the experience, doing something up there on the stage, and getting a feeling that was powerful and special, unlike anything else I had ever felt. I went to three high schools—first in San Antonio, then in Albuquerque, and, for my senior year, in Taos, where my father was working for his Ph.D. on a plan for adult education among underprivileged Indians. I spent that whole year with him, and I was one of three non-Mexican pupils in the school. I wrote a lot of poetry in my teens, and fluctuated between a desire to be an artist or a poet and a desire to be popular and be things like the May Queen. Ever since I was fifteen, I have painted and drawn—mostly charcoals and water colors, mostly of people. My husband, Alfred Ryder, an actor and director, is a wonderful sketcher.

My first real acting experience was in 1942, when I was a sophomore at the University of New Mexico. I played the part of the young girl in "Thunder Rock." There was something about that character that I really responded to. I played a young, sort of selfish Viennese girl, who was, like all the other characters in the play, dead. At the time, I thought she was terribly poetic, because when you're seventeen it *is* poetic to be dead. I really felt I was not myself but this girl, and that hooked me. It meant escape from my own life then. Later on, of course, I learned that that isn't what the theatre is all about. Although I did really feel something about this girl I played, I wasn't thinking seriously about acting as a career. I had a Hard-Shell Baptist family background, for one thing. I went to a lot of movies in those days, and was a big fan of Bette Davis—which I still am—but I never considered myself pretty enough to be a movie actress. I saw Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon in "Wuthering Heights" about twenty-five times. I just loved it. I went to see it again recently, and had exactly the same experience I had the first time. My father always thought acting was very silly, and I wanted his approval. To him, acting was not a serious occupation. I think he still regards fishing as more important. My mother was the only one who encouraged me to think about acting. I didn't see a professional play until I was sixteen, when "The Philadelphia Story," with Katharine Hepburn, came to San Antonio. I was overcome. I was transfixed. The impact of Katharine Hepburn's personality was fantastic. It was a comedy, but after the curtain came down I sat there and cried, because I wanted it to go on all night.

I got a B.A. in psychology at the University of Texas in 1945. I had intended at first to go on with my studies in psychology and to take a pre-medical course, but I had no enthusiasm for that. Besides, the director of the Pasadena Playhouse had seen me act in college, and offered me a scholarship. So I went to Pasadena, even though everyone in the family except my mother was against it. Pasadena turned out to be like a glorified junior college, and I quit after one year. I felt I was ready to take on life in a less diluted form. My experience in "Thunder Rock" had apparently released something in me, and I seemed to want to develop it. I had a friend working with a stock company in Louisville, Kentucky, who had also quit Pasadena. She wrote me that they needed a walk-on, so I went there and did a season of winter stock, at the Equity minimum of fifty-seven-fifty



"This is going to change a lot of ideas."

• •

a week. I played mostly walk-on parts, although I had a couple of lines as a manicurist in "Boy Meets Girl." After four months there, I took a Greyhound bus to New York.

When I arrived in New York, in the spring of 1947, I had twenty-one dollars. It was raining. I got off at the Thirty-fourth Street station, and took the first room I saw—in a rooming house in the West Thirties. I didn't know one single person in the city. I still had a heavy Texas accent, although I had been working to get rid of it. Stanley Walker, who was a cousin of my mother's, had given me a list of names of theatre people to see about a job. I saw them, and they all told me to go back to Texas. But by then I had made up my mind that I was going to be an actress. I had no fear at all. I knew I was Duse. In a short period of time, everything had crystallized.

I stayed in that first rooming house, in a room with a bedbug-ridden bed, for a month and a half; I slept on the floor. Then I got a job in summer stock at Pompton Lakes. I played the ingénue in "Kiss and Tell" and leading roles in other plays, which were presented in the local high-school auditorium. But, after playing the lead in "The Pursuit of Happiness," I got fired. It didn't make me feel that I couldn't act, but it came as a terrible blow. In those days, however, I was more sure of myself than I am now. It was the only time in my life that I was able to get myself to make the rounds of offices of producers and casting agents. Making the rounds is like trying to sell yourself, as if you were something on the hoof. I'd never be able to do that again. You couldn't get an agent unless you were known or were fantastically beautiful. I would get paralyzed, once in an office, and would be unable to remember the name of the play I was trying to get a job in. I hated the whole procedure. It was humiliating. They'd ask me what I had done on Broadway, and I couldn't speak. Emotionally, I couldn't take it. My hands would start sweating. I would feel like a cipher. Nothing was worth that. After about six months, I decided to get a job outside the theatre and save enough money to work in the Off Broadway theatre. I answered a newspaper ad for models to work in the dress house of Herbert Sondheim, whose son Stephen later wrote the lyrics for "West Side Story." I was hired as an outdoor-girl-type model—four showings a day for fifty-six dollars a week. It was deadly work. After about a year, I got married to the actor Bruce Hall. We lived in a cold-water flat at Third Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, and we devoted all our spare time to readings at home with other actors. I read Juliet, Ophelia, and everything. Then I thought I'd save more money if I gave up modelling and got a job as a waitress, and I went to work in the cocktail lounge of the old Sheraton Hotel. On good weeks, I'd average ninety dollars a week in tips. I wore high-heeled shoes and a transparent skirt, and ads for the lounge would show a picture of me with the heading "I'm at the Sheraton Lounge. Where are you?" Bruce, in the meantime, got a job in Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," playing the part of one of Joan's brothers. I got to meet Ingrid Bergman, who played Joan. It was a very exciting time. Then

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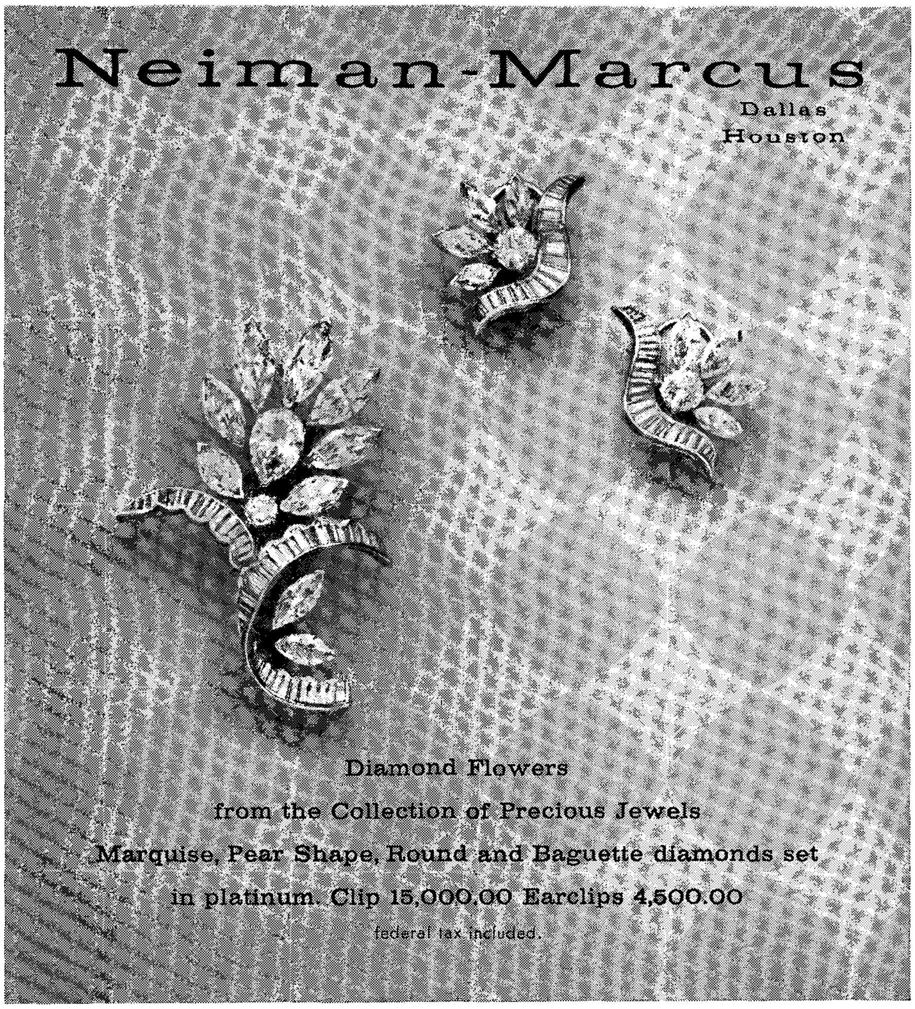
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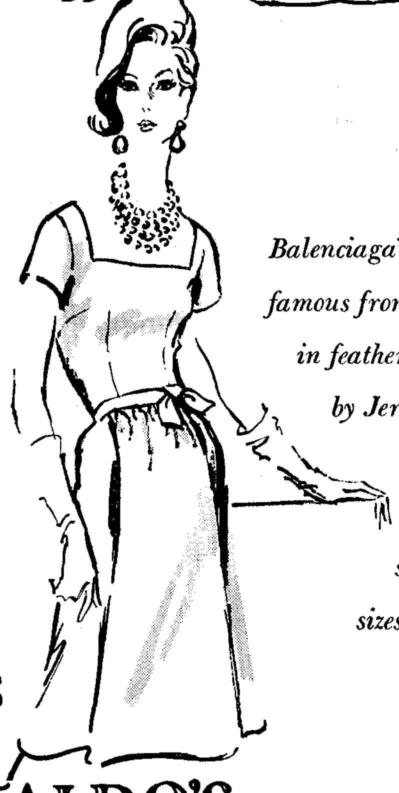
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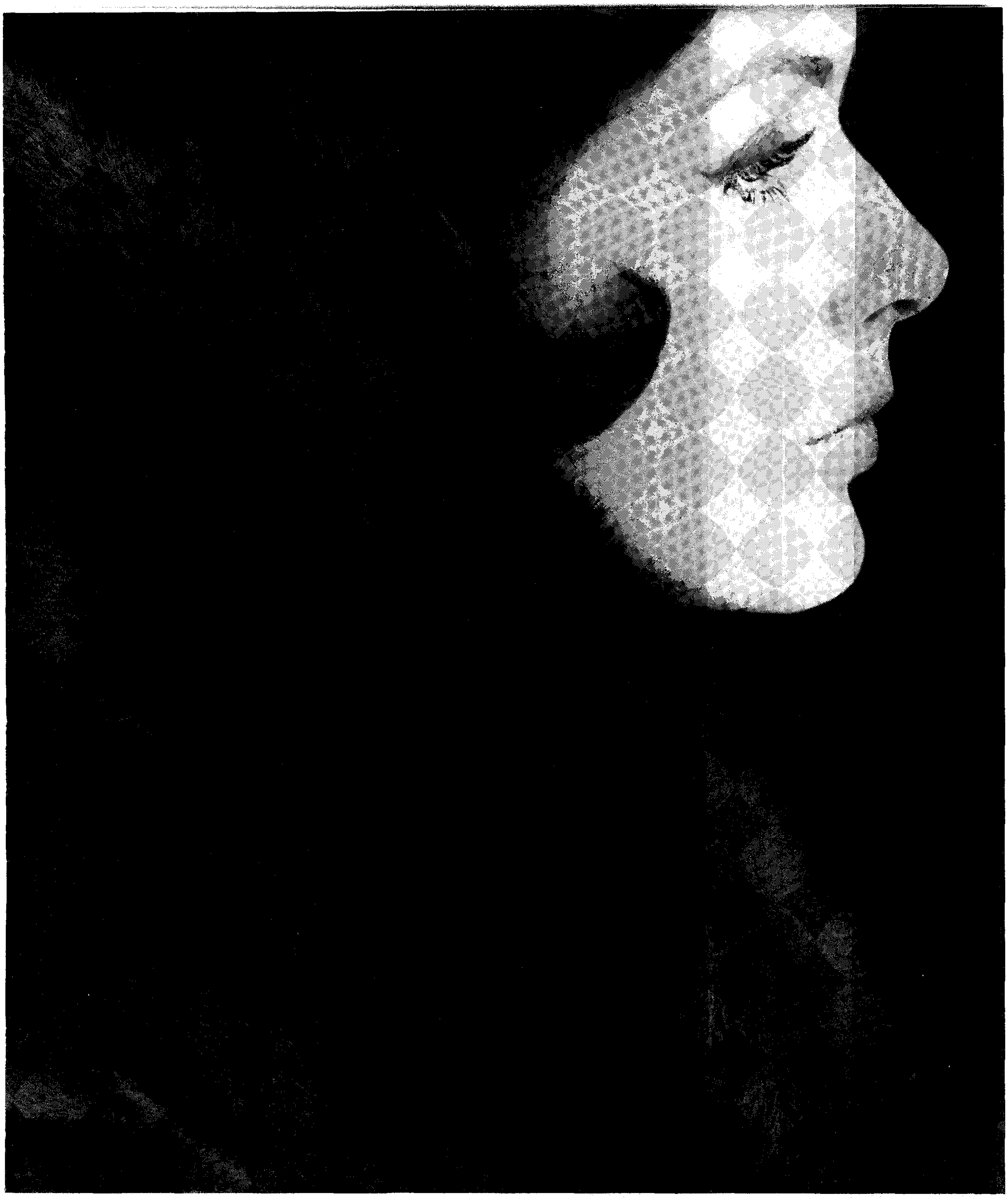
I read a want ad for models to tour Southern towns, modelling Balenciaga, Fath, and other designers, at a salary of eighty-five dollars a week, plus expenses. I did that for six months, and got home with two thousand dollars.

Back in New York, I knew I couldn't make the rounds any more, so I started going to the various Off Broadway groups to see if they would give me any little thing to do. I joined the Interplayers at the Provincetown Theatre, and they let me make and serve the lemonade at intermission but didn't let me act. My husband and I decided to separate, and I got an apartment in the Village. All the while, something was working in me, pushing me to be an actress, and it wouldn't let me alone. Michael Vincente Gazzo and Gene Saks were at the Provincetown, and the next year we formed our own company—Off Broadway, Inc.—and rented the Cherry Lane Theatre for our headquarters. Mike taught acting. It was my first brush with the so-called Method. The word "Method" has been so abused that it's lost its meaning. At the Actors' Studio itself, which is generally thought of as the home of the Method, it's referred to now as "the so-called Method." It was a real eye-opener to me. Mike was an exciting teacher. New things began happening to me as I attended the various classes in speech, dance, and acting. In the classroom exercises, I found myself doing things I hadn't known had anything to do with acting. I hadn't known that this was the way to get at those acting things, to use them in your work. There are times during your life when you suddenly have insight, and this was one of those times for me. I began to understand why I didn't like some of the acting I had seen, or why I missed something onstage even when I might like what I was seeing very much. In June, 1949, I appeared at the Cherry Lane in Gertrude Stein's "Yes Is for a Very Young Man," with Anthony Franciosa. We got very good reviews, and the agents began calling.

I was having a wonderful time doing plays that I didn't understand but that were very provocative. All kinds of new things were opening up for me. Like a new play by Robert Hivnor, called "Too Many Thumbs," which featured an ape turned man turned saint, who commits suicide. I played the ape's girl friend. Then I played the lead in "Saint Joan" at the Equity Library Theatre, and I really began to feel how much I had to study. There were so many problems in the play I couldn't solve. I didn't have the technique. After making my



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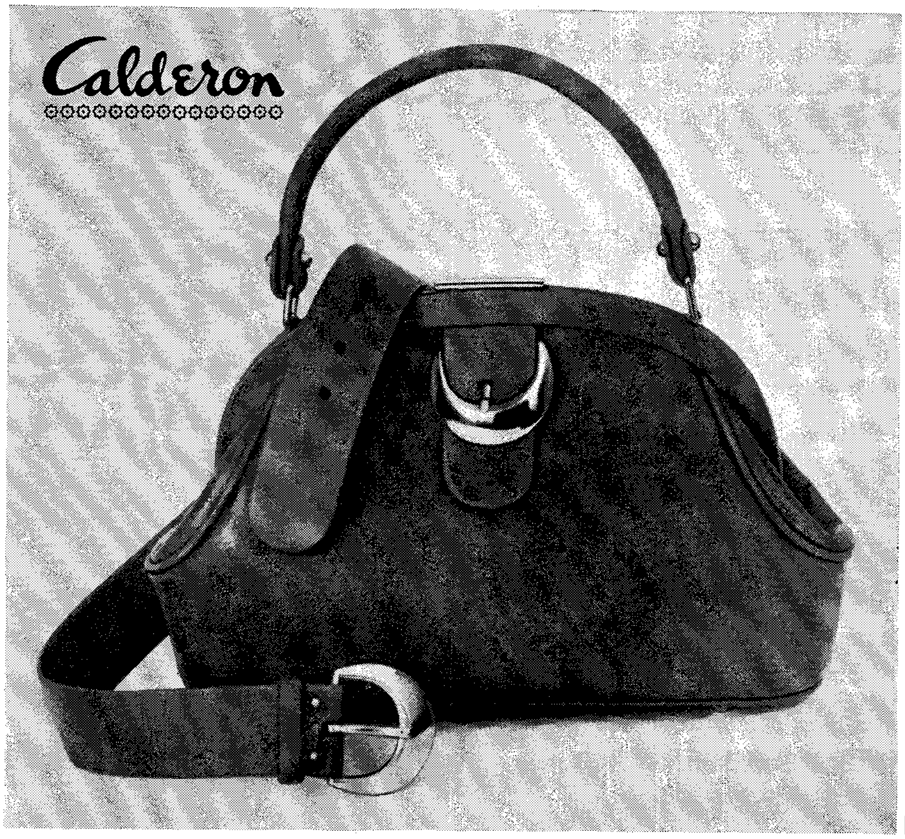

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Misses' Longwood Shop

Broadway début in "Montserrat," replacing Julie Harris as Felisa, I went to the Actors' Studio for an audition in 1950, and was accepted. After that, I was in the Broadway production of Lorca's "The House of Bernardo Alba," in which I had a beautiful part—the young daughter, Adela—and played with Katina Paxinou. It was a lovely play. Late in 1952, I was asked to read for "Picnic"—for the lead part of the older sister. I felt I couldn't play it. I had never been the prettiest girl in town. I wouldn't know how to play it. So I asked for the part of the kid sister, Millie Owens. I was told I was ten years too old, but I was determined to play the part. After I got it, I worked on it at the Actors' Studio with the Artistic Director of the Studio, Lee Strasberg. Strasberg is the greatest man in the theatre today—a completely dedicated man. He's an actor and director and an artist in his own right. He made it possible for the whole world to open up for me. I'd feel, That's what I want, that's what I've always felt. It was like coming home. It can't be understood by people who have never been to the Actors' Studio. The Studio is the place where you can learn under the most thoroughly trained eye. Wearing a leather jacket doesn't make you a Method actor, and Method actors do *not* mumble. The Method simply makes you as free as possible. I have a healthy respect for the throwing of oneself into a part, even with crudenesses, as against the polite, mechanized sort of thing. But I'm also a great admirer of Gielgud and Olivier, who are masters of their art, who know how to use the voice, who are experts at economy of movement.

I had a number of bad habits as an actress when I first met Strasberg. Like many actors, I mistook showing off for acting. He taught me the difference. Showing off mars a lot of good work. You shouldn't be busy showing how cute you are in front of the audience instead of exploring the person you're playing. You shouldn't let the audience control your performance, and if they giggle do something else cute to get another giggle out of them. Being cute is not acting, and it's sad when a good actor falls into the being-cute trap. What I want to do on the stage is to express the playwright's meaning, to have an experience playing my part that expresses that meaning and illuminates it and lets the audience experience it, too. Whatever the actor *calls* it, that is, I think, what every good actor tries to do. It doesn't matter what kind of

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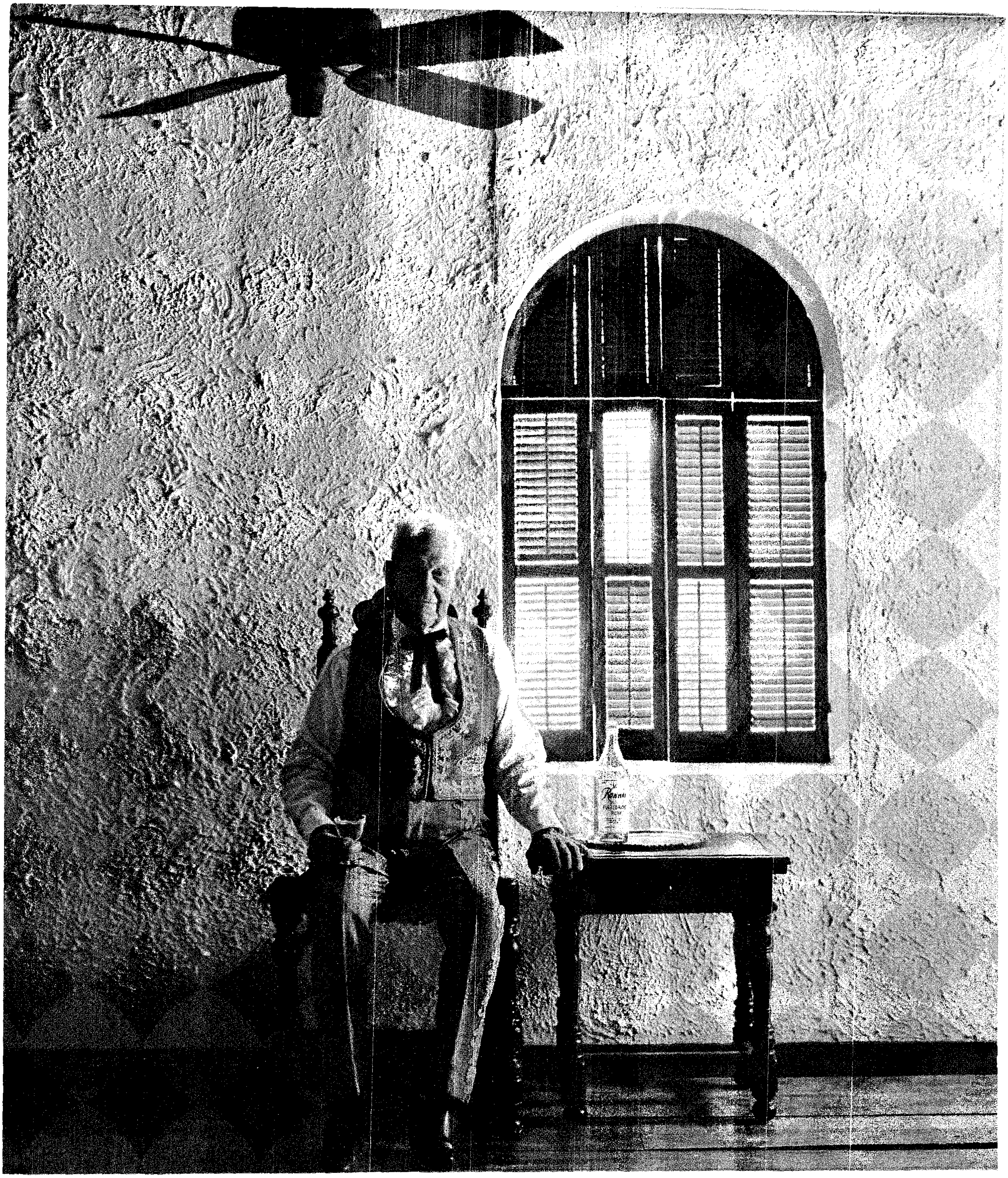

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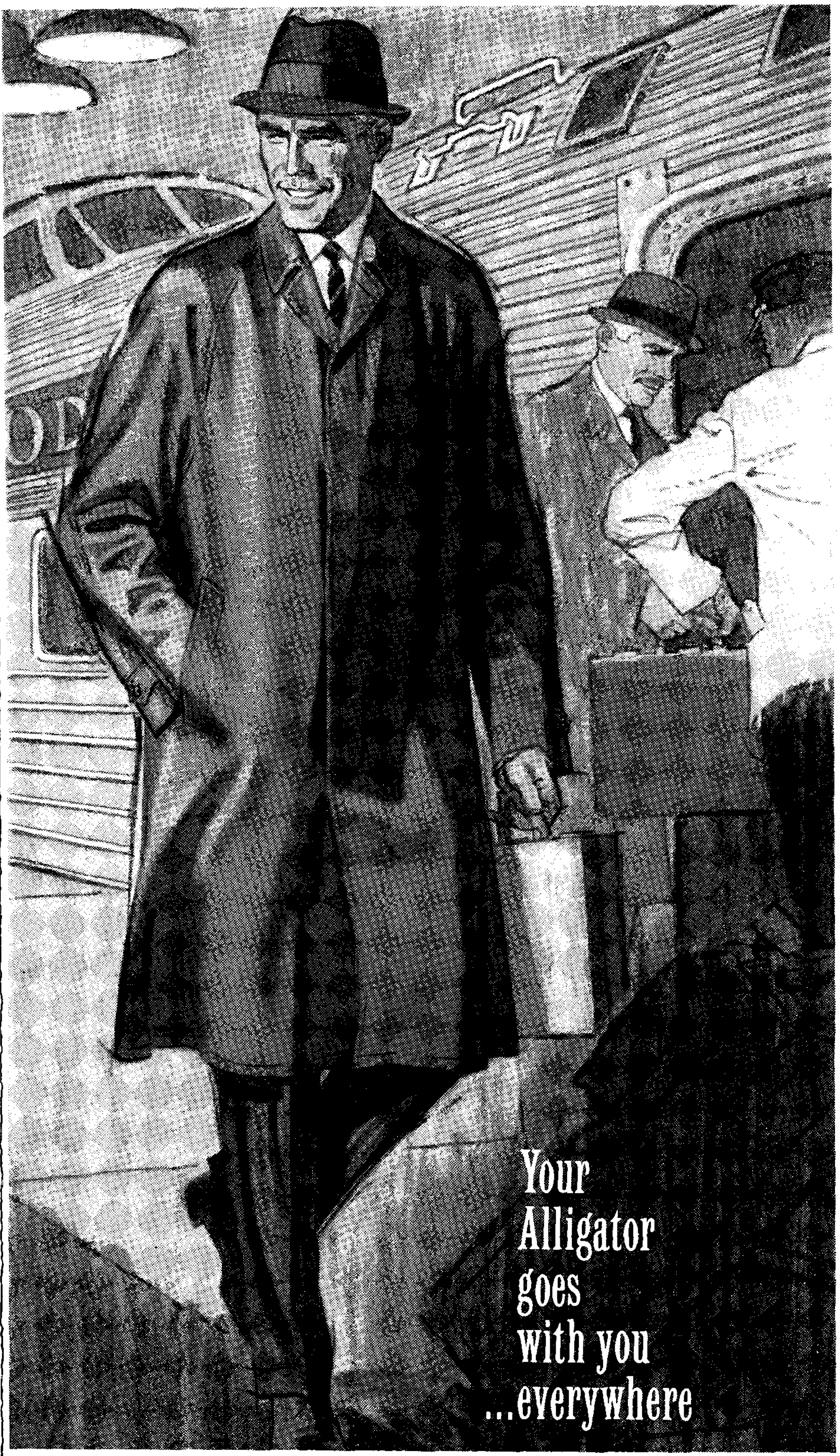
actor he says he is or whether he says he's Method or non-Method. I don't use the word Method if I can help it. The word doesn't matter. Whatever it is, it is there if you want to learn anything from it that might help you as an actor. It's a combination of things that help you do what you want to do in a part. Through his teaching, Strasberg gives you tools that make it possible for you to accomplish what *you* want to do. When you're playing a part, for example, and, say, the first scene begins to dry up, he may get you to think of something about the kind of day it is, the way the wind is blowing, some little thing to re-excite your imagination. You may do some little thing differently, without changing it so much, however, that it throws the other actors. Each person Strasberg works with comes out a much broader, fuller, deeper person, because Strasberg is not interested in exploiting talent but in nurturing it and making it grow. He insists that I work on comedy, for instance, which I haven't done on Broadway since "Bus Stop." I'm usually cast in tragic things. By doing comedy I can avoid some of the pitfalls—getting lost, copying myself. Talented people often try to copy themselves. One very famous actor, a leading star in movies who's become very successful in recent years, could have become the greatest actor of our time if he hadn't confined himself to making movies. They were superior movies but not enough for his talent to feed on. He acted superbly in the movies, but after a while he started imitating himself. He should have played "Hamlet" on the stage four years ago, instead of restricting himself to movies. No matter what you do in a film, it is, after all, bits and pieces for the director, and that's marvellous for the director but it doesn't allow the actor to learn to mold a part. In films, it's the director who is the artist. An actor has much more chance to create on the stage. I'm not an authority on movies. I've been in only one myself, "The Goddess," and it was a very bad one. It fell so short of what the real thing might have been. It more or less exploited itself. And that always makes a potentially good movie much worse than simply a bad movie. I don't mean that actors shouldn't make movies or shouldn't make them in Hollywood, but I do think that Hollywood can't contain a really great talent, because even the best films are not enough to nurture that kind of talent. It's in the very nature of the medium—waiting for lights and technicalities, starting and stopping your part for a minute or two at a take—



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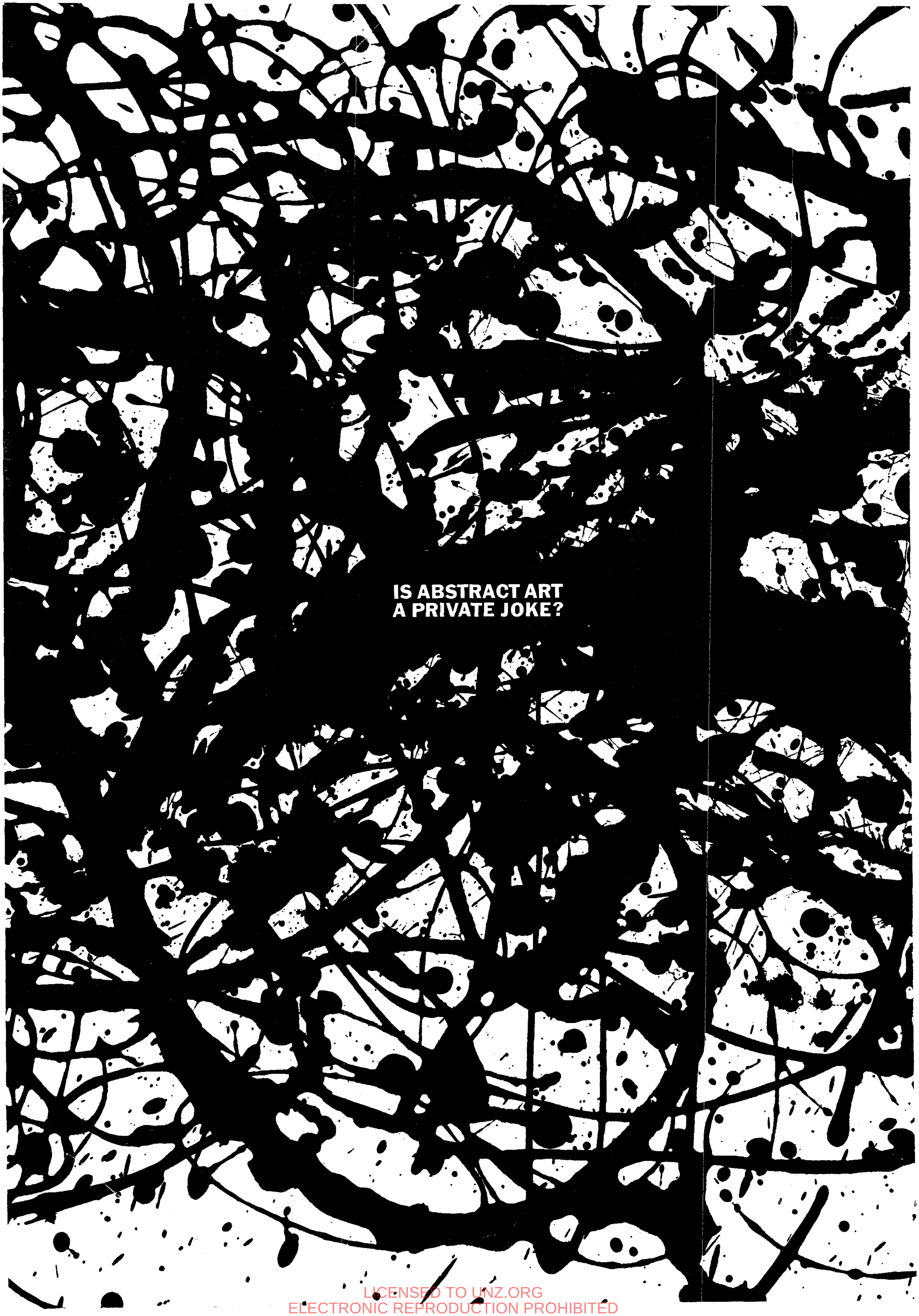

IS ABSTRACT ART A PRIVATE JOKE?

Down goes the gauntlet! And with pyrotechnic rhetoric and artful argument, author and art lover Roger Burlingame tackles the spacklers and drubs the dribblers. His forum: "Speaking Out: the Voice of Dissent"—a free-wheeling new department in the new Saturday Evening Post. ■ Burlingame accepts that what may be one man's Matisse may be another man's Poussin *(de gustibus non disputandum est* and all that). But what really offends his esthetic palate is that abstract art has lost contact with reality and life. That it is meaningful only to a small, inner circle of abstract artists and their admirers. Another charge: abstract art has reached its lofty position because it has been foisted off by art dealers on parvenu snobs in their never-ending quest for status symbols. ■ This piece in the current Post may turn you purple with rage or pink with pleasure. But you will be richer for reading it... and all the other features in this issue, from John Bartlow Martin's major article on the scene behind the TV screen to Stewart Alsop's revealing report on Washington in the Berlin crisis to Marquis Childs' exciting new novel, "The Peacemakers." Get your copy and see... *suddenly reading becomes a new adventure!*

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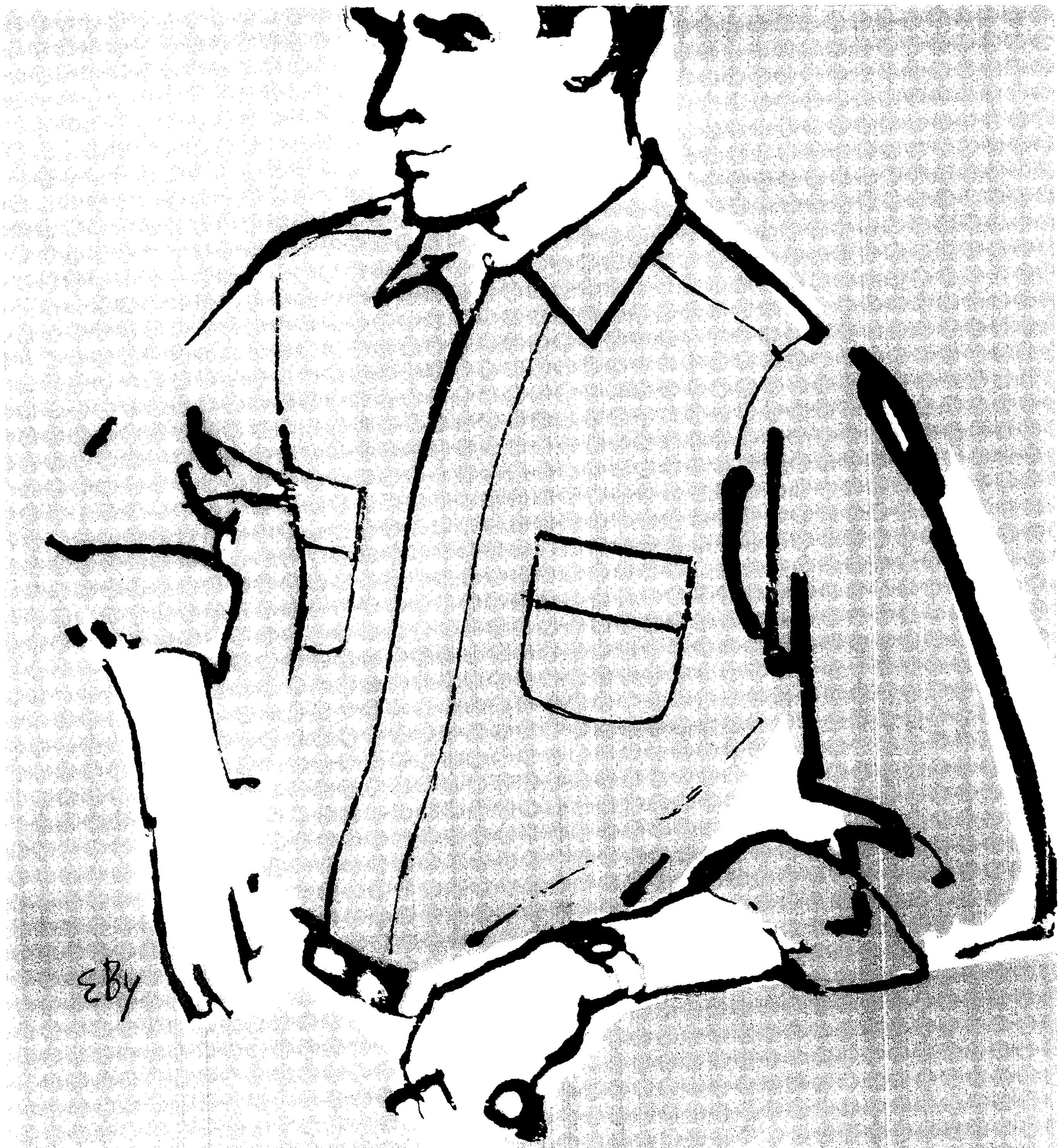
that your sustained feeling gets cut off. Good film actors have to be fantastic magicians. A great actor must continue to act on the stage if he wants to keep his talent alive. That isn't to say that any great play is better than any great movie. We need both. All I mean is that when you stay *only* in movies—say, for ten years—your talent feeds on itself. But if you work on a part—even a little part, in a Chekhov play, for example—there is somewhere for you to go, because you're the one who is molding your part.

When I first look at a script, my immediate responses and impulses are terribly helpful. I put down a lot of notes that make no sense to anybody but me. I don't study the script for character. I just read it. When I first read "A Far Country," the image of Freud's patient, Elizabeth, my part, came absolutely full-blown to me—a many-faceted, hard jewel that cracks open. It's when you start to rehearse, with other people, that things begin to happen. What it is exactly I don't know, and don't even want to know. I'm all for mystery there. Most of what happens as you develop your part is unconscious, most of it is underwater. Painting isn't the same kind of joy. Or cooking a good dinner, however marvellous that is. Or planting something in the ground and seeing it grow, which I love. No, in acting you get taken over by some force outside yourself. Something happens. And I do get affected in my real life by my parts. When I was playing Millie Owens in "Picnic," I always felt younger than my age. The only time I got really depressed by a part was when I played Blanche in "A Streetcar Named Desire," for eight weeks in Houston. By the end of that time, I was practically a basket case. At rehearsals, I wear the kind of clothes I wear in the part. It gives me a sensory feeling for the part. Wearing tight corsets and high heels while I was rehearsing for the part of Léa in "Chéri" actually affected my emotions in the part. And I find my own painting and looking at paintings helpful. Before we opened in "Chéri" in New York, I went to the Phillips Gallery, in Washington, and as I was standing there looking at the Renoir painting "Boating," I actually got feelings from it that I could use in my part—the way those women lean on their hands, the physicalization of it, that lovely roundness that they have. Paintings can be a help if you're working on a part that doesn't belong to your own immediate background. Each age



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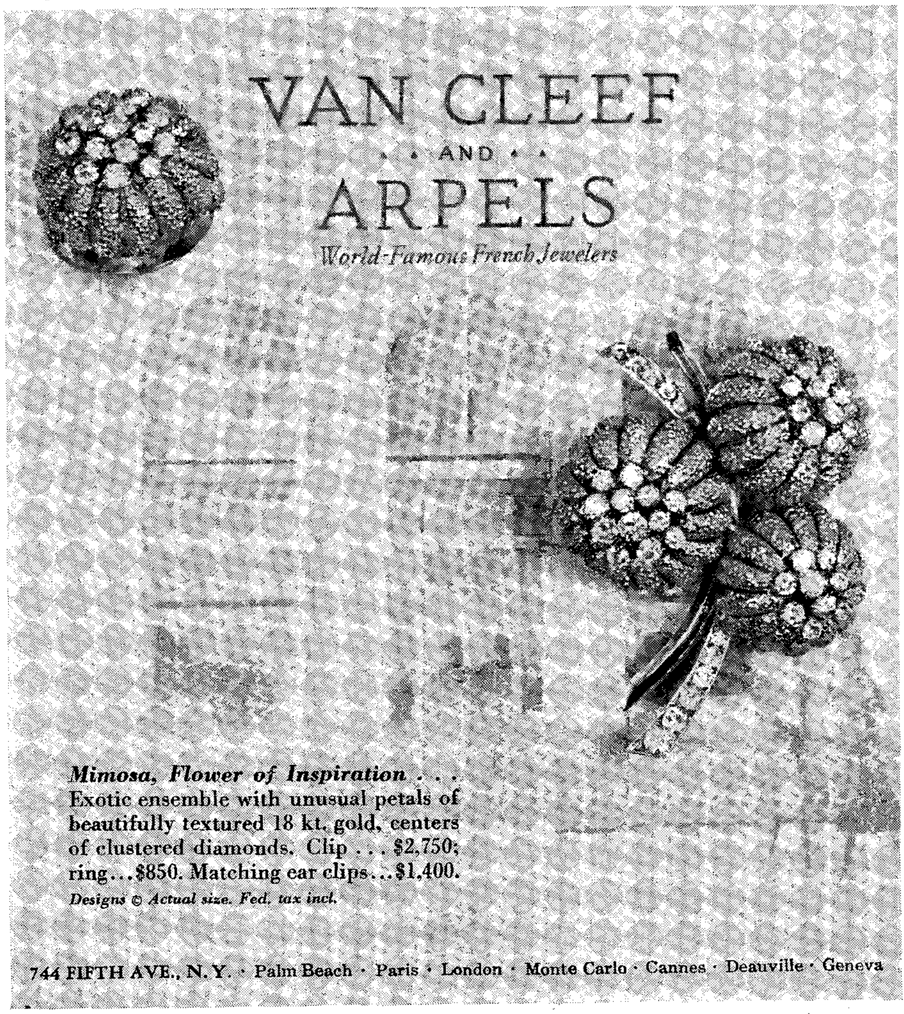

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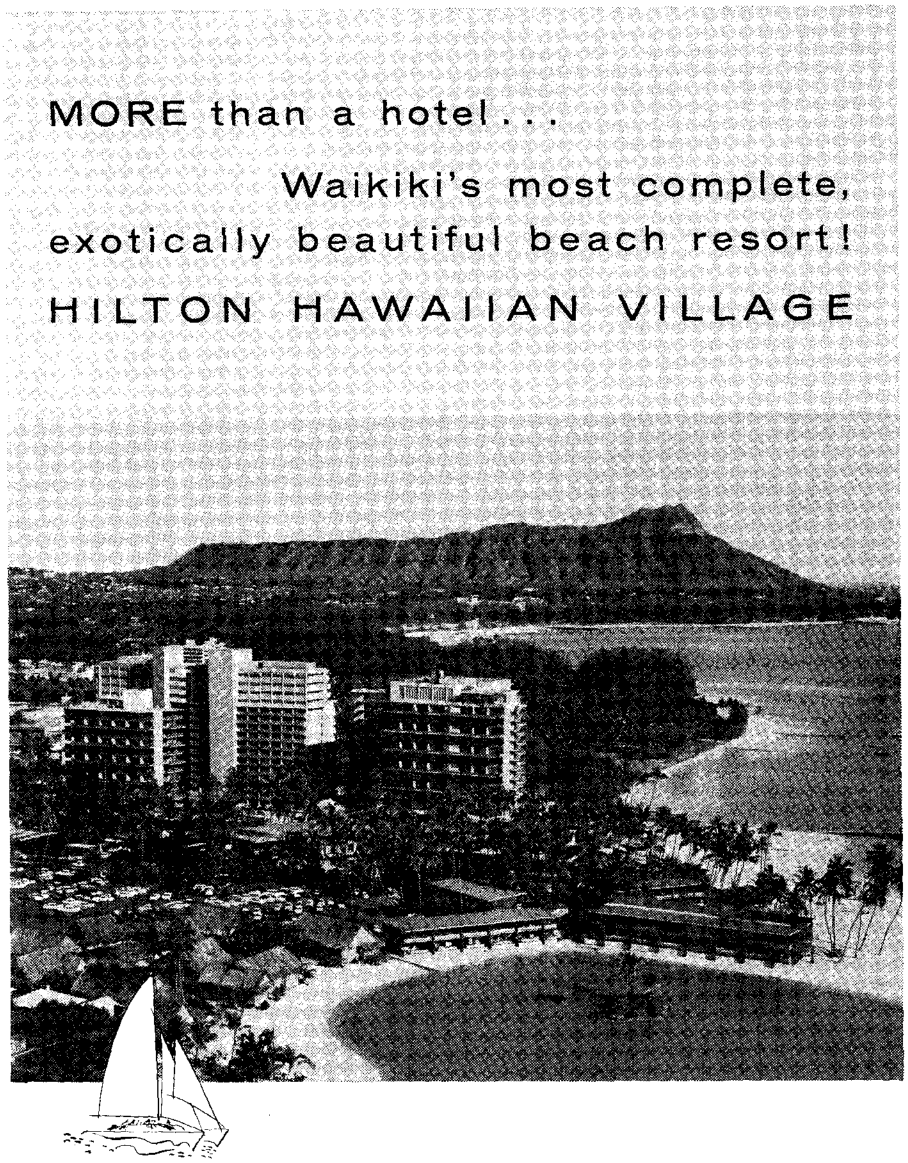
has its own texture. You then have to make it somehow your own. I consider my portrayal of Léa in "Chéri" a failure, but I couldn't have gone on to play Elizabeth in "A Far Country" if it hadn't been for my experience in that part. Until I played Léa, most of my roles had been of the American genre. There had been nothing in my life to give me references to an aristocratic or upper-middle-class European style and milieu. I don't like to hear about actresses' doing extensive research for a part, but the fact is I did spend days and days in the New York Public Library working on the part of Elizabeth. I not only read Freud's writings about Elizabeth, I also looked at late-nineteenth-century Viennese prints that showed the physical constriction of women of the time, and studied the social context for the part. Also, because Elizabeth walks on crutches, I rehearsed on crutches. I was quite pleased when several Viennese members of the audience at "A Far Country" came backstage to congratulate me on what they said was my convincing portrayal of an upper-middle-class Viennese woman of that period.

I have two children, Lisa and Jamie, by my second marriage, to the director and actor Curt Conway, and a third, Laurie, by my present marriage. I find I can't go straight from my kids to a part. I am with them at our home, in Suffern, until five, and I get to the theatre an hour and a half before the play starts. I can sleep on a picket fence, and on matinée days I take a long nap between performances. I get up every morning at seven to have breakfast with the kids, and then, if I'm working, I go back to bed. After a long run, I still find new satisfaction and new experiences in a part, but I begin to count the number of performances left to go, because I'm so anxious to be alone with my children. I never stay in a play longer than nine months—the length of time I played in both "Bus Stop" and "Picnic." After nine months, it begins to sound like a tape recorder—at least to me. By the time I reached my eighth month in "A Far Country," it was extremely hard work to keep it fresh and creative, and not sound as though I were calling in from Chicago. I don't see how some people can stay year after year in the same play. I'd go absolutely around the bend. To keep it fresh, I try to begin all over again in each performance, and I try to look at my character with new eyes. It's no fun to act the other way. I feel lousy afterward if it's just blah-blah-blah and I experience nothing. There are enough of those performances accidentally. Very long runs are good for producers but bad for actors. What originally drove me into acting, perhaps, was that I wanted to get away from home, and I wanted to get into something my three brothers couldn't compete with me in. It's changed now. I would like to be able to spend more time with my husband and my children. And the pleasure of acting no longer has to do with the business of Just Look at Me. The pleasure now lies in the actual work. It's fascinating to show what the life of another person is like, when you have only yourself to draw on.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE: *I prefer the fiction and fantasy of acting to the truth, but I hope I use truth in experiencing fiction and fantasy on the stage.*

I was born on March 20, 1908, in Bristol, England, while my mother was on tour with a play called "The Christian." Both my parents were actors, and there have been others in my family, going back to the middle of the nineteenth century. I was christened at the age of six months in Melbourne, Australia, where my parents were on tour, acting together in various melodramas, including "The Sign of the Cross." My mother continued acting, in supporting roles, until a few years before her death, in 1957. My father, George Ellsworthy Redgrave, who was known professionally as Roy Redgrave, was a very fine actor. When I was two, I was carried onstage in the arms of my father in a play, and that was my first stage appearance. A year later, my mother left my father in Australia and took me back to England. My father stayed on in Australia, and I never saw him again. On the boat going back, my mother met a rich tea and rubber planter, whom she eventually married. I had tagged around with my mother until then, living in various theatrical lodgings or with various relatives, and since I didn't know what a home was, I hadn't missed having one. I didn't have a real home till I was nine, when we moved into a big house in London with my stepfather. He was a very kind man, and I was fond of him. I was a precocious child in the usual ways: showing off, dressing up, always getting up little plays—all the signs of somebody who ought to act. But I was never stage-struck as a child. The only time I ever felt stage-struck was at the age of thirty-four, when I was an Ordinary Seaman in the Royal Navy on brief leave in New York during the Second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World War. Ruth Gordon took me on a theatrical tour of the city. The last night in town, on my own, I paid a dollar for standing room at "The Corn Is Green," with Ethel Barrymore. I had bought an autograph book in Macy's, and I took it backstage and asked Ethel Barrymore to sign her name in it. I had been disappointed in the play for the first few minutes. Then something happened that does suddenly happen with great performers—you get up on their plane. I thought she was marvellous, and I was stage-struck. It might have been because, for the first time in my life, I felt *outside* the theatre. I was a successful actor, but all that was behind me. There was a war on, I was in an Ordinary Seaman's uniform, and I was stage-struck.

My stepfather sent me to Clifton College, where I persuaded one of the masters to let me put on my own versions of plays I'd seen. At fourteen, I was playing everybody from Captain Absolute to Lady Macbeth. Whenever it was possible to get up an amateur production, I'd do it. I had put on a number of one-act plays in hospitals and drawing rooms when I was eleven and twelve. My mother didn't encourage me to think about acting as a profession. She'd continually tell me, "It's no life for a man unless you're very successful at it and unless you intend to give something *to* it, unlike most people, who just want to get something *out* of it." At the age of sixteen, I grew two inches in one year—almost to my full height, six feet two and a half. I outgrew my own strength. I'd tire easily. I have a very good constitution, and I look younger than my age, but I still tire more than I'd like to. I always go to bed for a little while at some time in the afternoon or early evening. I think every actor should do that, even if he only lies down on the floor for twenty minutes and shuts his eyes. Physical vitality is something you have to conserve if you're to be at the top of your form when the curtain goes up. I was a very slow student, but I went on to Cambridge, where I did a good deal of acting. When I left, I fancied myself as someone who might work in a publishing house, but my only commercial asset was my university honors degree in modern languages and English literature. I decided to take up tutoring and, to get away from home, applied for a job in a grammar school in North London. I wrote for a testimonial to a man who had been a master at Clifton and was headmaster at Cranleigh, a public school, and he wrote back asking me why I

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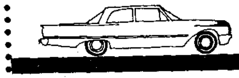

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Imported solely by Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky didn't come there instead. I told him I didn't want to be a master. He suggested that I try it for two terms. I did, and stayed three years. I produced and designed all the school plays and acted in them, having a wonderful time with such plays as "King Lear," "Hamlet," "As You Like It," and "Samson Agonistes." I enjoyed teaching, enjoyed sometimes catching the imagination of my students, but I was a bad teacher at what we call the donkeywork. One day, I took my French class to London to see a French repertory company, La Compagnie des Quinze, do "Noah" and other plays. Suddenly I had a revelation. I understood, for the first time, what it was like to be a member of a repertory company, without big stars but with a general style of acting. After seeing this company, and the way they worked together all the time, I could see how the repertory company was much bigger than the sum of its parts. I decided that I wanted to become a director. I immediately determined to leave Cranleigh, and I gave notice. I wrote to the Old Vic, had an audition, and was offered a contract as an actor. When, after a long wait, I had not yet received the contract, I wrote to the Liverpool Repertory Company, one of the best companies of its kind in the country, and asked for an interview, and on my way to it, stopping off at my mother's house, I found the contract from the Old Vic. In Liverpool, the head of the Repertory Company, William Armstrong, a Scot and a wonderful man, offered me a contract as an actor, and I decided to accept that one. At the end of my first season, I met Rachel Kempson, who came to us from Stratford as our new leading lady. Ten days later, we became engaged. Her father was headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and we were married in the chapel there.

I made my first professional appearance on August 30, 1934, playing a small role, that of Roy Darwin, a smooth New York operator, in "Counsellor-at-Law," and spent two years with the Liverpool Repertory Company. I was an ambitious, arrogant, conceited young man. I wanted to play everything. I didn't see why everybody didn't offer me everything. I took it for granted that people should. And everything began to come so easily to me I took it for granted that it would go on that way. Actually, I've never been out of work for any long period of time ever since I started. While I was playing in Liverpool, Tyrone Guthrie offered me a contract for a season (1936-37) with

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the Old Vic, where I played Mr. Horner in "The Country Wife." I found myself playing with Edith Evans, Ruth Gordon, Laurence Olivier, and an all-star cast that was destined for New York. I was invited to go along to New York with the company, but Edith Evans was staying in London to play in "As You Like It" at the Old Vic. She said to me, "You don't want to go to New York. Wouldn't you sooner stay here and play Orlando in 'As You Like It'?" There was not a moment's doubt in my mind that I wanted to play Orlando to Edith Evans' Rosalind. She had only to look at me. Odd that my eldest daughter, Vanessa, is at present performing in London as Rosalind. I have two other children, Corin William—a double first name after two minor characters in "As You Like It"—and Lynn. All three of my children intend to work in the theatre. I was more influenced by Edith Evans than by any other performer. I was very much in awe of her. She asked me, "What kind of actor do you want to be?" I was taken aback by the question. Then she asked, "Do you want to be like Olivier? Do you want to be like Gielgud?" Suddenly I realized that she was suggesting that—if I put thought, passion, and labor into it—I might indeed *be*.

For me, Edith Evans has the authentic magic. Claptrap word though "magic" may be, it's the only word for the stage. When she comes onstage, the stage lights up. She's a very strict person about her own profession and is without any of the nonsense. She's a real and dedicated artist. Her art is her life. Everything she does on the stage is interpreted through her own morality. It's the way Picasso paints. It's the way Beethoven composed. It's the thing the great artist has that makes him different from other people. I don't mean morality in a pettifogging way. I mean moral values, without which nothing is achieved and nothing is created. Part of it is caring enough about what you do to achieve something beyond the mundane. One reason for the great influence Edith Evans has had on me is that she accepted me in the early phase of my career. Until you act the great parts in theatre literature, you really don't know what acting is. Orlando for me was a great part. I was twenty-eight. Edith Evans was forty-eight. I had been married about a year, and Rachel and I had just had our first child. But none of that seemed to have anything to do with my special life on the stage as Orlando. We played for some-

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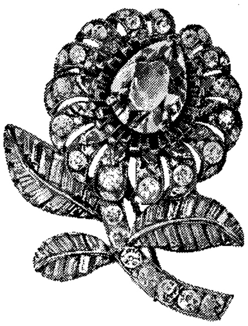

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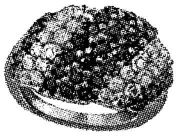

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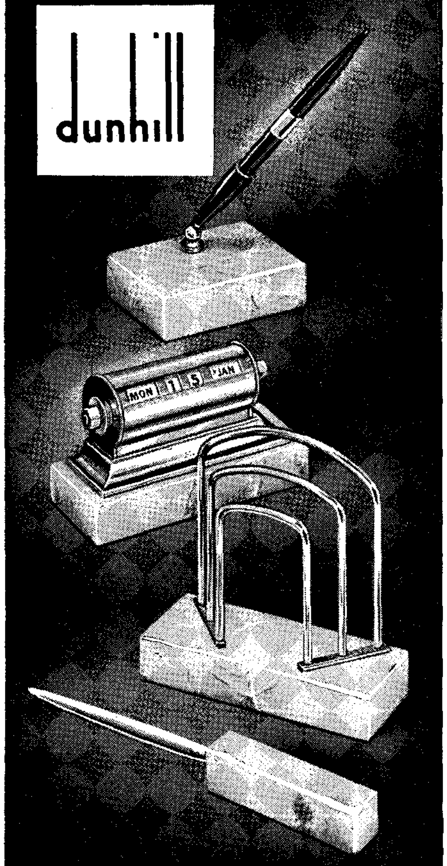

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thing like five weeks in repertory, and then we took the play to the West End and played it for three months, which was pretty good for a Shakespeare run. Acting with Edith Evans was heaven. It was like being in your mother's arms, like knowing how to swim, like riding a bicycle. You're safe. The late Michael Chekhov said once that there were three ways to act: for yourself, for the audience, and to your partner. Some of the newer theorists say if it's true for yourself, it's truthful, which is not so. The majority of actors act for themselves or for the audience. I believe that the only way to act is to your partner. As a partner, Edith Evans was like a great conductor who allows a soloist as much latitude as is needed but always keeps everything strict. It's strict but free. Never is anything too set, too rigid. The stage relationship always leaves enough room to improvise. For the first time in my life, acting in "As You Like It," I felt completely free. For the first time, I felt completely unself-conscious. Acting with her made me feel, Oh, it's so easy! You don't start acting, she told me, until you stop *trying* to act. It doesn't leave the ground until you don't have to think about it. The play and our stage relationship in it always had the same shape. It was entirely well proportioned, and yet in many respects it was all fluid. In the forest scenes between Orlando and Rosalind, she would encourage me to do almost anything that came into my head. Yet if I had done anything excessive, she would have stopped it by the simplest means. Somehow it didn't occur to me to do anything excessive. For the first time anywhere, onstage or off, I felt completely free.

The second great influence on my acting life was Stanislavski's book "An Actor Prepares." I had read "My Life in Art" and thought it was all very fine but a little fancy. Then I read his other book, and for the next six months I was terrifically upset by it. Edith Evans won't have anything to do with theory, of course. Everything she does, she does naturally. Stanislavski himself would have said, I'm sure, that he wasn't teaching anything new—only a codification of what all good actors did instinctively, without having to think. So many people who talk about Stanislavski don't understand him at all. What I got wrong at first was to think that you should take him literally, by the letter, when you must take him by the alphabet. You've got to soak yourself in it.

Michel Saint-Denis, director of La Compagnie des Quinze, was another

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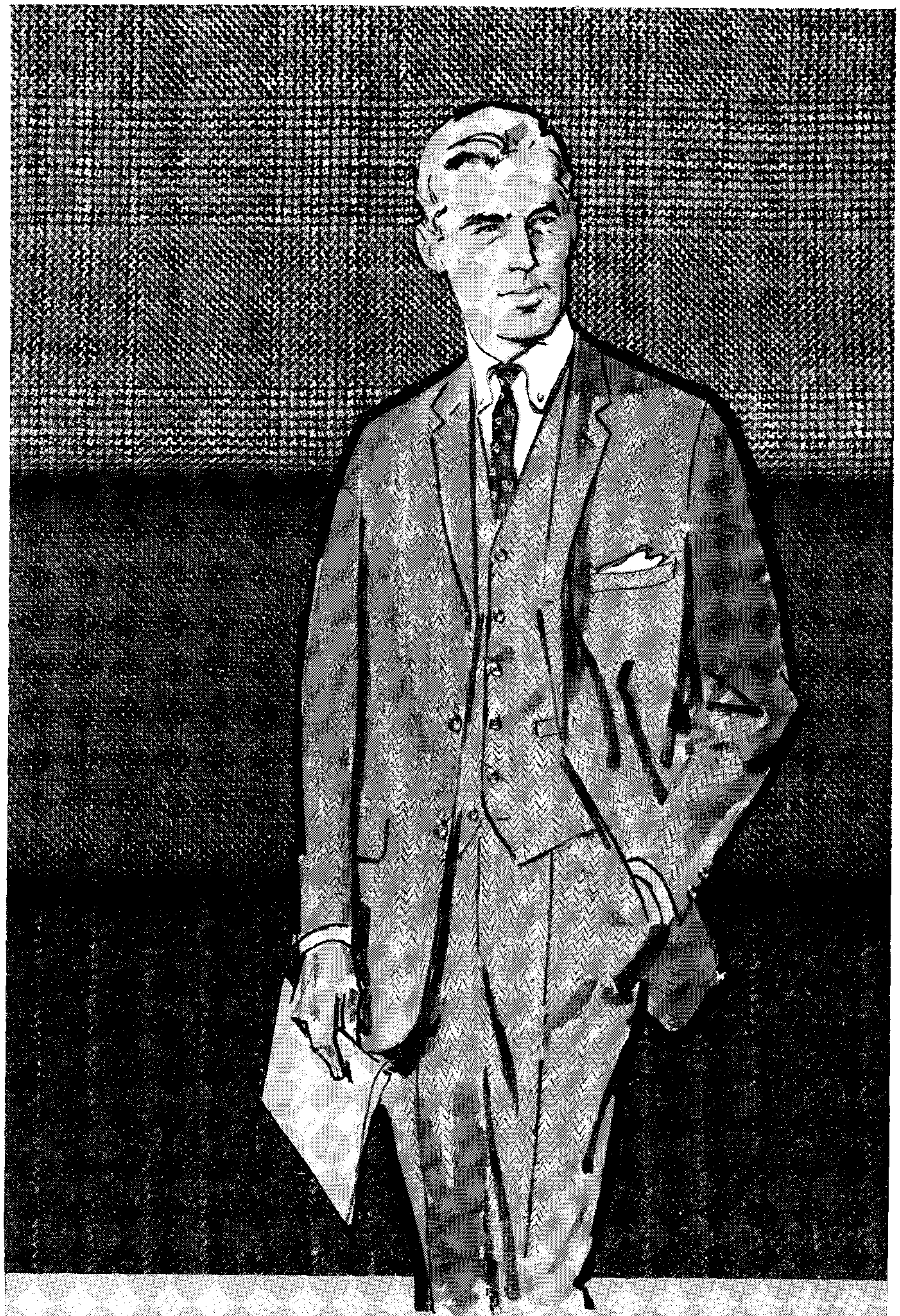
very strong influence on me, beginning with the first time I saw his repertory company. He was one of my heroes. In 1937, I joined John Gielgud's company at the Queen's Theatre and played Bolingbroke in "Richard II," and the following year I played Baron Tusenbach in "The Three Sisters," with John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, and Alec Guinness, and it was directed by Saint-Denis. He was and still is a great director. Of all the directors I've ever worked with, he is the one who best understands the style inherent in any good play. There's a style for Shakespeare and a style for Chekhov, and Saint-Denis has a sense of this. When Gielgud, who had cast me as Andrei, came to me and said he was sorry but Saint-Denis didn't see me as Andrei and wanted me to play Baron Tusenbach, I was abashed. After ten days of rehearsals, Saint-Denis came round and said, "I don't know how well you know the character of Baron Tusenbach, but he is without any personality, and yet you seem to be trying to make him have personality." I said, "But surely an actor must try just that." But he said no, the whole point was that this man doesn't make sense when he talks. I was so dismayed that I just mumbled the part, and Saint-Denis immediately said, "That's it. That's the way this man should talk." When Saint-Denis formed a new repertory company at the Phoenix—with a nucleus from the Gielgud group—I continued working with him for a year, and my cup of happiness was full. He took the most scrupulous care with everything he did. I had utter belief in his judgment. I believed in him the way one believes in one's priest or psychiatrist. I revered him. I still do.

We had something very special when we were doing "The Three Sisters." I felt, We don't have to worry, we have something beautiful here, and if the audience doesn't like it, they're just fools. I've felt nearly the same thing since, but not often. It's the kind of feeling you get when everything comes together perfectly. It does happen, you know, but mostly in permanent companies. I'm sure it happened with the Moscow Art Theatre, the Abbey Theatre at its height, the Théâtre National Populaire. At Stratford, one achieves it in one or two productions during the season. I'm sure Joan Littlewood had it in her Theatre Workshop. I made my first movie at this time, during the day, while acting in "The Three Sisters" at night. I didn't like making movies then, but I love it now. At the time, I signed for pictures reluctantly,



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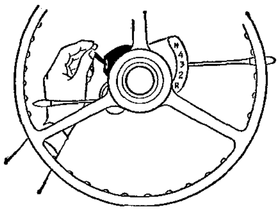
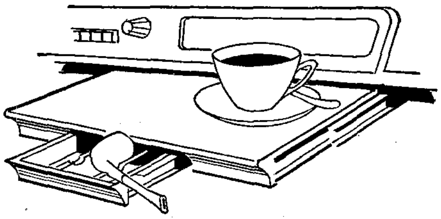
For example, if the road surface is not to your liking, you can, in effect, change it. A switch on the steering column lets you adjust the shock absorbers to suit driving conditions. You harden or soften the ride at will.



"Rough roads pass almost unnoticed," writes Gordon Wilkins, motoring correspondent of *The Observer*, "for they neither shock the occupants nor assail their ears with drumming noises."

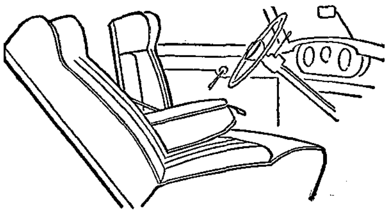
If the noise from *other* cars distresses you, you can close the windows and still get fresh air through an efficient ventilating system. Within your Rolls-Royce, blessed silence reigns. You can converse in discreet whispers.

Three walnut picnic tables are among the graces of the Rolls-Royce and Bentley. One slides out from the dash—an ideal place for a road map. Two others fold down behind the front seats. They make fine work surfaces upon which the children can rest their coloring books to keep them quietly amused on long trips.

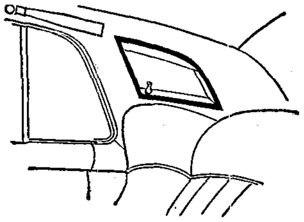


The rake of the front seats is *individually* adjustable. The driver can sit erect for a commanding view of the road while his companion reclines. Each has his own set of arm-rests which adjust to suit his fancy.

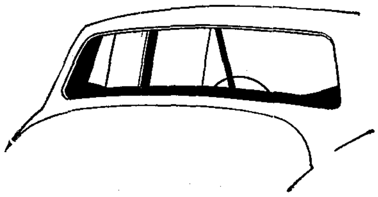
The seats are as cozy as club chairs. You *nestle* into them. They are covered with the same English leather used on seats in the House of Commons. Eight hides are used—enough to make 128 pairs of shoes.



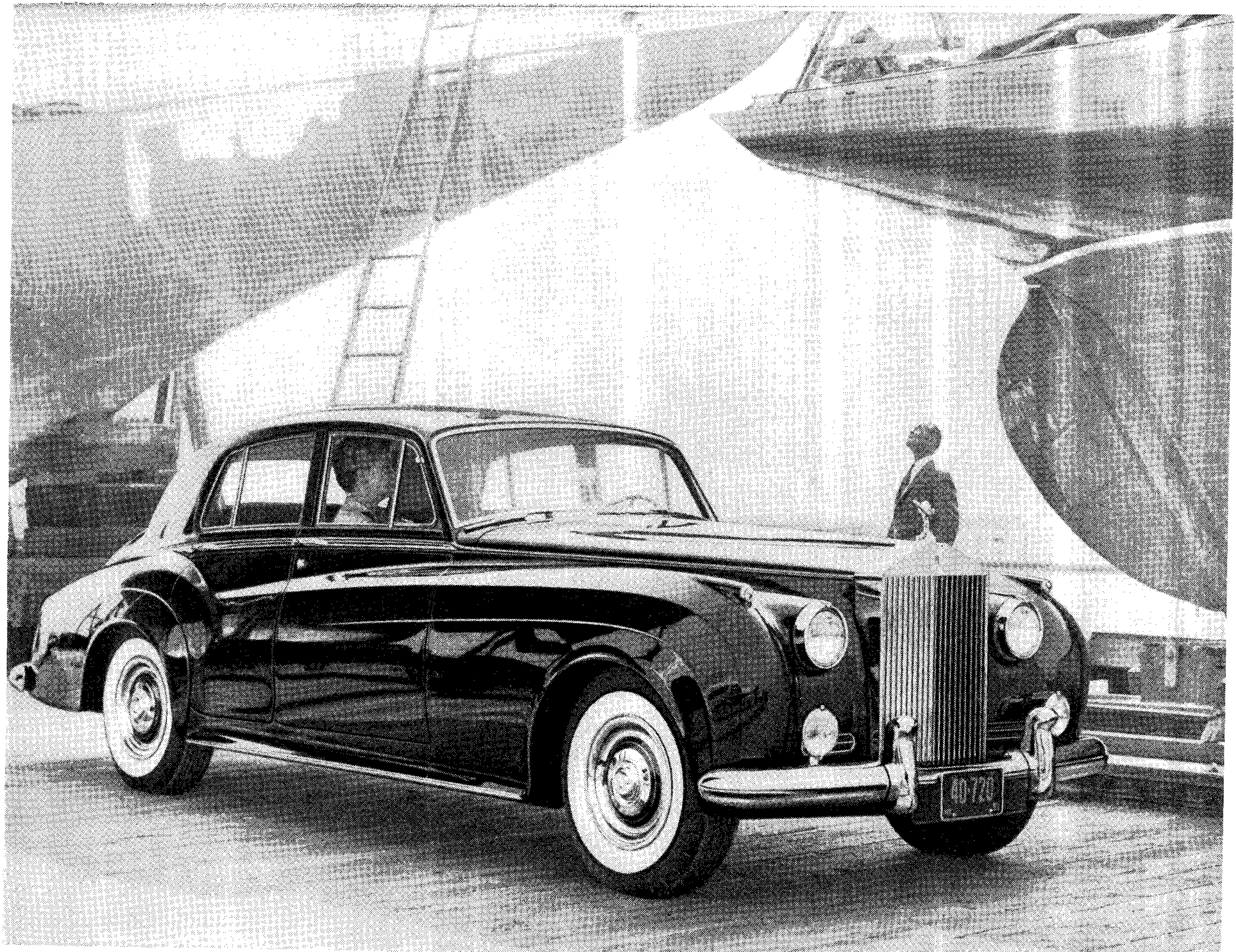
There are two illuminated vanity mirrors in niches in the rear quarters of the Rolls-Royce. Ladies may thus perfect their make-up in privacy before leaving the car.



Here you see the rear window defroster. Or, rather, you do *not* see it. It consists of a heating element of 1,360 *nearly invisible* wires moulded into the glass—wires finer than a human hair. At the flick of a switch, mist and frost are cleared electrically.



Much of the interior is surfaced with French walnut which has been hand-polished by English craftsmen. Notes are made on the hue and burl of the walnut used in each car, and are filed under your serial number. If a portion of the wood should ever be damaged, it can be matched flawlessly in grain and finish.



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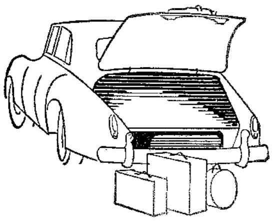
Your luggage rides here in carpeted seclusion. It can never be soiled by the spare wheel, which occupies a *separate* compartment under the luggage. You can test the air pressure in the spare through a special port without removing the tire.



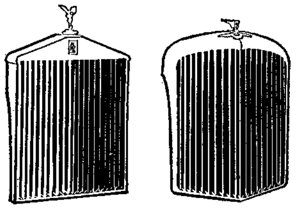
Under a hatch in the wheel compartment you will find an assortment of cadmium-plated tools and replacement bulbs. They rest in a fitted case of *sponge rubber*—further evidence of Rolls-Royce's obsession with peace and quiet.

Corrosion is held at bay by a plating of chromium or cadmium on every nut, bolt, washer and cotter pin. Even the tail pipe is chromed.

A dictating machine, an Espresso coffee maker, an electric razor, a bed, a telephone, and water for washing are available as optional extra conveniences.

The *basic* convenience of the Rolls-Royce is, of course, its magnificent riding qualities. Even at 100 m.p.h. (laws permitting) you have a feeling of sublime safety. Yet the 4700-pound car is delicately maneuverable.

The power-assisted steering is, according to Robert Glenton in the *Sunday Express,* "as delicate as the plop of a pearl into a glass of champagne. . . ." The power brakes will halt the car squarely from 100 m.p.h. without a tremor. And there are *three* independent brake linkages—two hydraulic and one mechanical. In the unlikely event that one linkage should fail, the others automatically keep the car under perfect control.



Here you see the only difference between the Rolls-Royce and the Bentley—their radiator design. In all other respects they are identical motor cars. The Bentley costs $300 less because its radiator is simpler to make.

If you would like to try driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, get in touch with one of the dealers listed on page 84. Or write Mr. Norman C. Miller, Executive Vice President, Rolls-Royce, Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20.

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You can see the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars advertised on page 82 at the following dealers. Or, write your nearest distributor (*).

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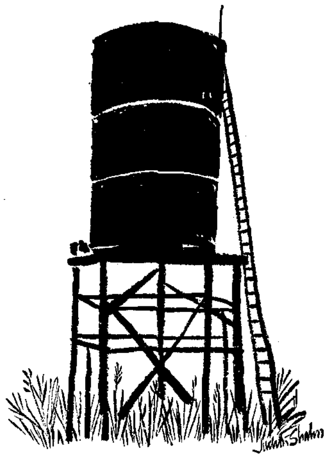
with Gainsborough Pictures. The pay was tempting. Nobody prepared me in the beginning for the horrors of picture-making. I was playing with this wonderful galaxy at night and let everyone know it during the day. Naturally, Alfred Hitchcock, the director of the picture—it was "The Lady Vanishes"—did everything to take me down. My second picture, "Stolen Life," was with Elisabeth Bergner, a great actress and one I adored, and although the picture was not very good, I enjoyed making it. The director, Paul Czinner, told me that films could do something special that stage acting could not; there was a spontaneity that the camera could catch when you were first feeling your way in a part, before it became too polished. On the stage, one would work for weeks to achieve a certain thing, but the movie camera could catch something early that was more effective on the screen than the polished thing. One of the movies I enjoyed doing most was "Dead of Night." I also enjoyed "The Browning Version" and "The Dam Busters." "Dead of Night" is the one so many people, oddly enough, seem to remember me for. I played the role of a mad ventriloquist. The director of my sequence in the film was Alberto Cavalcanti, and something happened, the kind of thing that happens when a particular actor meets a particular director who excites his invention in a particular part and works with him on a give-and-take basis. Perhaps it's too easy an answer, but I've always believed to a certain degree that the effectiveness of a film part depends on whether you can say in one sentence, or on a postcard, what a part is. For example, about "Dead of Night" you can say, "This is about a ventriloquist who believes his life is controlled by his dummy." And everyone then is able to say, "Ah!" I don't think you can describe Hamlet on a postcard. A film has a more immediate impact than a stage play, which is not necessarily an advantage for the actor. Hamlet leaves a deeper impression on you when played on the stage than any role I can think of in a film. There are differences in the satisfaction I get in acting in the two media. Some of the most exciting moments in the theatre come in rehearsals, when you're first discovering or exploring a part. The camera can catch these early moments on film. But in the theatre you go on for several weeks making natural each time what would otherwise become stale. During rehearsals, you find the little truths, and as time goes on, you can work to enlarge your part without making it seem enlarged. I made two films in Hollywood in 1947—"Mourning Becomes Electra," which didn't come off as a story told through a lens (something a film must be), and "Secret Beyond the Door," directed by Fritz Lang. Hollywood was all right for three months, but when I stayed on to make the second picture, I couldn't take the publicity, the status symbols, and all that foolishness.



Every part is different, and every new part demands new and fresh consideration. I try to beware of the overly intellectual thing in approaching a part. Some parts I feel I can get in a flash. That's when it's most dangerous. Every good actor knows immediately whether a part is sympathetic or not. But I'm very scared of parts in which I give a good first reading. I think I have a quickish intelligence, but it's dangerous to go on a radio actor's intelligence, which is the knack of giving a good quick first reading of a part. Some of these parts have turned out to be the best things I've done; others I didn't get right until I had tried them in several ways. When I first saw the Graham Greene play "The Complaisant Lover" in London, where the part I took on for the Broadway production was played by another actor, I didn't like the play and I didn't like the character. Then, after I'd read it, I was attracted to it and I said I'd do it. The character is a dentist, an extrovert, and a *farceur* who plays practical jokes. I am neither an extrovert nor a *farceur*, and I don't like practical jokes, so I had to get to work and work hard in a special way on that one. I asked my own dentist quite a lot, and I bought dental-association ties and wore them. I found out how much money dentists make on the average, because in preparing for any role I investigate the character through the method of social realism. One must be aware of the financial pressures on that kind of character. I tried to determine such things as whether the dentist in the play could afford to have his own wine cellar, which I can't, or whether he would send out for

Illustrated: In fiber glass for custom draperies—*Rubiyat*, by Covington; at far left, *Sudan*, by Waverly Bell; [illegible] Colonial Masterpiece, *Bouquet*, by Roger Bezombes [illegible] William Bell.

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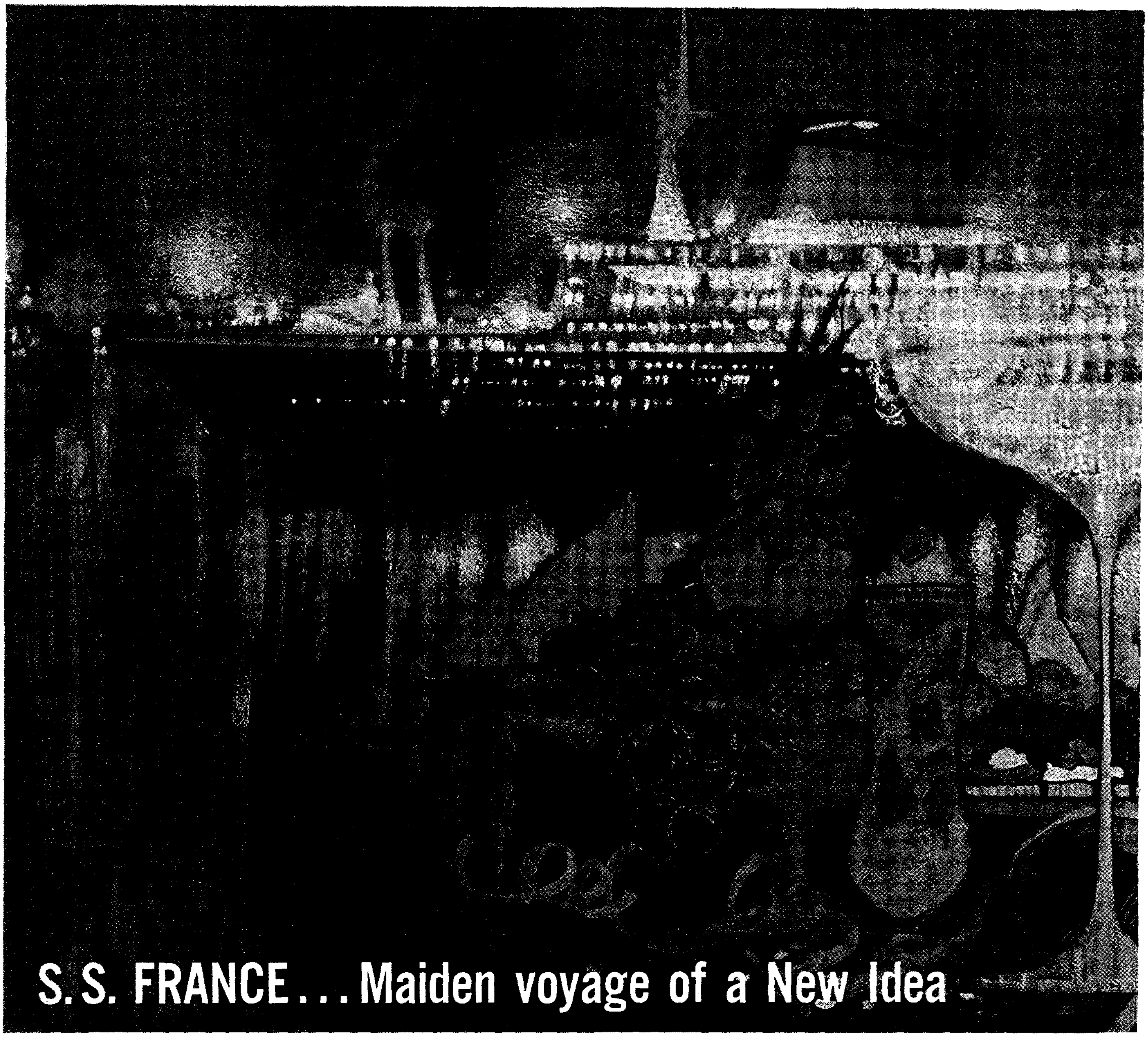

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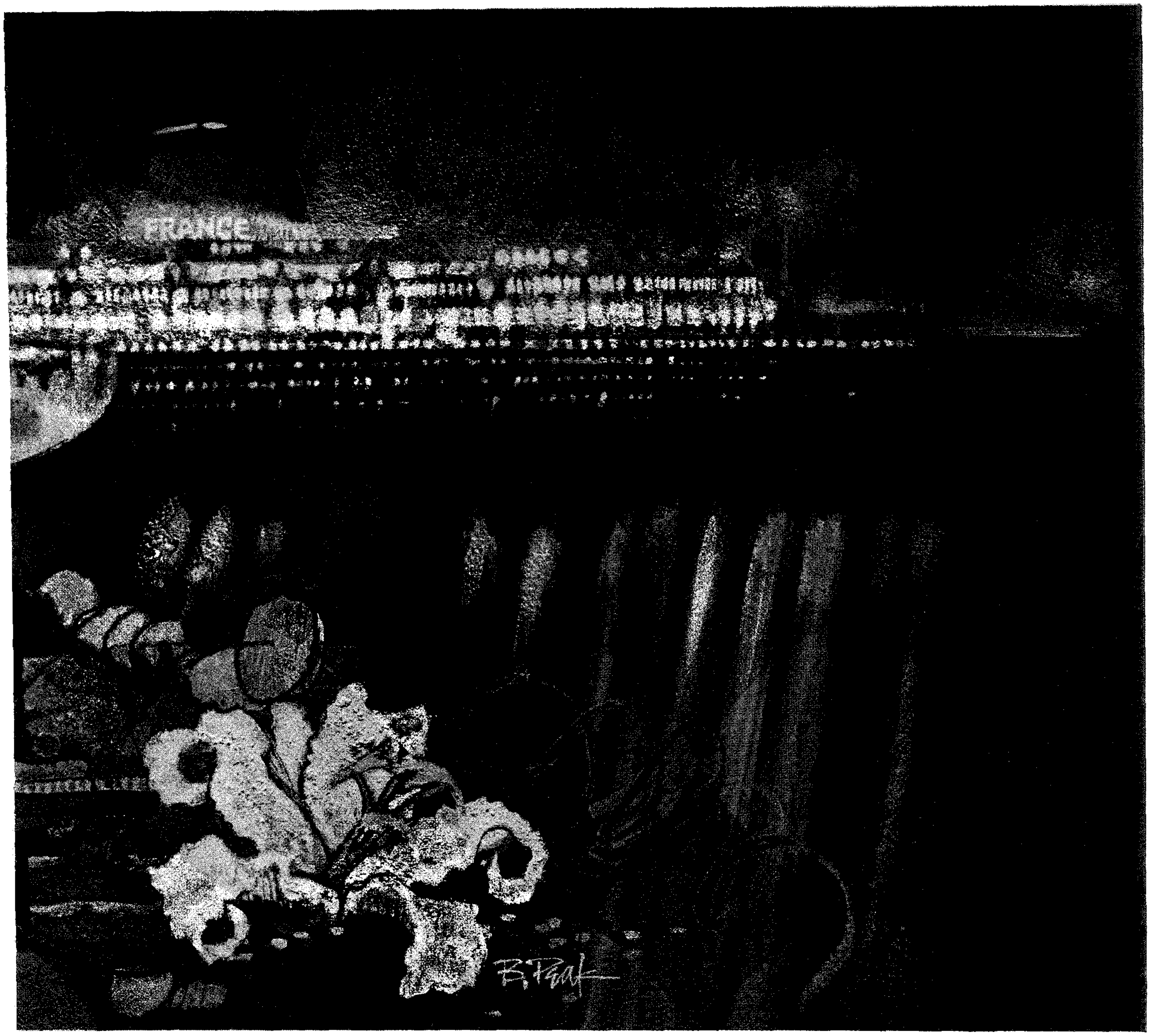

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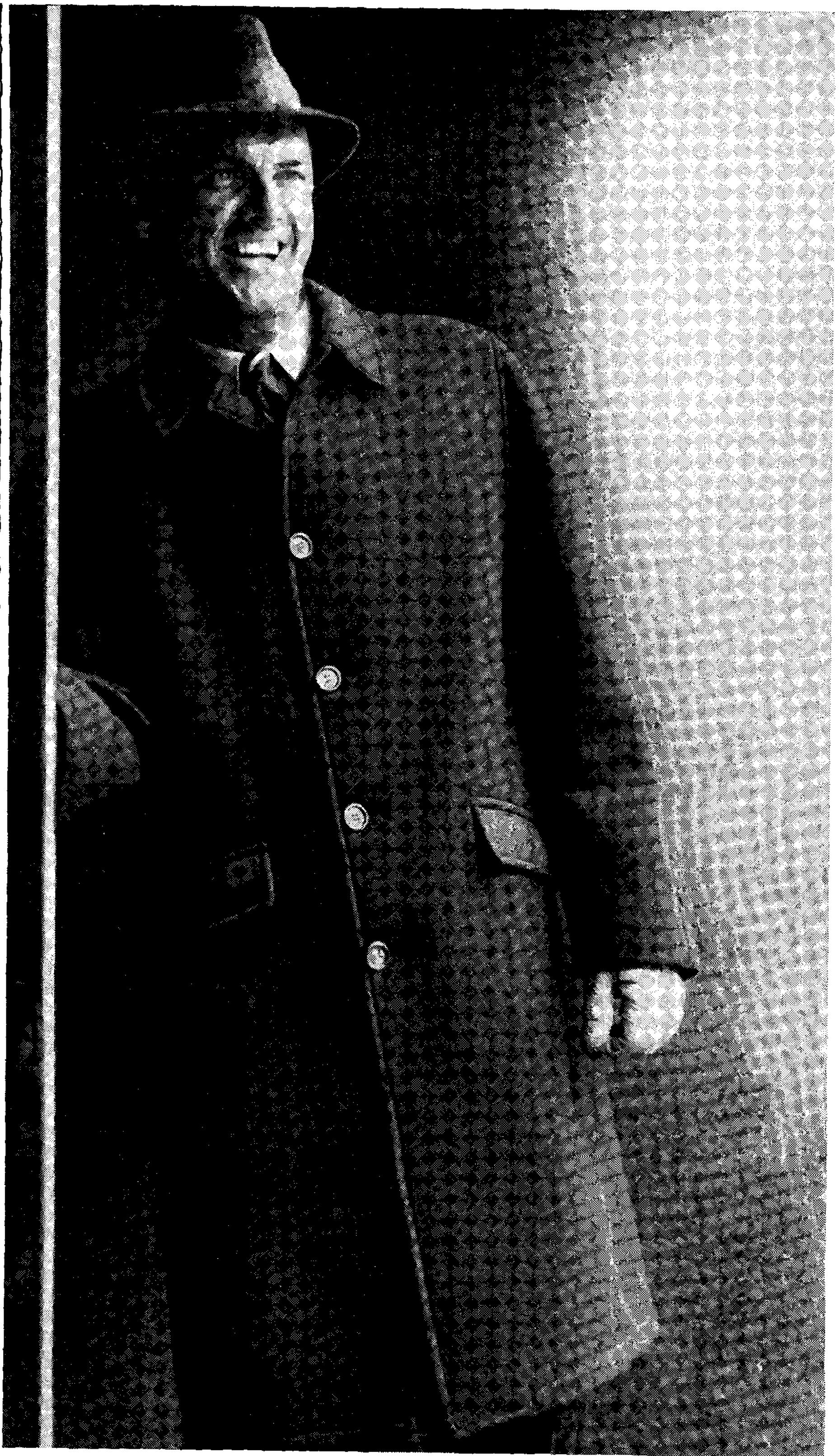
wine. Then, for some reason, I thought he should have a mustache, and because I couldn't find any dentist I knew who had a mustache, I asked about until a dental technician told me she knew one. So I had a mustache made to wear. Later, I decided I would not wear a mustache. In any case, I wouldn't grow one. I don't like to wear my stage personality all day. It should be something you look forward to assuming in the evening. There have been times when my parts affected me in my real life, but I discovered that it's bad for the part when that happens. Mostly, it happened some years ago, when I misinterpreted Stanislavski and thought it a good idea to *live* the part. Now I would never play a part for more than eight or nine months, because I want to prevent it from affecting me too strongly.

It's important to have failures as well as successes as an actor. The theatre is commercially tied to success. Therefore, to be able to perform, the actor must be in successes, and that leads him to pursue a false ambition. I've made films sometimes to have money in the bank. One hopes, of course, to give one's best to everything, and turning a sow's ear into a silk purse is not such a bad proverb to go by, but the truth is that not all plays or films inspire you to the same degree, and the imagination is not liberated in the same way. What inspires me is belief, of one kind or another—and I don't mean just theatrical belief, because actors have to make believe. Even in melodrama, there has to be some reality. It may have a false premise, but it must proceed logically outward toward truth.

If I couldn't act, I'd like to be a writer first of all. I could *just* be a writer, but a mediocre one. I've written three plays. I'm no great shakes as a playwright, but my first play, "The Seventh Man," a one-acter about Arctic whalers in the eighteen-nineties, written in three days when I was with the Liverpool Repertory, is still performed. My second was a children's play, and my third—a good play, I think—is an adaptation of Henry James's "The Aspern Papers," which I directed in London. But that's nothing, nothing, if you want to think of yourself as a writer. Secondly, I'd choose to be a painter. In acting, however, a mood, an emotion, an idea, or a theory can be conveyed more quickly, more succinctly, with more immediacy, than in any other art. That's the peculiar advantage the actor has. It's the most immediate art of all. The audience



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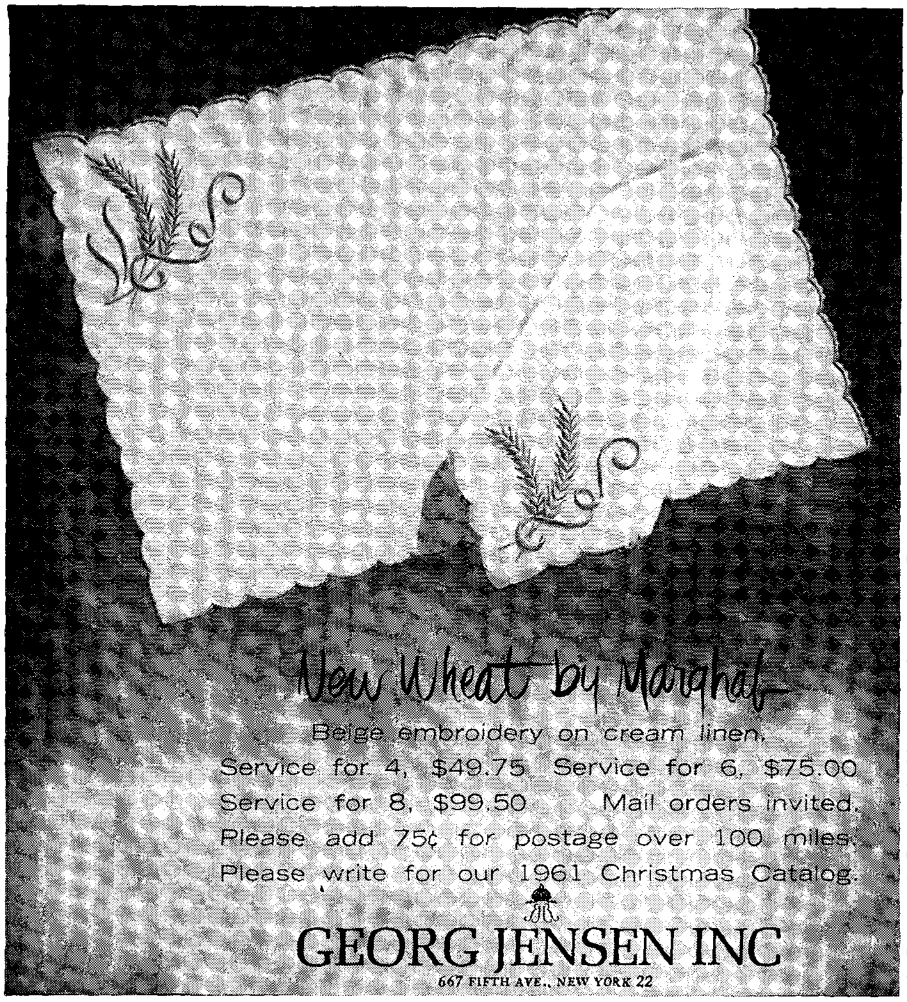
I was born on December 7, 1915, in Brooklyn, in the Red Hook section known as Little Italy. My parents had a candy store named Bertha's. Bertha was my mother, who died in 1955. I had just come back from England, where I had played Sakini in "The Teahouse of the August Moon" for almost a year. My father is now eighty-six and lives in Brooklyn with my brother. I was the third of four children. The three others became teachers. In Red Hook, we were the only Jews in a sea of Italians. I grew up feeling Italian as well as Jewish. I attended hundreds of Italian winemaking sessions, carrying boxes of grapes to winemaking cellars and getting bunches of grapes as a reward. Every summer from the age of eight to the age of fourteen, I spent two weeks in a summer camp in Raritan, New Jersey, run as a charity by the old *Life* magazine. I made my début as an actor in that camp. When I was fifteen, my parents sold the candy store and around the same time bought a three-family house on Bedford Avenue, in Flatbush; we lived on the first floor and were supported by the rent paid by the families we had as tenants on the two other floors. I went to Erasmus Hall High School, where I was an indifferent student, and unhappy. I never went to dances. I was a miserable adolescent. Across from Erasmus, however, was a Boys' Club, where I played ping-pong and swam. And that's where I really found out about acting. I starred in a play called "Fiat Lux," playing a sixty-five-year-old man who was bitter because he had lost his children and his belief in God. When one of the kids in the audience yelled out, "That's Eli!" I wanted to jump off the stage and pot him. I still get sore if I think people don't believe what I want them to believe. It's very important to me that they believe. It gives me an added sense of power, or something. Ever since I was a kid, I've never been afraid to make believe. But during my first performance in a role, I'm terrified. After the first plunge into the water, I seldom have stagefright.

I graduated from high school in 1932—one of the worst years of the depression. I then went to the University of Texas, where the tuition was thirty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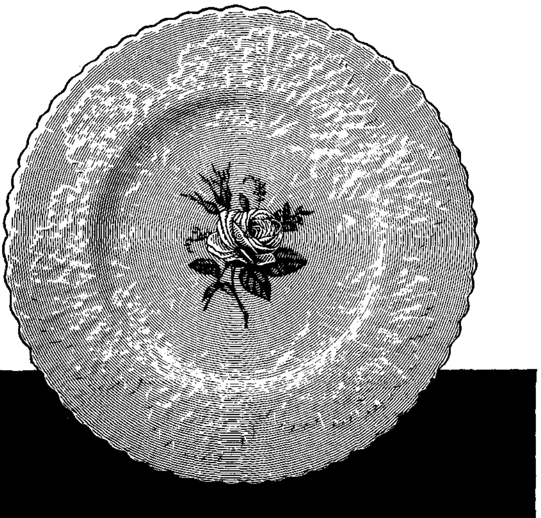

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dollars a year, which was all I could afford, and majored in history. My family and everybody else I knew told me I should become a teacher, and I agreed with them. I stuck it out in Texas for four years, working at odd jobs and National Youth Administration jobs to pay for my board and room. The university had no drama department, but it did have the Curtain Club, which I joined. I swept the stage, painted scenery, and, in 1936, my senior year, played the lead in "Liliom" for one week. At the end of the week, I began to think it wasn't such a bad idea after all to try to earn a living as an actor. Zachary Scott was the leading star of the club. He wore a dressing gown with style, and with a scarf around his neck, and he looked at home in a tuxedo. I had a kind of built-in hostility toward a tuxedo, and I never owned one until two years ago, when I was given one. I don't look bad in it, but I don't feel like Zachary Scott.

I graduated from Texas with an A.B., but I knew that to teach in New York I needed an M.S., and I got it at City College in 1938. While studying Chinese painting and education, I worked with a little-theatre group, was a playground director in some tough neighborhoods in Brooklyn, did radio plays for WLID (in Brooklyn), and read *Theatre Arts Monthly*. I began to study acting in New York. I was a little guy, and I knew the odds were against me, but I was determined anyway. My family thought I was misguided, but I told them all, "This is what I am going to do." Acting was an avocation in the eyes of everybody but me. My parents' resistance in a way was lovely and wonderful. I guess part of everybody's drive is based on his parents' disapproval and wanting to show them they were wrong. But in 1938, to please my parents, I went through the motions of taking an exam required by the Board of Education for a city teaching job. I was one of the nineteen hundred and sixty of the two thousand who took the test who failed. So I felt free to do what I wanted to do. My sister Shirley was going out with a guy whose brother knew Sanford Meisner, of the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre, so I went there regularly on a scholarship. I thought I was terrific. I felt I had great emotions and believed I could pretend to be anybody. Also, I always felt I moved well onstage—what the books called "the graceful cross." I could bow with great flair. At the school, I learned a kind of rudimentary technique, and because Meisner was one

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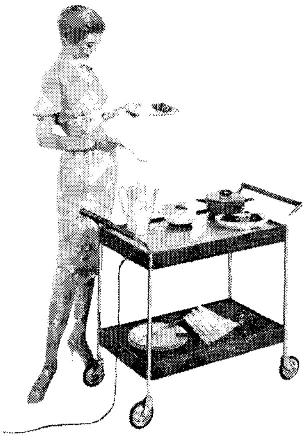

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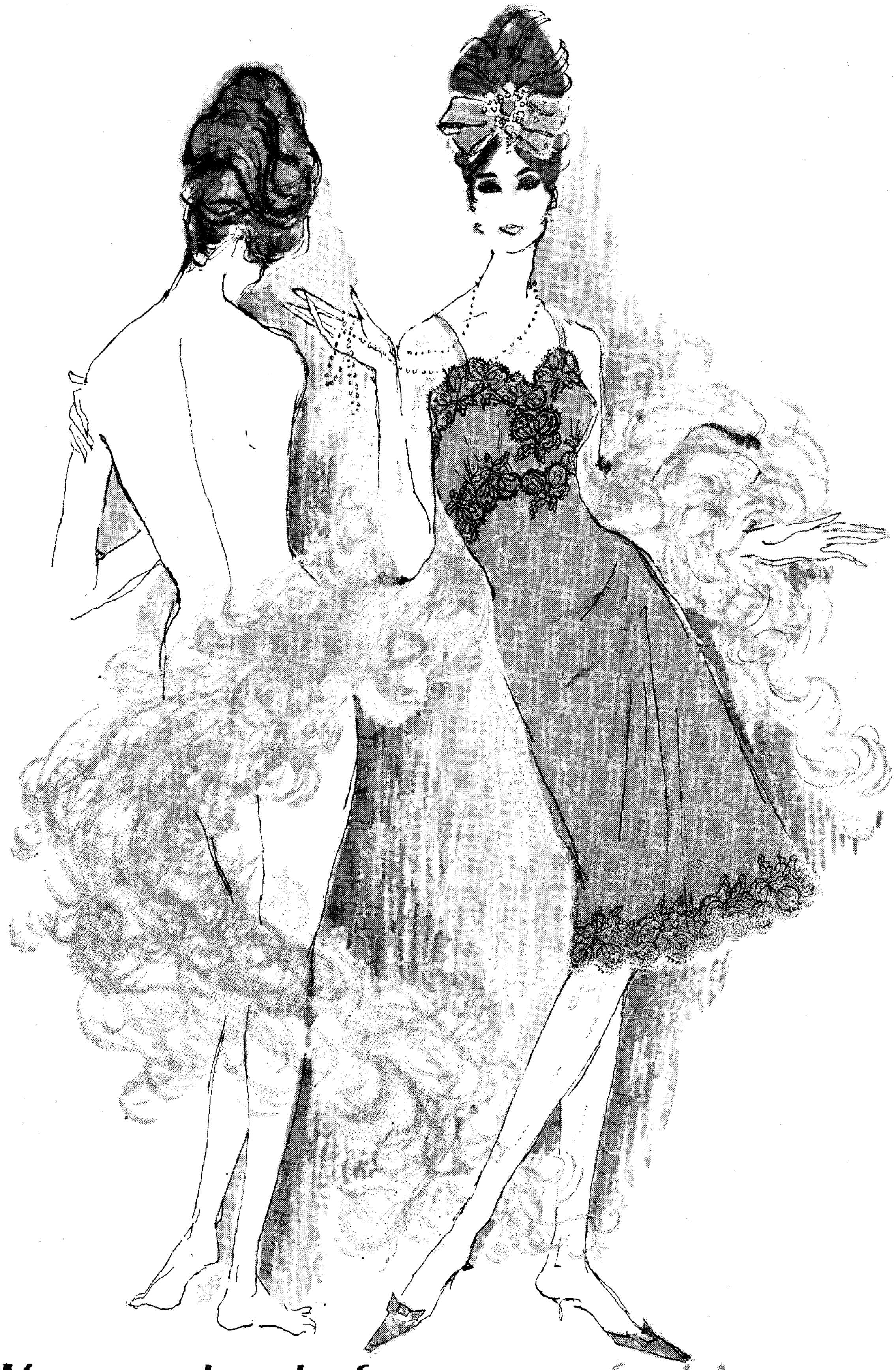

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of the first to bring Stanislavski's teachings to the United States, I got my first insight into these, as an antidote to the commercial, cliché theatre. In the old-fashioned Delsarte system, actors acted by conventional signals to the audience. By Stanislavski's method, the actor is free to accept a stimulus while he's onstage and to react naturally to it. I loved that. After the first year, the Neighborhood Playhouse dropped students if they weren't satisfactory or promising. They thought I was good. They not only renewed my scholarship for a second year but lent me money—about eight dollars a week for eight months—so that I could keep going with food and cigarettes. Today, I'm on the school's board of directors.

The summer of 1939, I worked as a playground director again, but through James Parke, director of the Curtain Club, I got a part for a week in Locust Valley, Long Island, playing at night in "The Bo Tree" with an exciting bunch of actors that included Richard Widmark and Vincent J. Donehue. The play was about college boys, and my part was that of a young radical who goes to fight in the Spanish Civil War. It was a rounded part, with humor and a lot for me to do, and I loved it. I was ego incarnate. I thought I was a much better actor then than I think of myself as now. These days I know too much about the awesome amount of work that must go into making a part your own. But at least, in those days, I had the playground work to go back to during the day, and that was a great leveller.

I drew a low number in the draft, and I went into the Army in January, 1941, before Pearl Harbor. I was in the Army for over four years, as a Medical Corps administrator. I served both in the Pacific and in Europe, and was discharged as a captain. The only theatrical work I did was to organize a couple of soldier revues for hospital patients and staff. In 1945, I started looking for jobs as an actor. One of my first roles was in an Equity Library Theatre production of Tennessee Williams' one-act play "This Property Condemned." Here I was, thirty years old, with ribbons and stuff, and I was playing the part of a boy of fifteen. I liked it. It made me feel better. The girl in the play was Anne Jackson, whom I married in 1948. She's always delighted me. We now have three children and live on Riverside Drive. I have tremendous respect and admiration for her as an actress, and more and more we're getting to appear together in plays. We were in "Major Bar-

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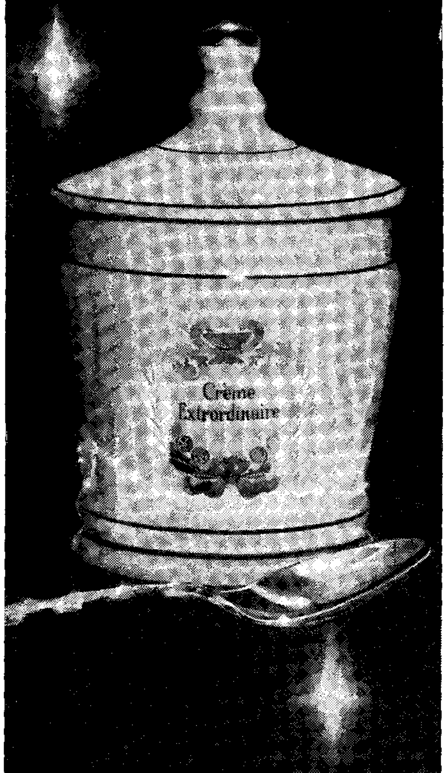

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bara" together in 1957, and recently played in "Rhinoceros" for six months. We have a tremendous working compatibility when we're in the same play, and especially when the play means something important to us, as "Rhinoceros" did. On November 13, 1945, I made my first Broadway stage appearance—as the crew chief in a play called "Skydrift," about a plane crash from which the ghosts of the men killed go home. I couldn't raise my voice above the roar of the sound-effect plane engines, but I survived in the play as long as it did—seven performances. In 1946, I joined the American Repertory Theatre, and I had a chance to play Cromwell in "Henry VIII;" Spintho, the coward, in "Androcles and the Lion;" minor roles in "Yellow Jack" and "What Every Woman Knows;" and the Duck in "Alice in Wonderland," a part that had been played by an actor wearing skates on his knees. I played it in a continuous deep knee bend but without skates. I also played the Two of Spades and one of the other voices. Annie, my wife, was developing in her acting career, but I kept getting more and more discouraged. It wasn't money I cared about. We were getting along fine on unemployment insurance, living in a one-room, thirty-five-dollar-a-month apartment on lower Fifth Avenue. But I was always too young or too old or too small—never right for a part. I drove poor Annie nuts with my griping and grousing. At one point, I thought I'd go into medical administration—my old line of work. But in my heart I always knew that if I couldn't act I'd go mad.

I spent a few summers in summer stock, and a lot of weeks in insurance lines, G.I. as well as unemployment. In 1949, I got a part in "Mister Roberts," which I played for two years, and then, in February, 1951, I played the Sicilian lover in Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo," opposite Maureen Stapleton. I received an Antoinette Perry award for a distinguished feature performance. After a year and a half, I went directly into another Williams play, "Camino Real," directed by Elia Kazan. The producers didn't have all the money to begin rehearsals, and while waiting I was offered the movie role of Angelo Maggio in "From Here to Eternity"—the part Frank Sinatra played that launched him on his career as an actor. I felt I should do the play with Kazan, and so I asked the movie producers for the ridiculously high salary of three thousand dollars a week to do Maggio. Sinatra thought I was insane

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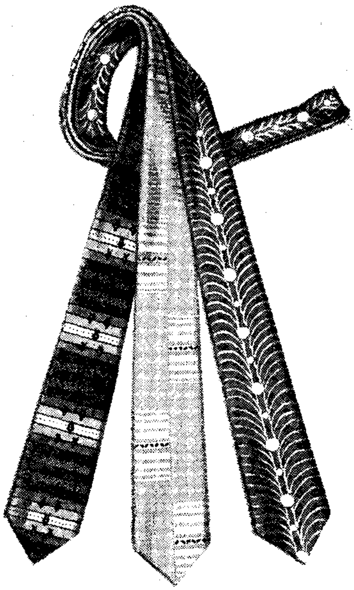

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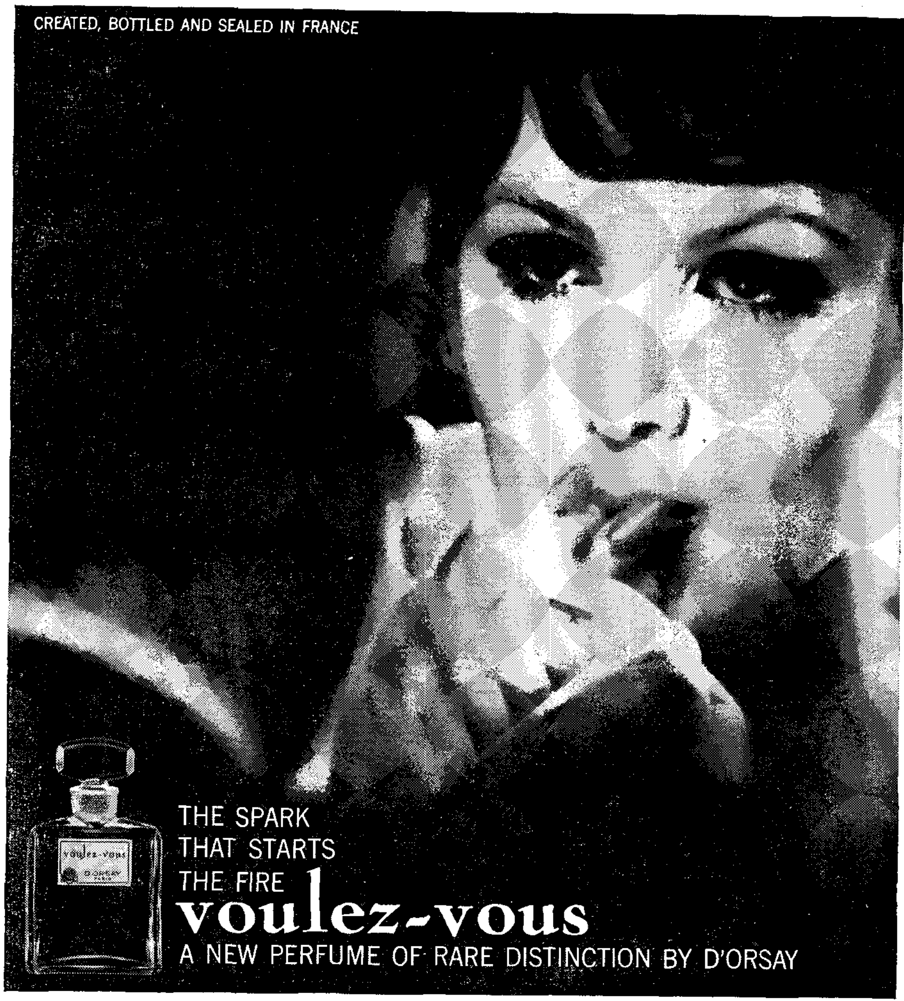
not to try to get the part. Whenever he sees me now, he says to me, "You crazy actor!" But I've never been sorry. What do I need a movie for? The stage is the most satisfying. It's on a higher level in every way, and a more satisfying medium. Movies, by comparison, are like calendar art next to great paintings. You can't really do very much in movies or in television, but the stage is such an anarchistic medium that the mavericks can still come in and do something. I made a gangster film recently—"The Lineup"—working five weeks at ten thousand dollars a week. After that, I felt so guilty about having been paid all that money, and had such a need to do penance, that I went to London and, at a tiny salary, played Elmer Rice's "Counsellor-at-Law" on the B.B.C.—live—with no commercial to break it up, and from there I flew to Rome and gave a lecture to actor-students on acting. I came back to New York, but I still felt guilty, so I did "The Chairs," by Ionesco, at the Phoenix Theatre, for twenty-two performances at eighty-five dollars a week. By that time, I had expunged my guilt, so I went on TV and played a gangster again.

In 1948, when Elia Kazan, Cheryl Crawford, and Bobby Lewis started the Actors' Studio, I was one of the twenty who were the nucleus of the senior group. Others were my wife, David Wayne, Marlon Brando, Patricia Neal, Mildred Dunnock, Tom Ewell, Kevin McCarthy, Maureen Stapleton, Sidney Lumet, John Forsythe, and William Redfield. I believed, and still believe, it's an antidote to cliché acting. Some people say that the Studio has formalized a style of its own. That is possible. Maybe someday there will have to be a new movement as an antidote to the Studio. In the meantime, I believe in the Method. Laurence Olivier once said to me, "Isn't it greater artistry when you can communicate emotion but you don't feel a thing?" It's an old argument. One actor will say, "I don't feel a thing, but I give *you* the impression I feel something, and that's great artistry." A lot of English actors say, "Never mind about all the talking, just get on the stage and do it." We say, "Do what?" Acting is the most alive thing I can do, and the most joyous. The old-fashioned actor develops a facility that is predictable. When he wants to show anger, he'll clench his fists, and so on. We say, "Believe what you act." Naturally, you don't *really* believe, but it does give you a sense of something, and that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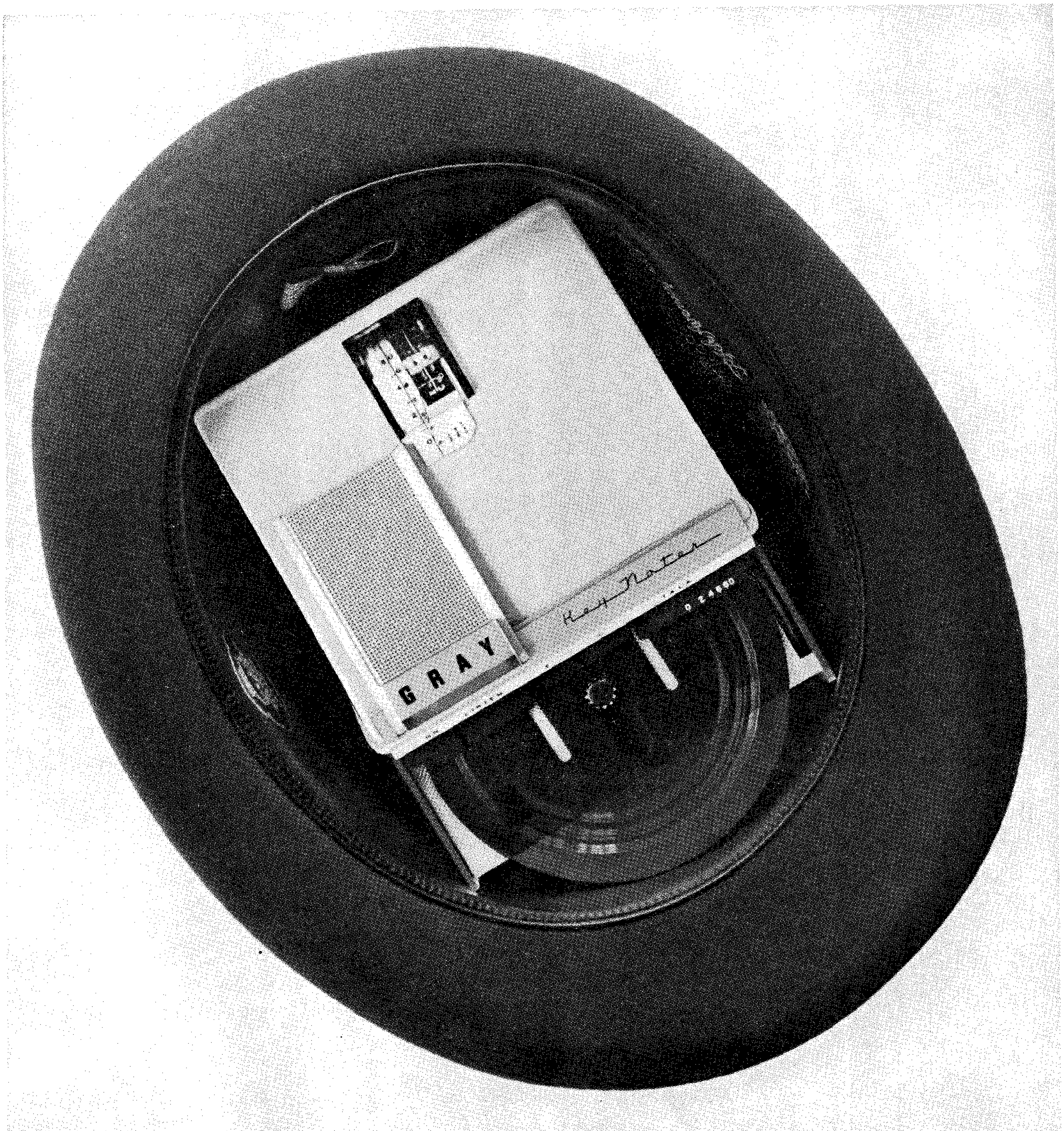
gives your part life. As the curtain goes up, you're there, and you're willing to let something happen to you. The tendency at first is to absorb so much technique that you abuse it. Only as you mature as an artist do you leave out all the curlicues. You become less ornate and more perceptive. The zenith of the acting craft is when you can leave yourself alone. Each part you play has what is called a spine—a line. You build a person's wants and needs around the movement of that line. Anna Magnani once told me, "When I do a character, if it's not right a shadow comes over me, because I act from the heart." That's her method, her own means of arriving at a character. She has a technique of her own. She's incapable of understanding any other method. What an actor learns, eventually, is that everyone has to find his own method and has to do what is right for himself. That's all that really matters in the end. The trouble today is that a lot of young people in acting go around saying that they're Method actors, and they don't understand that they are merely technicians, doing what they think is Method. They're losing all the joys of acting. And they're the ones some of our finest actors latch on to as examples of Method actors, saying that these youngsters should stop making such a to-do about creating and just create. Lee Strasberg would be the first to agree with the criticism. He's always told us that a technique is there only to help you, and if it hinders you, don't use it. All good actors aspire to the same end. True simplicity in art is what we all strive for. You use anything you can to achieve that end. If the Method is part of what I can use, I'm for it.

I've used at least a small part of my real self in every part I've ever played. Sometimes you use things inside yourself that you don't even know are there. When I first read the part of the Sicilian lover in "The Rose Tattoo," and first read a television play I did about the gangster Albert Anastasia, I immediately knew certain things about these men with my feelings, because I was brought up with Italians like them, and I know their temperament. One of the Anastasias, as a matter of fact, lived across from the house I was born in, in Brooklyn. The guy became a killer for money. With him, it was a business. That means something special to me. Not that it's all crystal clear. Acting is always looking, always searching out the behavior of people. It's always wanting to know why people do things the way they do. But onstage you're always conscious of the audience. You know you're delud-



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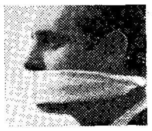

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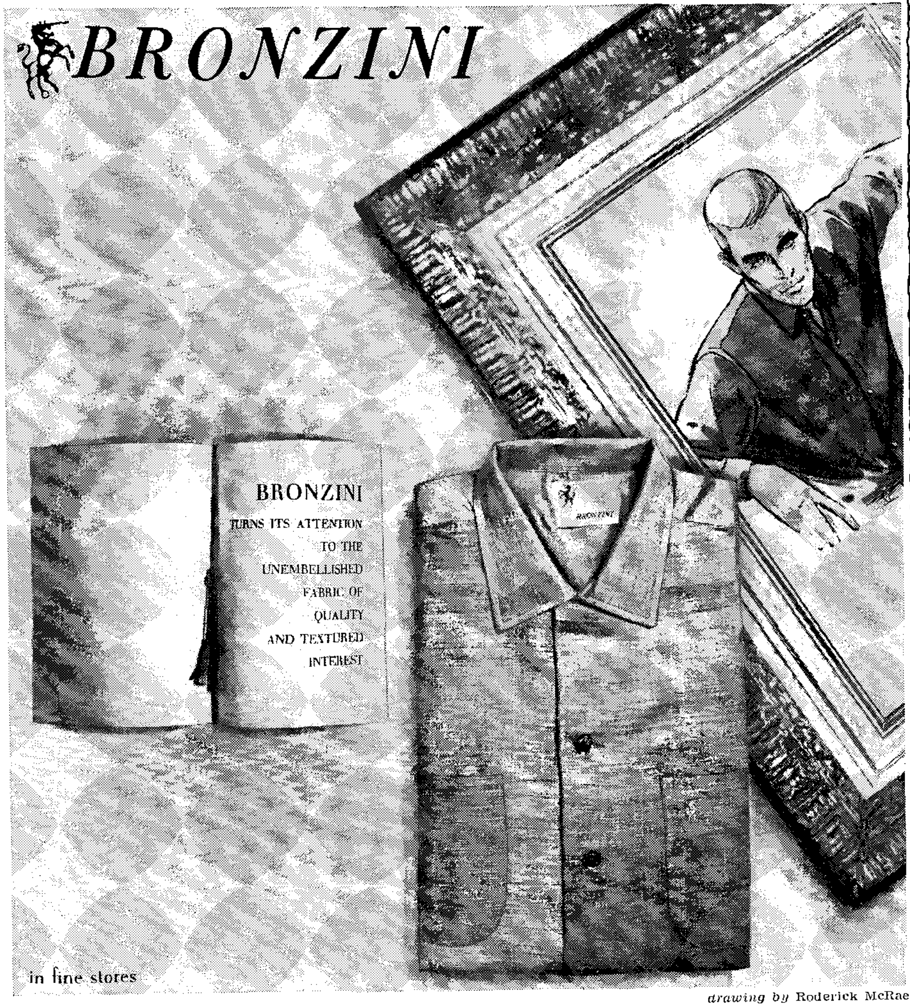
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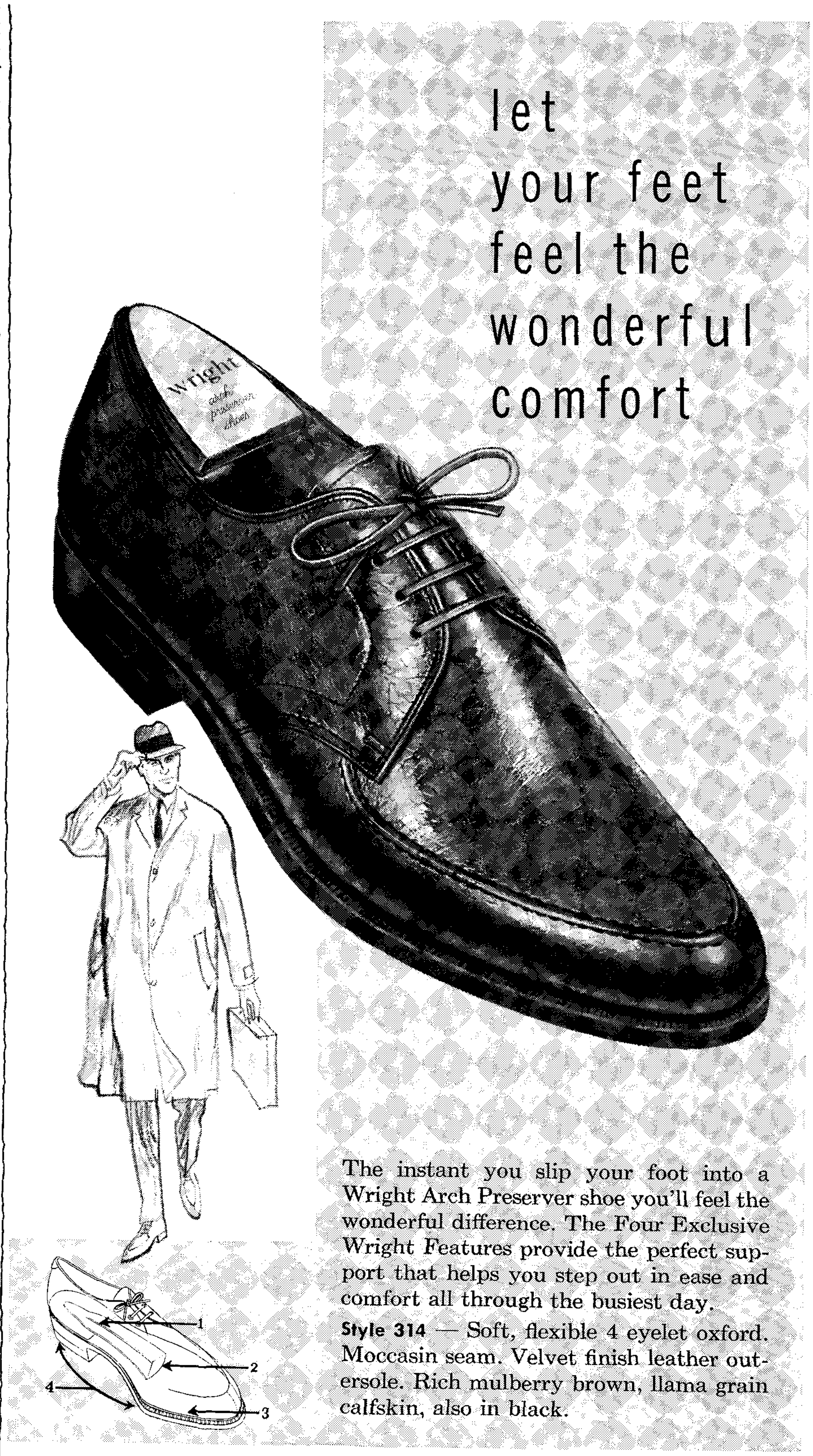
INGRID BERGMAN: *What you bring to a part is what you have within you. It's your very first intuition about a part that comes out in the end.*

I was born on August 29, 1917, in Stockholm, Sweden. I was an only child. My father, Justus Bergman, a painter and photographer who operated a camera shop on the ground floor of our apartment building, on the Strandvägen, the most beautiful street in the city, died when I was twelve. My mother, whose maiden name was Friedel Adler—she was a German, from Hamburg—died when I was two. My father was a handsome man—dark, tall, and heavy, but not fat. He took a lot of photographs of me, but I could never sit still for portraits. After my father died, I lived with his unmarried sister for six months, and then *she* died. Alone again, I went to live with my father's brother, who also lived in Stockholm. He had five children, the youngest of whom was a girl my age. I was a very lonely child. I didn't have many playmates. I grew up mostly with older people. I withdrew from younger people, making up my own stories, my own plays. My father took me to the opera, but I didn't like it. I asked him why they sang, why they didn't talk. My father was a good singer and had me take lessons. A year before he died, he took me to see a Swedish play, "Patrasket," by Hjalmar Bergman, which was about poor people. I loved it so much. My relatives had always called me silly for making up my own plays, living in a dream world. Now I saw grown-up people doing it on the stage, and nobody thought it was silly.

I went to the Lyceum School for Girls, in Stockholm, until I was seventeen. I didn't do any acting, but I read dramatic poems at school or in the evening for visitors to my uncle's house. I wanted to attend the state-supported Royal Dramatic Theatre School, but it was difficult to get into. My uncle was against my acting, but he said if I got into the school, it would be all right. I did get in. For my audition, I did three things: Strindberg's "The Dream Play," in which nothing happens but talk about the misery of life and death; a burlesque, from a German play, of a peasant girl teasing a boy; and Rostand's "L'Aiglon." Everybody else was doing "La Dame aux Camélias," and I wanted to be different. I was shy and scared, but I was also a showoff. If I was asked anything, I would blush. (I still blush today.) If I went into a room, I would knock a chair over. Although I was shy, I had a lion roaring inside me that wouldn't sit down and shut up. Everybody in the theatre, I think, is like that. People teased me, asking, "Why do you want to be an actress? You don't even know how to walk into a restaurant." To this day, I hate to make an entrance. It is difficult for me to get up on a dance floor, because I feel that everybody is watching. But if I played somebody else walking into a restaurant or getting up on a dance floor, I could do it. I couldn't be blamed. It wouldn't be *me*. After a year at the Royal Dramatic Theatre School, I was offered a contract with the Svensk Filmindustri. I was so young I had no patience with school. The school head has never forgiven me for leaving. He says I should have stayed and learned more about acting. But I was eighteen and confident. I thought the movies would be a short cut. I don't know much about acting even today. I have never read anything about acting. Instinct is what I go on. The one year of school was wonderful training, and I'm sure I learned a lot about using the voice, using the body, listening to other people. Way down, whatever you learn stays with you.

I was married for the first time in 1937, to Peter Aron Lindstrom. My daughter Friedel Pia was born on September 20, 1938, and the Swedish version of the film "Intermezzo" was released late that year. I went to the United States the following year to make "Intermezzo" in Hollywood. In my first three movies in the United States—"Intermezzo," "Adam Had Four Sons," and "Rage in Heaven"—I played exactly the same kind of woman placed in three different stories. I started to get terribly worried. I felt I must change. For "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" they wanted me to play the same kind of girl again, but I said no, I wanted to play the prostitute. So I did. I was against typecasting; I fought against it. The public already had me set in their minds as a type, but I fought it. I have always been called the great outdoor girl, but it is a big mistake.

It's true I love to live in the country. My home is now in Choisel, thirty miles from Paris, in an old French farmhouse with flower and vegetable gardens. My son Roberto and my twin daughters Ingrid and Isabella are with me, and we have four dogs, six ducks, and some cats. My husband, Lars Schmidt, produces several plays in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When I first saw Roberto Rossellini's "Open City" and "Paisan," I thought they were so marvellous. I hated the monotony of making pictures in Hollywood. I had a very good life, but it had a certain boredom. With Rossellini I started all over again, and it was very good for me. When we made "Stromboli," we had the most difficult locations—never a comfortable dressing room—and we had to work with rank amateurs. It was wonderful for *me*. Other people don't want that. But I *wanted* to change. When I gave birth to little Roberto, the whole world started to throw stones at me. But I knew I had friends when I received a letter from Ernest Hemingway saying he wanted to be the baby's godfather. And when I came to New York to accept the New York Film Critics award for "Anastasia," Hemingway said, "I'll come with you and punch the first one in the nose who says anything bad to you." In Sweden, almost everybody hides inside himself. Everybody is afraid to be himself or herself. I have returned to Sweden once since that time—for sentimental reasons only. I have changed my life so many times. Each time, I started out with a suitcase and my clothes, and that was the way I wanted it. But whatever I do, I couldn't ever stop my career. My enthusiasm today is exactly the same as it was when I started going to dramatic school. I couldn't imagine what it must be like to get up every morning at the same time, go to a job, work for somebody you hate, doing typing. I remember in California, when I worked for Warner Brothers, driving to the studio early in the morning, coming over the mountains—the way the morning looked, the way the morning felt. And I was so grateful that I had got into work that I loved so much. You don't act for the money. You do it because you love it, because you must.

I never do a part that I don't like. I love working with actors. It is like being with one big group of children. The best actors have presence and personality, a gift that you have to be born with. You know what it is when you see it—an actor comes onstage, and if he has it, you wait for him to come back. Then, you need talent and discipline. To act with performers who have these qualities gives me great happiness. But I also feel that doing certain parts has significance for me. My playing Joan of Arc meant much more to me than just entertaining people. People had to know there were such people as Joan of Arc in the world. I think I carried Joan of Arc with me all my life. She is like an old friend. I've always known her much better than anyone else. I've always loved the role of Joan, which I've played in a movie, a play, and an opera. I don't believe actors who say they become the part. You are, to some extent, carried away, and the part should become true to you, but *you* are always there. When you play a murderer, you don't go out and murder somebody. Creating a role is like making a painting—it is separate from you. Whenever I read a play or a story, I read leaning toward the part I feel I am going to play. It's the same as when I go to a projection room to see myself in a movie. I watch myself and nothing else. I sometimes don't even know what the rest of the movie is about. I always feel embarrassed when another actor asks me, "How did you like me?," because I haven't even *seen* him. Many people say that actresses can't grasp the quality of a part when they read a script for the first time. It's true that I may be somewhat off balance, but I feel I can read. I always try to figure out why a person behaves the way she does. I have to make my own foundation, my own

little staircase. It's possible that the audience will never get it, but I always have to try my own way. When I played the part of Anastasia in "Anastasia," I believed she was the Czar's daughter, so I played it that way. The director told me I played it so sincerely that everybody would believe she was the Czar's daughter. But my own idea was that she *was;* otherwise I couldn't have played it. How could I play it and lie? When I do a part, I always invent characteristics to bear out what I understand the part to be. If it is clear in your head, you can convey it. It's the little things that the audience sees. This we learn from films. I always want an explanation for everything in a part. What does this mean? *Why* open a window? I have to have it terribly clear in my mind. Then I try to behave as though I were another person. But I use my own ways. If you play twenty parts, you are certainly bound to repeat things, but I try within my limits to make each character a different person. There is a kind of acting in the United States, especially in the movies, where the personality remains the same in every part. I like changing as much as possible. The Swedish idea of acting is that you do change; you play another person and you become another person. To me, doing that is natural.

HUME CRONYN: *Perfectionism is a terrible burden. It's a drive I wish I didn't have.*

I was born on July 18, 1911, in London, Ontario, the youngest of five children—three boys and two girls. My great-grandfather was the first Bishop of Huron. The house I was born in was the same house my father was born in. One of my sisters lives there now. We were fairly prosperous. I was thirteen years younger than the next-youngest child in our family. I was alone a lot as a child. My loneliness and the whole business of pretending led me into acting, which I decided to do at the age of six or seven. I was sent away to an Ottawa day school, where I was the only boarder, when I was seven, and then I went to Bishop Ridley College, a Canadian preparatory school, where I played football, hockey, and cricket, and boxed. Nevertheless, I was miserable at school. I was interested in poetry and drawing, and I was physically the smallest boy in the school, all of which added to my feeling of loneliness and isolation and homesickness. When I was ten, I put on an impromptu production of "The Green Goddess." I played George Arliss's part and loved

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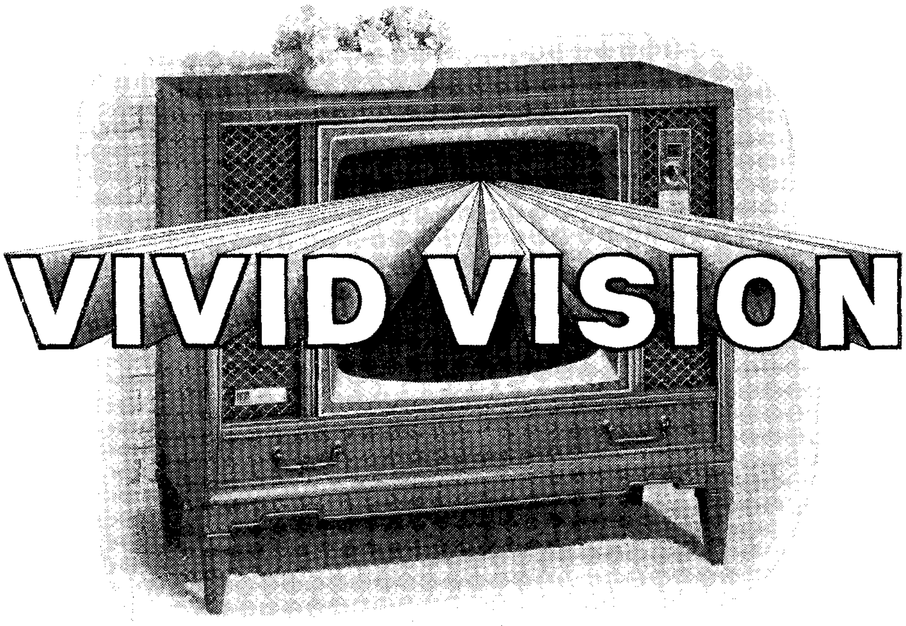

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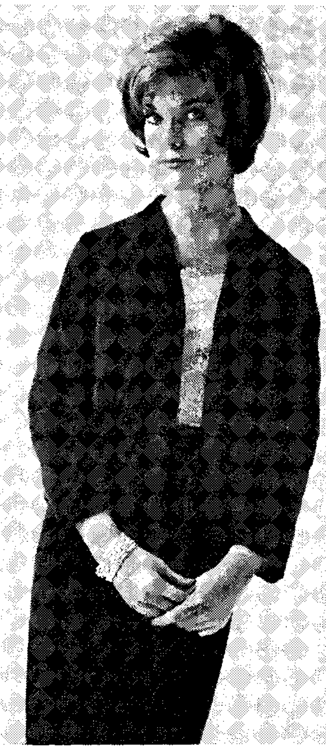

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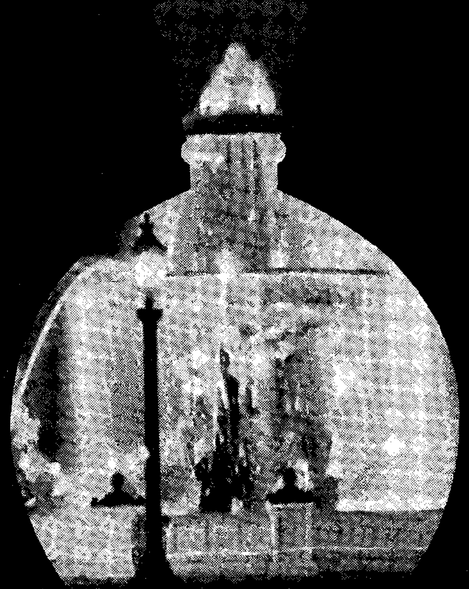

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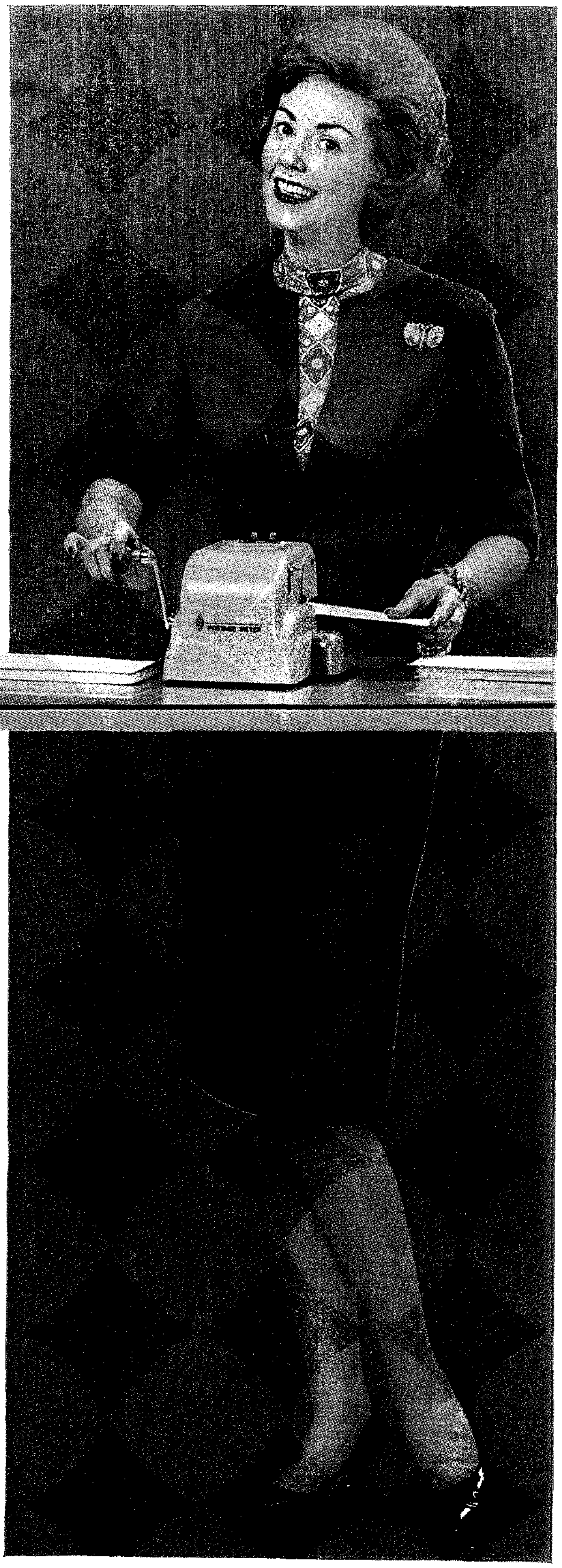
it. I was my own audience in those days. It was pure living in a dream world, which was much richer, much gayer, and much more delightful than the world I really lived in. It pulled me out of myself, and I didn't care much for myself anyway. My father had a wonderful voice and a wonderful build. If the Almighty had given me his gifts in addition to my own, I might have done more as an actor. My mother was a lovely woman. My father's sister once said about her—and I had it engraved on her tombstone—"Her entrance into a room was as though another candle had been lighted." Both my parents were great theatregoers and travellers. At fifteen, I was taken to London, England, for the first time, and saw plays there, all of which fed the fire in me.

In 1930-31 at McGill University, where I was studying law, I caught a kidney punch and then a chill while boxing and developed a cold in my kidneys. My doctor had a friend playing in the National Theatre Stock Company in Washington. We drove there. I wasn't going to pass my examinations anyway. The friend introduced me to the director, and I joined the company at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. I played my first professional role, a newspaper boy in "Up Pops the Devil," at the age of nineteen. Six weeks and three bit parts later, I went home and told my family I wanted to give up law and go into the theatre and become an actor. I felt in my heart that acting would help me realize that wonderful line "Dear Lord . . . Help us to catch the music to which this world is set by Thee." When my family realized that I was determined, they felt I ought to have the benefit of the best possible training, so I came to New York and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, where I stayed for two years—1932 and 1933. You may not learn how to act in a school, but you do learn a number of useful things, including vocal exercises such as "She left the web, she left the loom, she made three paces through the room," and "A wise old owl lived in an oak; the more he saw the less he spoke; the less he spoke the more he heard; why can't we all be like that bird?" When I left the Academy, I wrote to the administrative director, the late Charles Jehlinger, telling him how much the experience of studying there had meant to me. He wrote back and told me, "What you need is increased and never-ending experience in life." He was a great man. In 1934, I made my début on the New York stage, play-



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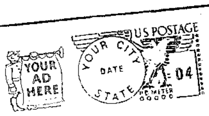

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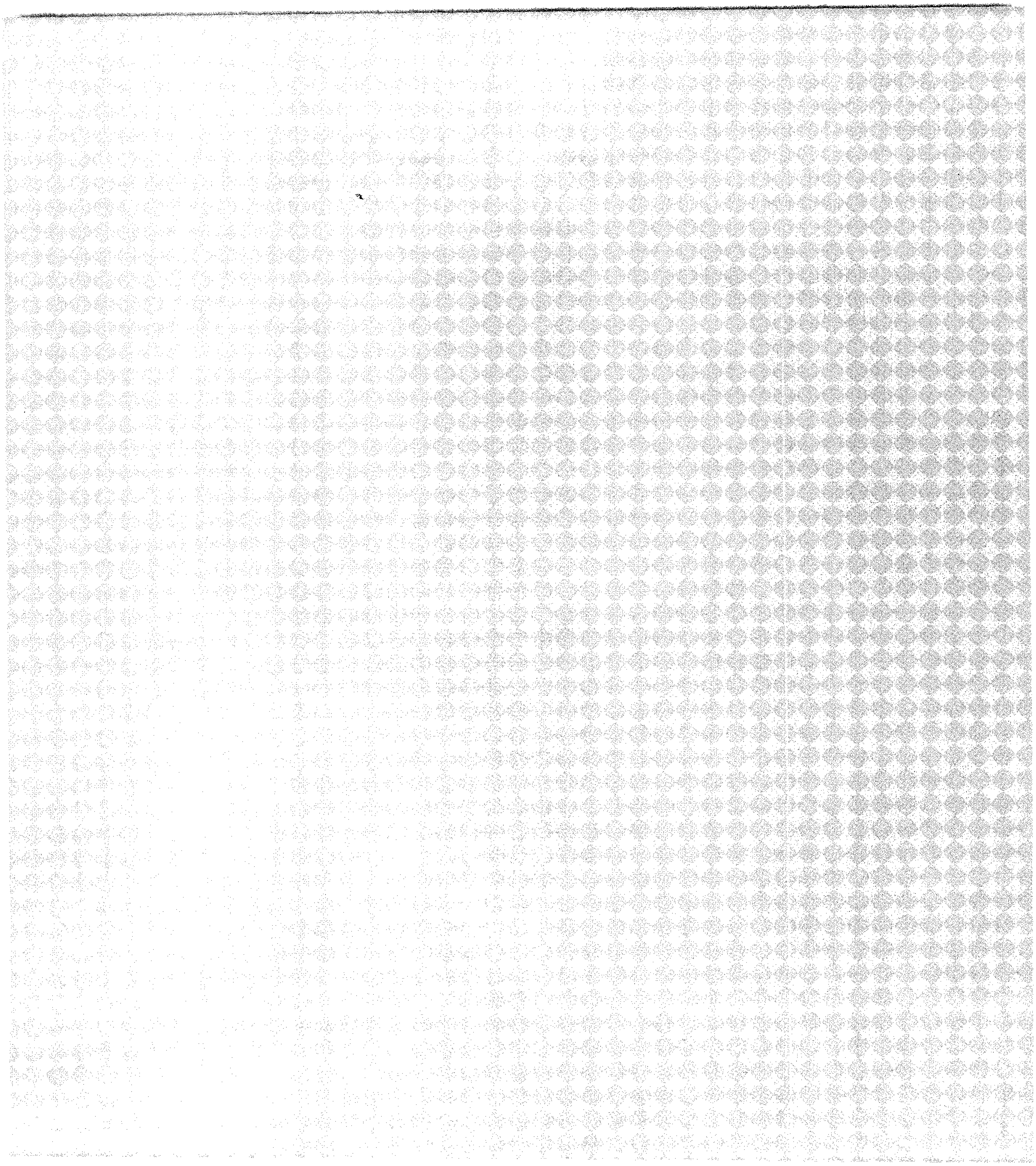

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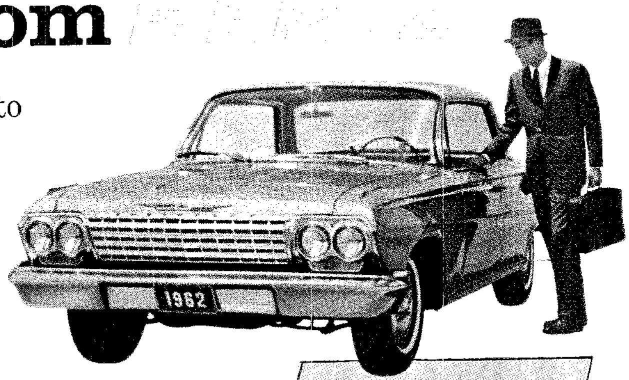

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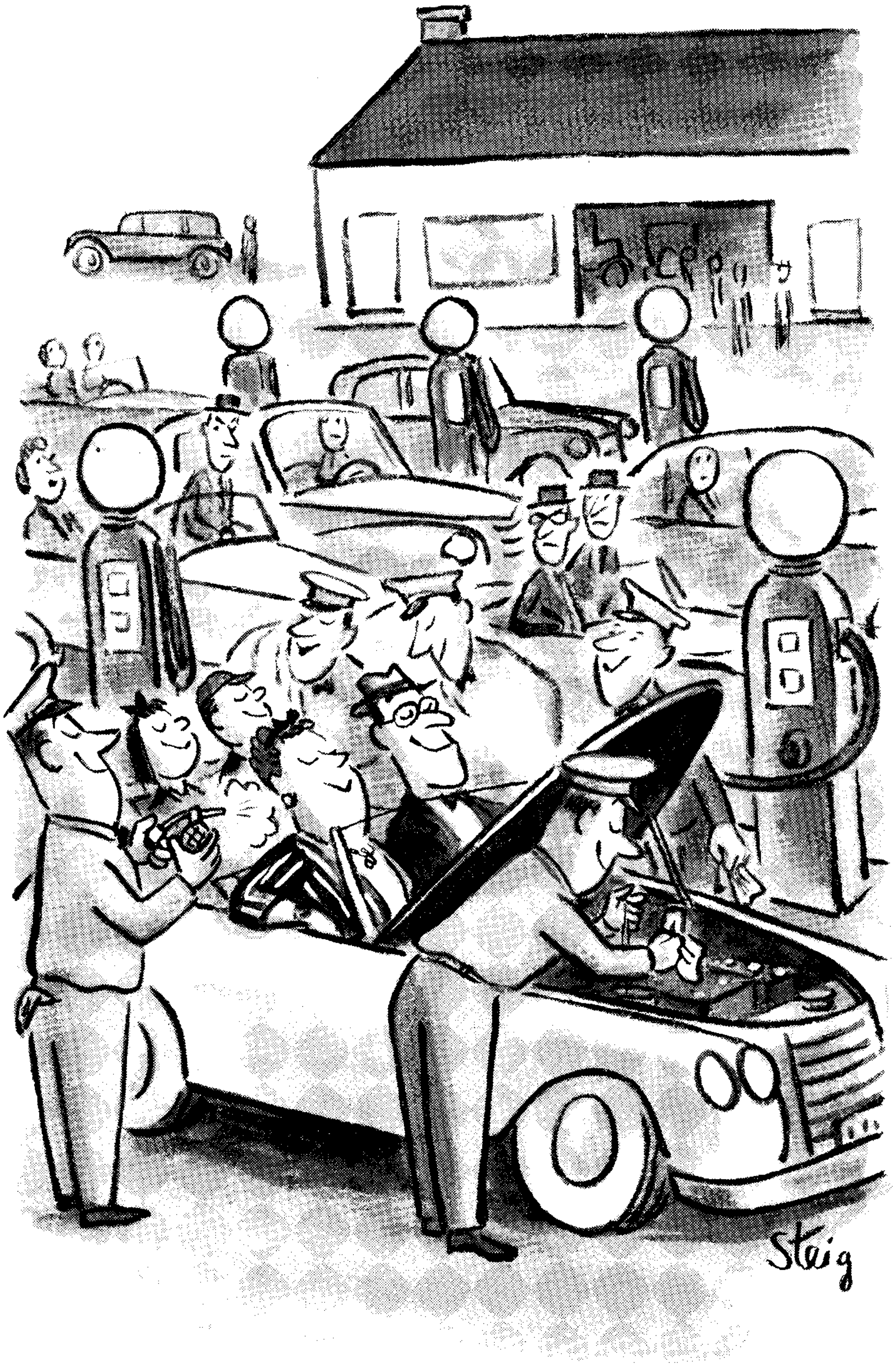
ing a janitor in "Hipper's Holiday." Then I worked in the Barter Theatre, and in 1935 I got a chance to audition for the job of assistant stage manager and understudy in the national company of "Three Men on a Horse." In the worst tradition of Hollywood films about the theatre, I was given the leading role of Erwin, which I played for nearly two seasons on tour. I worked with George Abbott, a real, thorough-going professional, when I played in "Three Men on a Horse," "Boy Meets Girl," and then in "Room Service," on Broadway.

My first marriage was made when I was terribly young, and it was a failure from the start. I'm married now to the actress Jessica Tandy. My wife and I have played together in several stage productions, including "The Fourposter," in which we played on Broadway for two seasons and six hundred and thirty-two performances. We've been in movies together, in one of which, "The Green Years," I played Jessie's father. We had a radio and television series for a while, called "The Marriage," and we've been in a number of television plays, including "The Moon and Sixpence." If a husband and wife work together, it can make life better for both of them.

After you've been in about fifteen movies, as I have—"Lifeboat," "Brute Force," "The Seventh Cross," and others—and directed six Broadway productions, and written screen treatments for movies, you develop too many ideas about acting. Most of us are a little pathetic in our assumptions of artistry. Actors don't often fulfill their obligations as artists, or transmit their experience in a form and a way that are clear to the audience. Acting can be an art, but it very rarely is. An actor's instrument is himself. To have a responsive body and a responsive voice requires a great deal of physical and emotional discipline. Your pores must constantly be open, to soak up what you later give out. The best absorbers are the best emitters. There's a great danger in trying to perfect detail. There are times when I feel I have the soul of a filing clerk. Writers are the luckiest of all artists; they have the greatest degree of independence. I used to write poetry. After I made "The Seventh Cross" under my M-G-M contract in the early forties, I went thirteen months without working; during that time I discovered some of the pleasures of writing. I wrote some short stories, sold a story to R.K.O., and wrote a screen



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serendipity 3

treatment of "Rope" for Alfred Hitchcock, which he directed and which his company produced. For a long time, I've been attracted to paintings, and I built up quite a distinguished collection, which I later sold—an early Picasso, two Modiglianis, a Renoir still-life, two Vlamincks, and the Mary Cassatt "Mother and Child." I think there is a strong relationship between painting and acting. When I'm building a role, I start with a series of mental pictures and feel, This should have this shape, like a drawing.

There are two legitimate ways of approaching acting—Jessie's way, which is to start with what is inside yourself and go to the outside, and my way, which is working from the outside to the inside. I've learned that you need endless patience in working with actors, especially if you're directing them. Some of them seem to work so slowly. Then suddenly they begin to bloom. As an actor, you have to learn what kind of roles you can do. I took a bash at Hamlet in 1949. I found that I wasn't equipped to play him. I read Salvador de Madariaga's book about Hamlet as the poetic Hamlet, and that gave me an image to hold on to. What I learned is that to play Shakespeare well you should start as a young actor, doing small parts at first, giving yourself time to benefit from the growing process. The actor makes no profound contribution to society. He reveals a moment of truth, poetry, humor. God knows we're short on those things, but the actor's contribution isn't very much. And it isn't anything at all without the spark of talent. That's God-given and bloody rare, and it doesn't amount to much without education, intelligence, and experience. A lot of acting is drudgery, and a lot of it is so dull: learning to put on makeup, learning to control your breath, learning not to let your face go to pieces. To act, you must have a sense of truth and some degree of dedication.

The first time I look over a play, I respond to the situations and to the characters as they're caught in the situations. Later on, I begin to see what may have to be erased. I always go through a process of collecting far more material than I can use. Then I try to retain what is essential. Intellection is important as a process of getting the best out of yourself. Once I get into a part, I find myself thinking about it all the time. It can become a kind of nightmare. Actors have no social life. We're constantly working. To go on being an actor, you need sheer animal energy. If you can't restock your energy, you have to hide your lack of it. Like getting above a cold. You can't have a cold onstage. When I'm working, I look forward all day long to that *one* drink before dinner. I don't want to talk then. Nor do I want to talk at all for fifteen minutes before going to sleep, or at breakfast. Jessie and I have a small island in the Bahamas, on which we've built a house. It's our retreat, cut off from everybody else. We generate our own electricity, and we get there by chartered seaplane. We need that island. I come to life when I hit it and hit that water. After I've finished with a play or a television show, I'm desperate to hide out, to get away. Every actor has his own way of coming to life again. Going to the island is mine.

Some actors have a tendency to get absorbed in the details of what they do in a part, and that often makes the thing become mechanical. I try not to get trapped by the peripheral elements. I try to be guided by asking myself, "What's basic here? Is it true? Can I make it simpler?" Olivier tells me there's no such thing as overacting. You can go as high as Everest, he says, if you can fill the space. Your own feelings are unimportant. You're not in a part to indulge in what *you* may feel. It simply doesn't matter how *you* feel. It's how the audience feels and how the author felt first that count. If you're acting a part, you've got to jump in and do it.

WILLIAM HOLDEN: *Once you make up your mind about what you're going to do in acting, you can pretty well slot it. I like to think of emotions as being a series of cloaks hung on pegs; I take them down as I find I need them.*

I was born on April 17, 1918, in O'Fallon, Illinois. My real name is William Franklin Beedle, Jr. When I was three, my father, a chemist, moved the family to Pasadena, California, where he went into the chemical-analysis business. My brother Bob was a Navy pilot who died at the age of twenty-one; he was shot down in the South Pacific on January 1, 1944. My brother Dick is in business with my father in Los Angeles. My mother taught English in the Pasadena and Monrovia school systems for many years, then retired, and now is active in various church groups. My father, an amateur gymnast, gave me special lessons in tumbling and physical training. My mother encouraged me to sing in church choirs and to mind my manners. I played my first dramatic part at the

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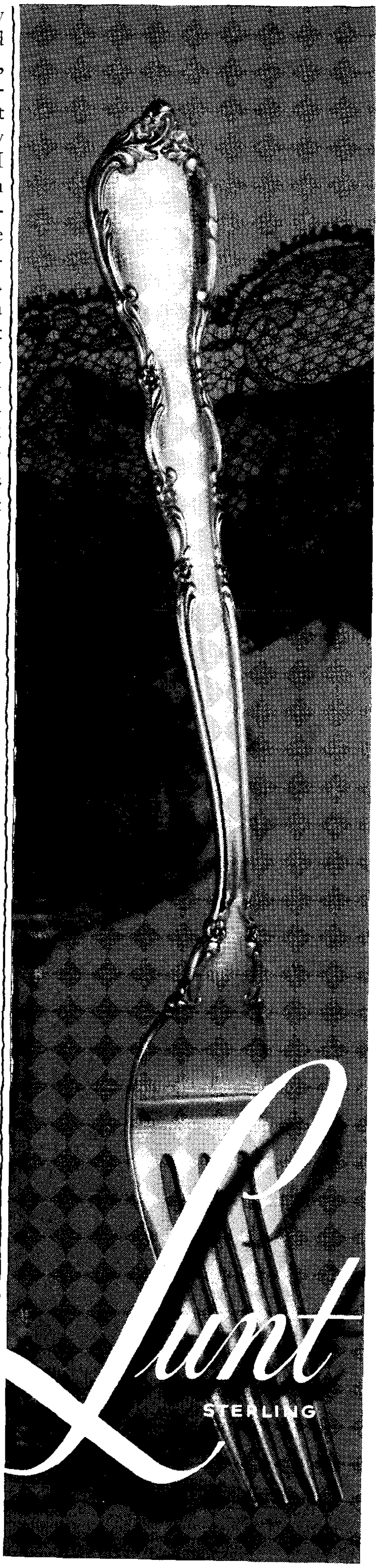
age of ten—Rip Van Winkle in my school's annual sixth-grade play. I kind of liked it. At Pasadena Junior College, I studied chemistry, which I hated. Everybody in the family but me took it for granted that I would go into my father's chemical business. In 1938, I got my first big acting opportunity, in the Pasadena Workshop Theatre's production of "Manya," a play about Marie Curie. I played the part of her father-in-law, eighty-year-old Eugène Curie. I was seen on opening night by Milton Lewis, a talent scout from Paramount Pictures. A couple of years earlier, I had taken a seven-month auto trip with a friend. We had visited New York, and I had decided then to go to New York after graduation from college and study acting. Instead, two weeks after I was seen by the scout, I signed a contract with Paramount at a salary of fifty dollars a week, and had a part in "Million Dollar Legs" in which I said two words—"Thank you." I was one of a group of promising youngsters known at Paramount as the Golden Circle, which also included Betty Field and Robert Preston. I wanted to be the best motion-picture actor in the world. My heroes were Fredric March and Spencer Tracy. They were my ideals. I used them as a kind of goal for myself. I had enough of the extrovert in me to want that kind of recognition. Paramount took stock of my hobbies: in addition to gymnastics, I liked to ride my motorcycle at very high speeds; I was an expert horseman and rifle shot; I played the piano, clarinet, and drums. The studio executives decided that I needed a new name. "Beedle," they said, sounded too much like an insect. So I was named Holden, after a West Coast newspaperman.

Rouben Mamoulian, at Columbia Pictures, saw my screen test and hired me for the title role in "Golden Boy," with Barbara Stanwyck and Adolph Menjou. It was my starting point. I don't think anybody had as much determination and ambition as I had the day I started making this movie. Then, one day, twenty-two years ago, I went to the opening of "Golden Boy" and saw my name up on the marquee. There was my name in lights. And I suddenly knew that it didn't mean a damn thing to me. It's been that way ever since. I don't enjoy seeing myself on the screen. You might say I'm not my type. I'm ugly. I'm too fat and would like to be thinner. I'm *simpático* with people who are not gross. For twenty-two years, I've put up with a lot of asinine suggestions made by various



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studio experts about how to change myself—to fix the shape of my eyebrows and stuff like that—but I've always refused to do it. I may not like the way I look, but I take myself the way I am and do the best I can with it. Being a movie star and seeing myself on the screen don't make me feel good. In fact, they make me feel kind of sad. But I do the best I can with all that, too.

I'm not like Garbo or Gregory Peck. I can walk down Fifth Avenue and I won't have any trouble with people staring at me. They don't recognize me. I just look like one of them. I think of myself as a fair contemporary actor-reporter of scenes in which people pretty much like myself figure. I never think of myself as an actor the way Alec Guinness is an actor. He can do anything. He's completely devoted to acting. He can act anywhere. I can act only in films, and even there I'm limited. I'm best at playing someone relevant to our lives today. Rarely have I stepped into a period film. I've just never felt qualified to do it. When I work, I work hard, and I always try to satisfy my own taste. I'm not a great believer in audience appeal or in fans. I don't believe the fans establish the criterion in films. I think we establish the criterion for the fans. The motion picture is not a pure art form. It has its place as a business art form, and I'd hate to see it die out. I've made a good living out of acting, but I'm not dedicated to it. I can see how men like John Gielgud and Alec Guinness, who give the work their complete devotion, must get a deeper satisfaction out of it than I do. I have my hand in a lot of business interests. Anyone with as many diverse interests as I have couldn't get that really deep satisfaction out of acting. I could probably out-operate Alec Guinness in any field of business, and I get some satisfaction out of that. These days, because of the international distribution of pictures, my work as an actor is not only acting in a movie but going on the road with it, all over the country or all over the world, to sell it. After all, I pour the original energy into the acting, and I feel I might as well do the other. However, I refuse to ingratiate myself with the public in ways I don't respect. I haven't given a fan-magazine interview in the past dozen years. But what I will do is go on the road to sell a picture.

During the first few days of work on "Golden Boy," I was so intense I found myself on the verge of a nervous collapse. Then Barbara Stanwyck, one of the stars of the movie, spent night

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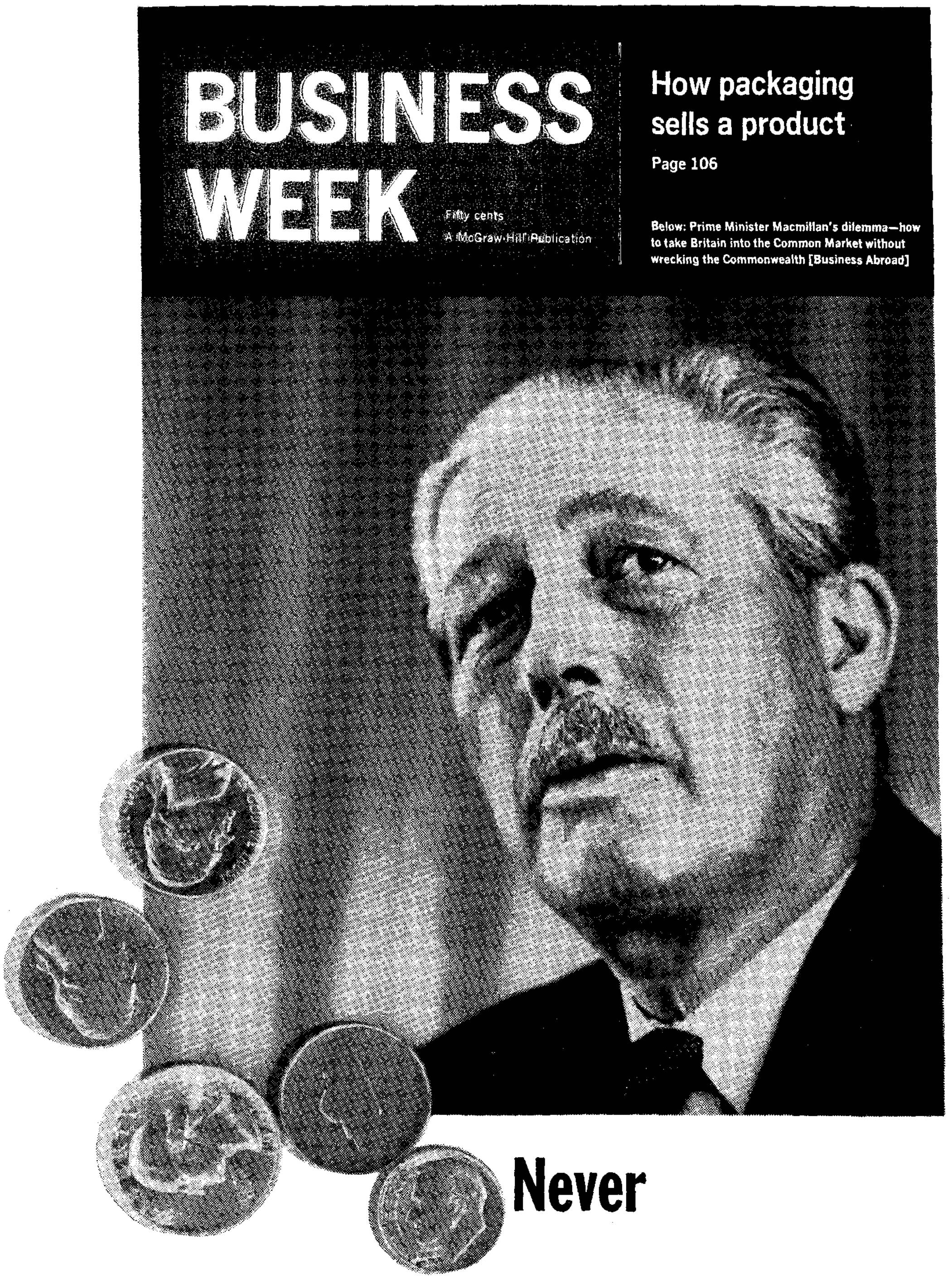

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after night, after a hard day's work, rehearsing with me, and she pulled me through. For the past twenty-two years, I've sent her flowers to commemorate the anniversary of the day that work on "Golden Boy" began. That picture was a high point for a beginning; after that things went down. I spent the next couple of years playing ordinary roles in ordinary movies. I didn't feel that my talents, major or minor, were being fully utilized. In 1941, I married Ardis Ankerson, a young actress known to the public as Brenda Marshall. At my request, she gave up acting as a career. She had a three-year-old daughter, Virginia, whom I adopted legally. We had two children together—Peter, who is seventeen, and Scott, who is fifteen. Eight months after I was married, I enlisted in the Army Air Forces, and for four years I did public-relations and entertainment duty and made training films all over the country. In 1946, I returned to Paramount, where I got into the rut of playing all kinds of nice-guy, meaningless roles in meaningless movies, such as "Father Is a Bachelor" and "Dear Wife," in which I found neither interest nor enjoyment. By 1949, I had appeared in eleven movies that, for me, added up to one great big static blur. Then, in 1950, I played the part of Joe Gillis, the opportunistic, caddish writer in "Sunset Boulevard," with Gloria Swanson. It was a turning point for me. I not only found the part interesting and exciting but was noticed and liked by the critics. In 1953, I played another interesting part—Sefton, the amoral sergeant in "Stalag 17." I won an Oscar for it. In the meantime, I did assorted odd jobs outside of acting. I worked as vice-president of the Screen Actors Guild. I was Commissioner of Parks and Recreation in Los Angeles. I developed interests and partnerships in businesses such as exporting and importing, aviation, and radio stations here and abroad. I now have a large measure of control over what I do in pictures and how I do it. I receive a percentage of the gross of all pictures I make, pretty much the way Cary Grant and James Stewart do.

Long before I realized the power of the dollar, I had a tendency to express myself. Fortunately, I was able to combine the two. As a boy, I'd see things in movie acting that cried for a better interpretation. I always felt that, with a little study, I could do them much better. Just before I signed my first contract, I was a little vague about it, but I wasn't floundering. I wasn't old enough to flounder. I've always had

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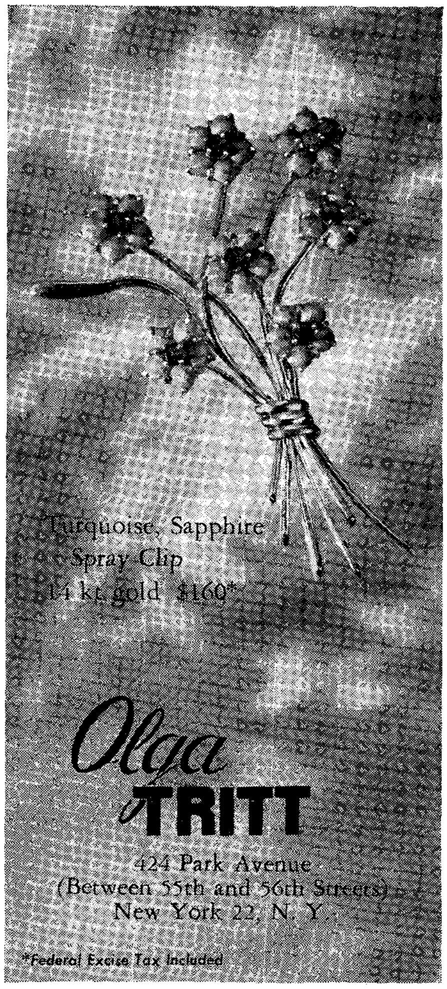

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an idea of what was right for me and what was wrong. In making my first movies, whenever I felt lost or puzzled I had one simple way of working my way out of it. I'd always ask myself, "Well, what would Fredric March do? What would Gary Cooper do?" And it would always solve the problem for me. I'm not like some movie actors who feel that they must pretend they're just dying to act in the theatre. I've been tempted by it only once, when I briefly thought about doing "Mister Roberts." Henry Fonda was in it then, and he had some kind of knee trouble. But I didn't replace him, and it was just as well with me. I've never pretended I could be an Alec Guinness in the theatre.

Movie acting may not have a certain kind of glory as a true art, but it's acting, and it's damn hard work. You kiss your wife goodbye at eight in the morning, and an hour later you're on a set pretending to be killing somebody or whispering sweet nothings into some glamour girl's ear. It's a terrible emotional drain. It's devastating. The most demanding thing about it is that you must keep up the level of your performance. The way I do it is to think of myself as a reporter. My job is to portray the character and bring it to the audience in a way that will enable them to involve themselves emotionally. I read a script and analyze it. I find that if you develop an attitude toward the character the mannerisms for it come later. You attempt to stay as detached as possible. Then there's a kind of final melting in your mind about a week before the picture is supposed to start. Once you're in it, you're involved in how you're going to develop the character. Once I'm fairly entrenched, I find that the character almost takes care of itself. Then the demands on you are the demands of a particular day of work. It's terribly exhausting. My most difficult roles have always been ones that are unlike myself. Still, I've been able to find their motivation acceptable. If you're going to be Gillis in "Sunset Boulevard," for example, you must get it across that there but for the grace of God go I. I may not be able to understand Gillis, a gigolo, but I can sympathize with him. I've found that sympathy is about what you need if you want to act another kind of person from your real self. When I was doing the part of Sefton in "Stalag 17," I had a really tough time sympathizing with him—the way he used marked cards, and all his other unscrupulousness. What I used to go on was my observation of men like that. I've seen them. I

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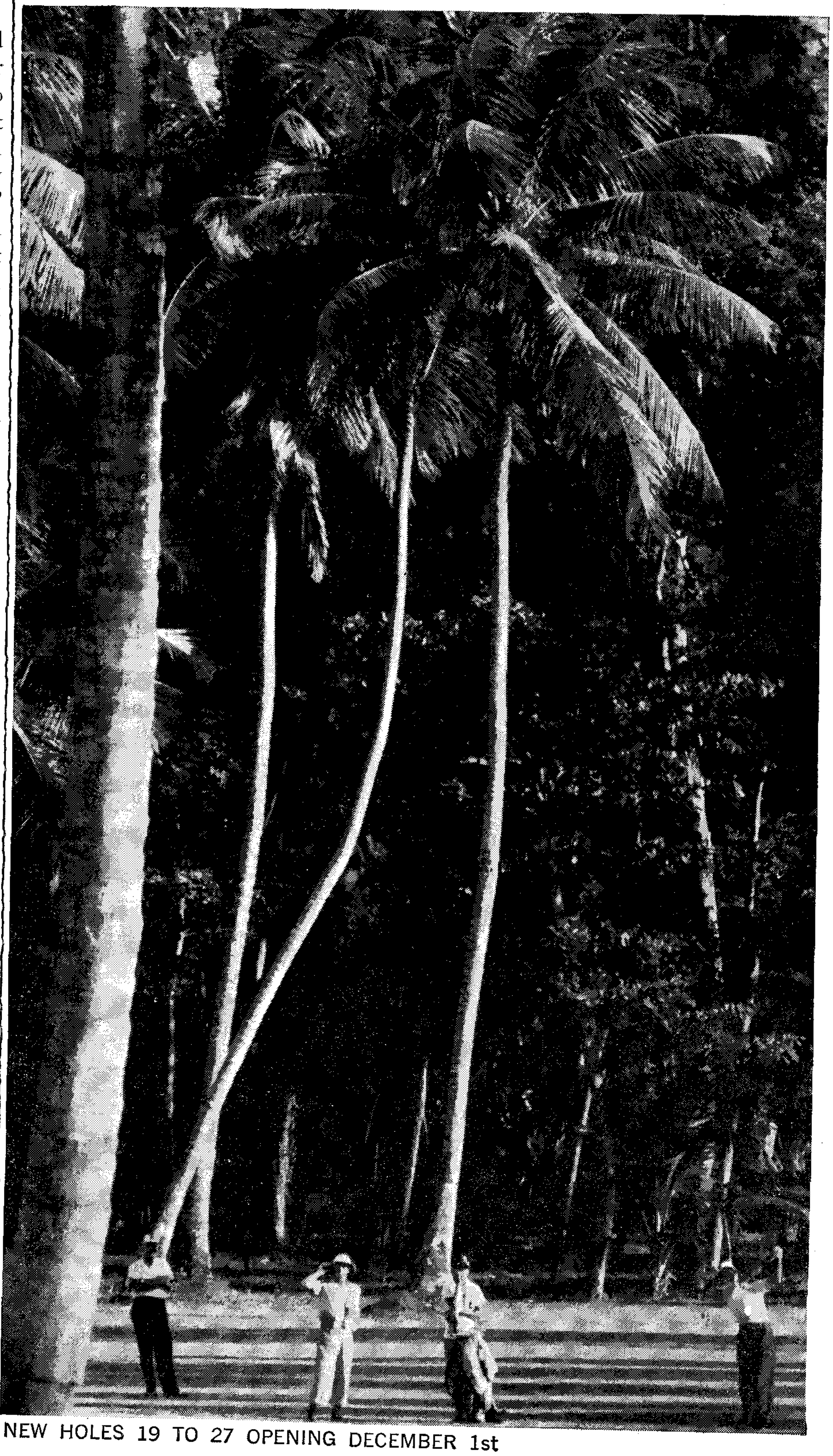

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know what they're like. I don't know what you'd call the talent or whatever it is that makes it possible for me to act by using that approach. Maybe it's just knowing a little more than the next guy. Or, as I tell my older boy, who has some interest in acting, you'll know if you have talent when you get there.

In every man's life, there's a period when he determines how his energies are going to be directed. Every man has a basic problem in deciding that. My decision is, was, and will be to be a good motion-picture actor. Between the ages of twenty-nine and thirty-six, I had a period when I was easily able to handle a lot of outside activities. I don't kid myself now that I can still work an eighteen-hour day. I hate to become sloppy. Five years ago, I made a picture called "Toward the Unknown," for which I was an actor by day and, by night, a caster, a cutter, and a producer. I'll never do anything like that again. My blueprint is to make one very important picture a year that is not only artistically satisfying to me but successful at the box office. Ideally, I'd like to spend six or seven months on my vocation and five or six months on my avocational activities. One of my pet avocational projects is the Mount Kenya Safari Club, which I started with two other men—Carl Hirschmann, a Swiss banker, and Ray Ryan, an oilman from Indiana. We bought the Mawingo Hotel—the name means "The Clouds"—on the slopes of Mount Kenya, outside the town of Nanyuki. We've got sixty acres, with fruit and vegetable gardens, tennis courts, swimming pools, trout streams, a hundred and twenty servants, and five hundred adjacent acres, complete with an African village, as well as the prize rose garden on the continent. Our members include John Wayne and Winston Churchill. We're about twelve thousand miles from Hollywood, and about six thousand miles from St. Prex, Switzerland, where I now make my home. From the club, you can get to Hollywood in one full day. These are, after all, times of galloping transportation. I take care of a million things in my import-export business—importing electronic equipment from Tokyo, and things like that. After all that avocational activity, I get back to acting and I feel refreshed.

VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF: *Acting is the only way I am able to live. I want to be everybody, and I want to be everything. One life is not enough.*

I was born in Moscow on Christmas Day, 1889. My mother died when

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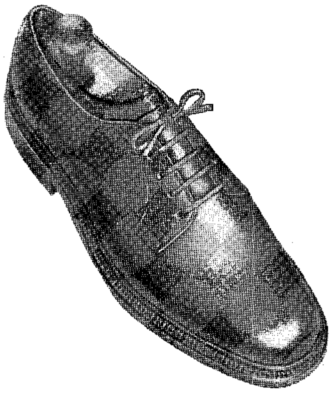

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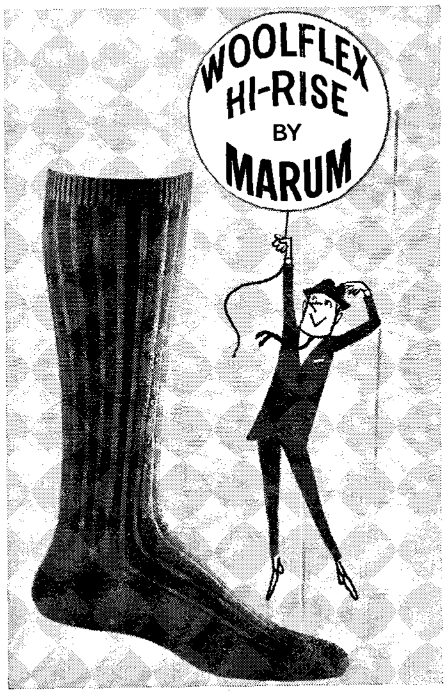

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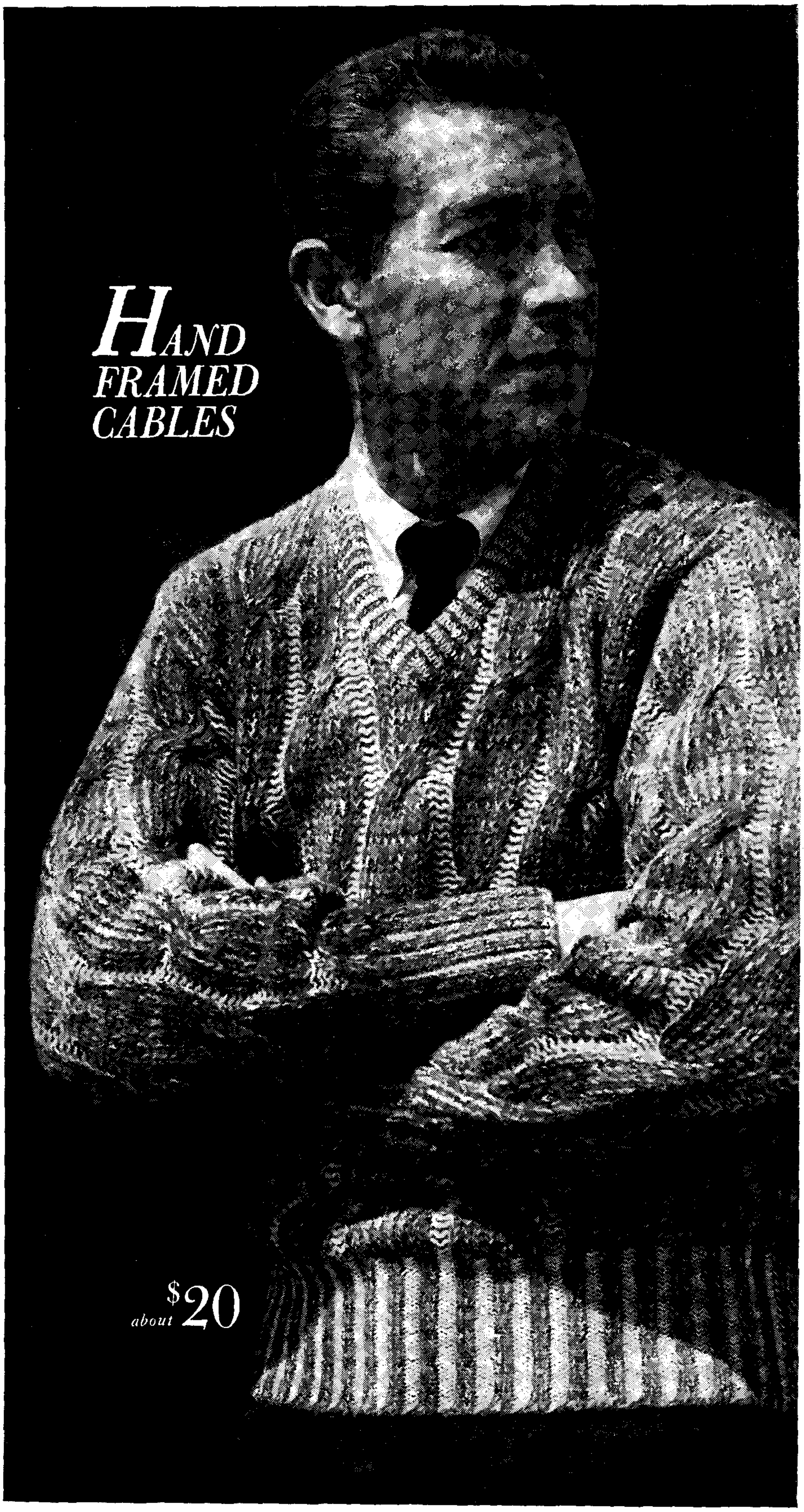
I was born. My father was a schoolteacher. I have an older brother and sister, but I have not seen them or heard from them since I left Russia in 1923. I was brought up by a wealthy merchant, a patron of my father's school, who took me into his own family of five boys and a girl, and who gave me everything—education, travel, care, love. I learned to read at the age of three. As a child, I also learned to speak French and German. I started out wanting to be a bear when I grew up. Such an enjoyable prospect—lying in warm fur, in a warm den! Then I wanted to be a beggar, roaming the country, extending a hand, and having people give me bread and milk. After that, I wanted to be a clown. I studied gymnastics and juggling, and then I discovered that I did not have the necessary strength and health needed to become a clown. I invented my own pantomimes, imitating cats and birds, and put on skits for the entertainment of my patron and his family. I wanted to be an actor, but the idea was taboo. My patron wanted me to become a brilliant professor. I was small and looked Oriental. The old family nurse would tell me, "Dear child, you are ugly, but you will get everything not by the way you look but by what you have inside." The mother of the family was different. I adored her. She always told me, "You are not ugly. You are funny."

At seventeen, I attended the University of Moscow, studying philosophy and literature, but after a year I wanted to go to the Moscow Art Theatre school. More than a hundred young men applied for auditions each year; only seven or eight were chosen. Stanislavski himself was at my audition. Instead of reading a story or reciting a poem, as the others did, I gave a little act I had composed in which I read a newspaper as various contemporary characters in Russian life would. Stanislavski told me, "You have something, but we cannot accept you, because you do not look healthy or strong enough. Get stronger and come back next year." I burst into tears. He then agreed to put me in a second-string school, taught by the student actors themselves. So every day I would leave home to go to the university, and from there I would go to the theatre school. After three years, the strain was too great. I became ill with tuberculosis. I had to tell my patron what I had been doing. He sent me to the Crimea and the South of France to recover. I gave him my word I would forget the foolishness of acting. But aft-



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er my recovery I broke my word and joined the school again, appearing in mob scenes in Moscow Art Theatre productions and attending the regular theatre school. I appeared onstage in heavy disguises, but one day I was recognized, and there was a big scandal. I felt like a scoundrel. But I moved out of my patron's home and got a room for ten kopecks a week—about twenty cents. I was very happy. I got a Ph.D. degree in literature from the university, and in 1914 I became a professional actor.

I adored Stanislavski. I worshipped him. But I wanted a different approach for myself in acting. I wanted the miraculous, the fascinating, the romantic theatre, with more music and more staging. I felt I could play anything, but my heart from the beginning belonged to the theatre of Molière and Shakespeare. I found my kind of theatre when I joined the Kamerny Theatre, the first theatre founded as a departure from the Moscow Art. My first important part was playing the buffoon in an old Hindu play, "Sakuntala." Then I directed "The Taming of the Shrew" and played the lead, and married Elizabeth Alexandrova, the actress who played Katharina. Life was good. Life was wonderful. Then there was the revolution, and all theatres were closed. There was no food. There was no fuel. I went to Molvitino, in the country, about six hundred miles from Moscow, and lived there for sixteen months, fishing, picking mushrooms and wild berries, getting healthy. I put on a production of Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness," with peasants as the actors and peasants as the audience. It was a powerful experience—the closest I have ever come to being at one with my audience. In 1920, the theatres in Moscow were opened again. Actors were given privileges in the form of living conditions and in obtaining food. They were considered useful as propaganda for the revolution. In 1922, I thought of myself as an actor who should be limited to doing broad comedy, but Isadora Duncan, who had opened a school for dancing in Moscow, told me, when we met, that I should play tragedy. She had a tremendous influence on me. She was a revelation to me. A great person in life. Not only a dancer but a tragic actress. She had immense generosity and understanding of art. She was the only person I had ever met who was not a conformist. To me, she was the personification of a great artist. She was to be an inspiration to me for the rest of my life.

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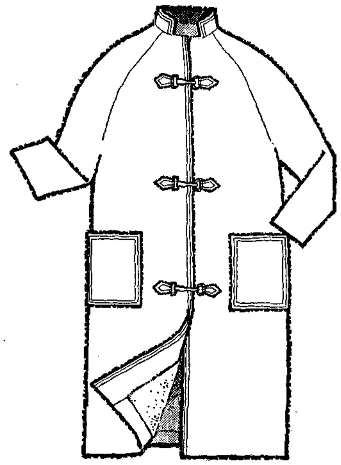

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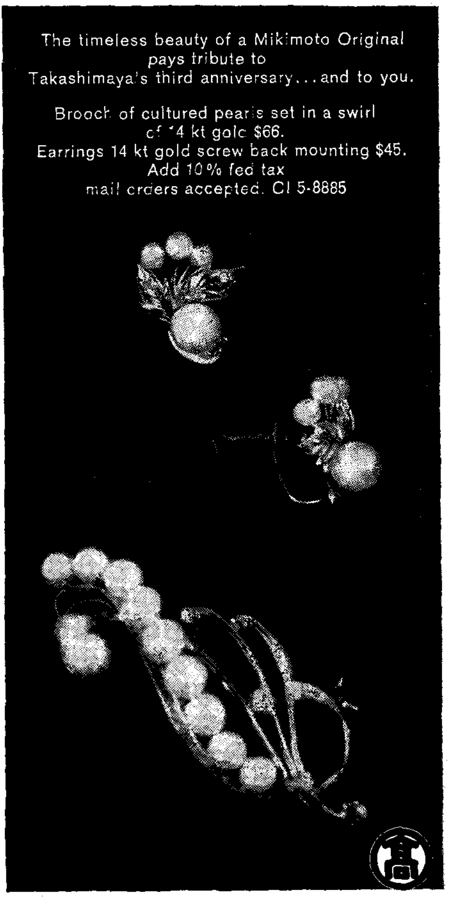

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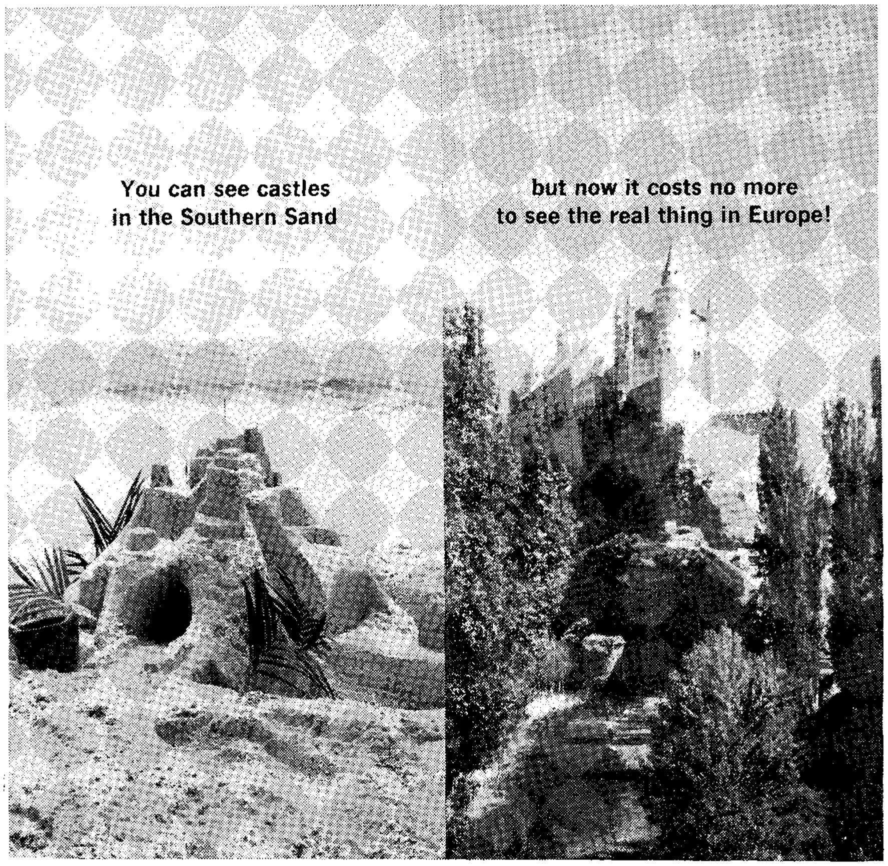
In 1923, I went to Vienna with the Kamerny company, playing the Dauphin in Shaw's "Saint Joan," and parts in Ostrovski's "The Storm" and in an adaptation of G. K. Chesterton's novel "The Man Who Was Thursday." We set out to tour Germany. In Dresden, I was in an elevator that fell into the basement of the theatre during the second act of the Chesterton play, and I broke my right foot and right leg. I stayed on in Germany for eight months for treatment. I played, in German, occasional parts, such as a ninety-year-old rabbi in "The Dybbuk," in which I could wear a long robe, limp, and carry a cane. I was playing such a small part at the Kleines Theater in Berlin when Max Reinhardt saw me and asked me to join his company. I played Puck for him in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I loved Reinhardt from the start. Perhaps he was the greatest man in the theatre in my experience. Stanislavski was a pedagogue; he was always explaining things to you in words. But Max Reinhardt always gave you the *feeling*. He was the greatest director of all. He was shamefully misunderstood and mistreated when he came to America. He was a born magician. Every actor I know who worked with him fell in love with him. My years with him were more than enjoyable; they were incredibly fruitful. He loved character acting. He loved actors. I once said to him, "Professor, why don't you act?" He said, "I act in all of you."

I played in Germany in the twenties, and made my first movie there, a silent film, in 1925—Berthold Viertel's "The Adventures of a Ten Mark Note," in which I took the part of the ragpicker who finds the bill. In the thirties, I went to France and took French-speaking parts in French plays. I also went to Hollywood, making German versions of movies, to be shown abroad, but I did not care for the life, and returned to Germany and France. In 1937, I came to America again and acted under contract with Warner Brothers in "The Life of Emile Zola." In 1938, in New York, I played Robespierre in "Danton's Death," with Orson Welles—the same part I had played in German with Reinhardt's company in Vienna and in New York in 1927. Then I made many Hollywood movies, in which I played Chinese, Japanese, Malayans, Filipinos, Hindus, Italians, Spaniards, Czechs, Mexicans, and Germans; only twice have I played a Russian. One day in 1947 in Hollywood, I got a call to come to New York to play in "Crime



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and Punishment" with John Gielgud. I was so excited. Here I had just finished making one of those movies about narcotics or something like that, and had played a Chinese narcotics commissioner. Now I was offered the part of Porfiri Petrovitch—the prosecutor who from the beginning feels that Raskolnikoff, played by Gielgud, is guilty of his crime. I try in the play to catch him in a very subtle way without being too aggressive but working on his conscience. I loved the part. I had never met Gielgud before, but I had seen him in "Hamlet" and thought he was brilliant. I always thought that, besides being a splendid actor, he was a poet. That was the element I liked in him. I considered him in every way much deeper than almost any other actor. From the moment we started rehearsals, we understood each other. Seldom did I feel such ease as I felt rehearsing with him. There were many fine actors in the cast, including Lillian Gish, who played Katerina, the prostitute in love with Raskolnikoff, and the whole play was one of the most satisfying I have ever done. Gielgud from the beginning always asked us whether we felt all right, and in every way he offered such gentlemanly coöperation. He is so generous, so considerate of his fellow-actors—a gentleman on the stage. He made me feel, It is so simple for me to play this part. We were rehearsing half-voice one day, very quietly, when suddenly we saw one of the producers, Robert Whitehead, standing in the orchestra. He asked us, "Why don't you rehearse?" And Gielgud laughed and said, "We *are* rehearsing." Because our dialogue was running so smoothly, so naturally, and with such conviction, Whitehead thought we were just talking to each other. Gielgud stands almost alone as an artist. After every performance, he would gather the company together on the stage and make remarks about the night's performance. He wasn't the director, but he felt a responsibility for all of us. We played "Crime and Punishment" for forty performances, and every performance to me was just like a first performance. Gielgud and I had three big scenes in which we were onstage alone together. Gielgud is so flexible, so hospitable to every nuance that you give him, that there was always something new to find in what you yourself did. I enjoyed the way he would take it and answer it. In our three big scenes, I felt as though we were playing tennis with the audience, the ball going to the audience and then back to the stage, and it was al-

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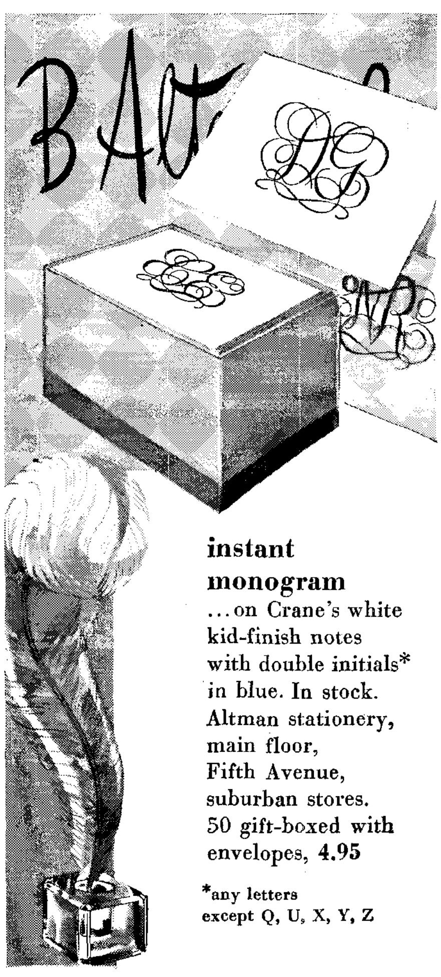

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most as though Gielgud would say, "Vladimir, you take it," and then the ball would go to the audience again, and then back, and I would say, "You take it, John." We were playing doubles with the audience, and we always won. It is such bliss to act with a man like that.

Every actor has, as a gift from God, his own method. My particular method is to go first by the sense of taste—physical taste. I actually have a physical taste for every part. Then I go by the other senses—hearing, seeing, touching. Thinking comes much later. Thinking comes when you have already molded the part you are playing. You should analyze the part, but not too much. One of the poets has said that every art must be a little stupid. An artist should not be overly intelligent. My method, without thinking, is to follow the path of physical truthfulness. The way I eat the soup in "The Power of Darkness," which I played again in New York in 1959, I am not pretending, I am doing it. And the audience believes in me a hundred per cent. From then on, no matter what I do, the audience believes in me, because I have already won them. Max Reinhardt always said it is the task of the character actor not to disguise himself but to reveal himself. The simplest way is the truest way. You start to think only when the part has reached a certain age. It's like a child—he's not ready to think until he has reached a certain point of development. When you are building a part, that point is in the last dress rehearsals or after the first few performances.

In 1934, I was sitting with Stanislavski in Paris, in the Bois de Boulogne, and he was reading to me from "An Actor Prepares." He said to me, "Sokoloff, if you go with Max Reinhardt to America, if you want to help youngsters, forget all this theory. Don't apply this. Don't pay any attention to this. Everything is different in America. The education. The psychology. The health. The mentality. Even the food is different there. We needed this book to open actors up in Russia. In America, it is different. They don't need it there. If they try to use it, they will unnecessarily spy on themselves, asking 'Do I feel it or not?' Tell them, 'In America the actor is free.' " Stanislavski tells actors to observe. I do not believe in observing too much. Eighty per cent of observations are wrong. People do *not* look like what they are. There is only one exception I know of—Albert Einstein. I once observed a man I decided was a mortician. Who did it turn out to

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be? Igor Stravinsky! The clown Grock was my idol. I was supposed to meet Grock in a restaurant. I had never seen him without his clown makeup and costume. In the restaurant, I saw no one who could be Grock. I saw a dull-looking white-haired man with gold-rimmed spectacles who was sitting with a fat, typically middle-class wife wearing diamonds. *That* was Grock.

However, I have great curiosity about everything. That is the only thing that keeps an actor's acting alive. When the weather is good, I take walks. My wife died in 1948, and I am alone a good deal. But everything I see gives me something. I see a girl with a charming smile. I see a child with a doll. A new tie in a window. A passing cloud. Every day, when I am in New York, I go to some museum and absorb the loveliness of what they have there. Every day, I find at least one beautiful thing. It is invaluable to me as an actor. An actor has a peculiar structure as a human being. For me, the world is divided into two parts, and the dividing line is the footlights. You must know at every given moment on the stage not what you feel but what you want—what Walter Huston used to call your "intention." I love to watch children when they play. They are acting all the time. They are making their own world the way they feel it should be. Acting is childhood hidden under the cape.

—LILLIAN ROSS

(This is the first of a series of three articles, based on interviews by the author.)

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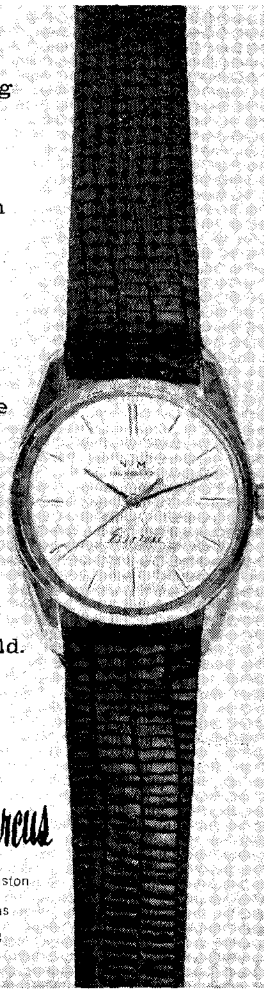

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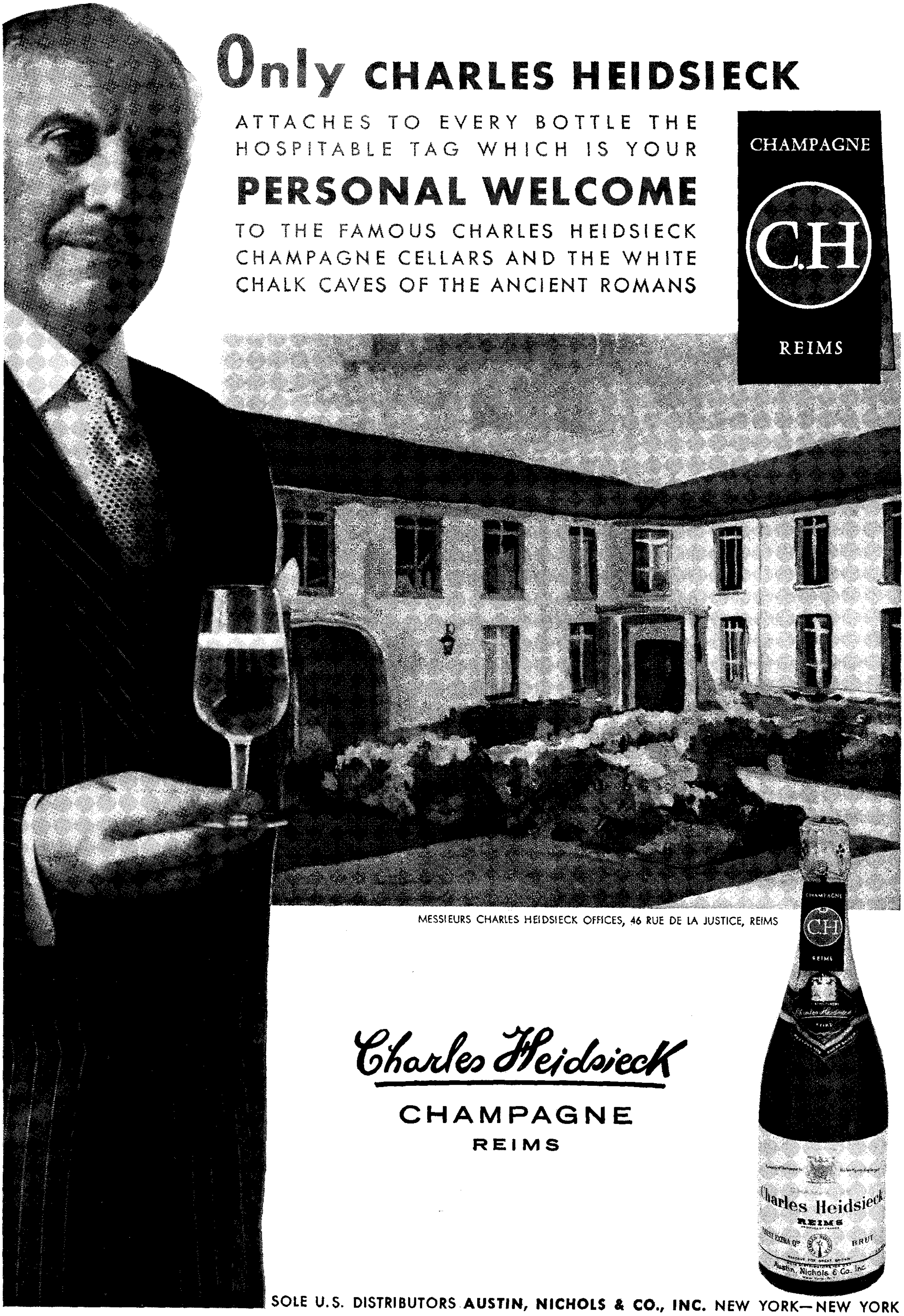

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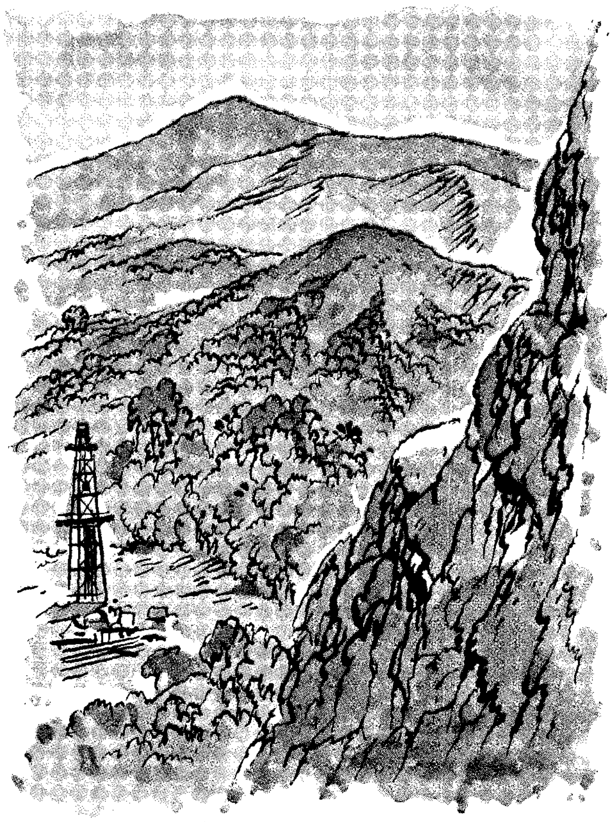

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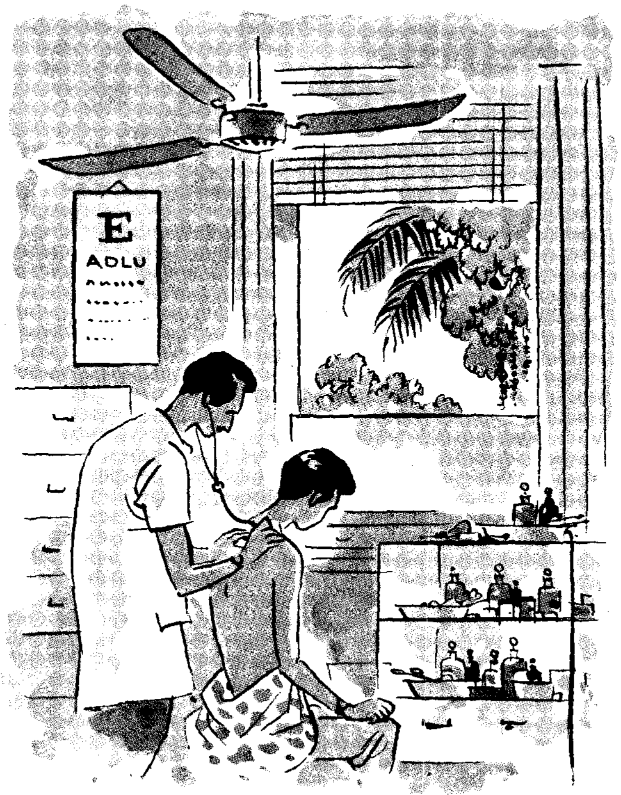

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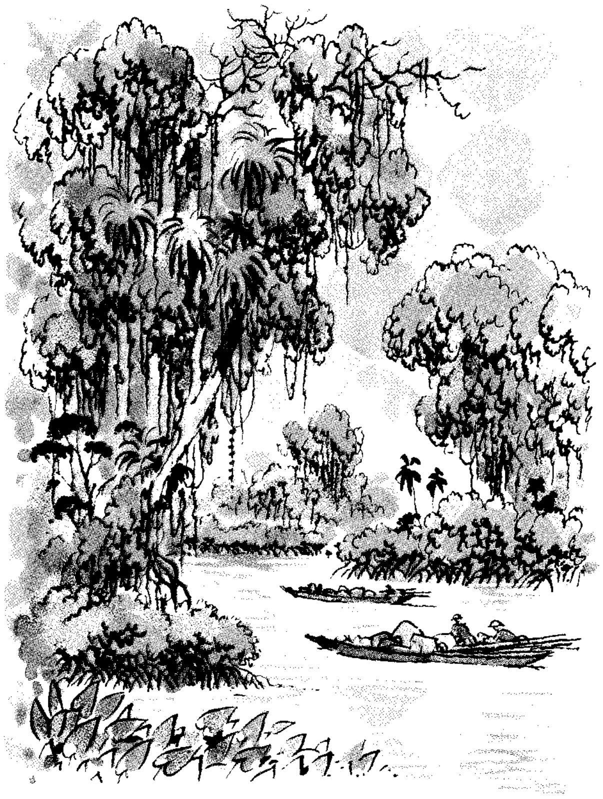

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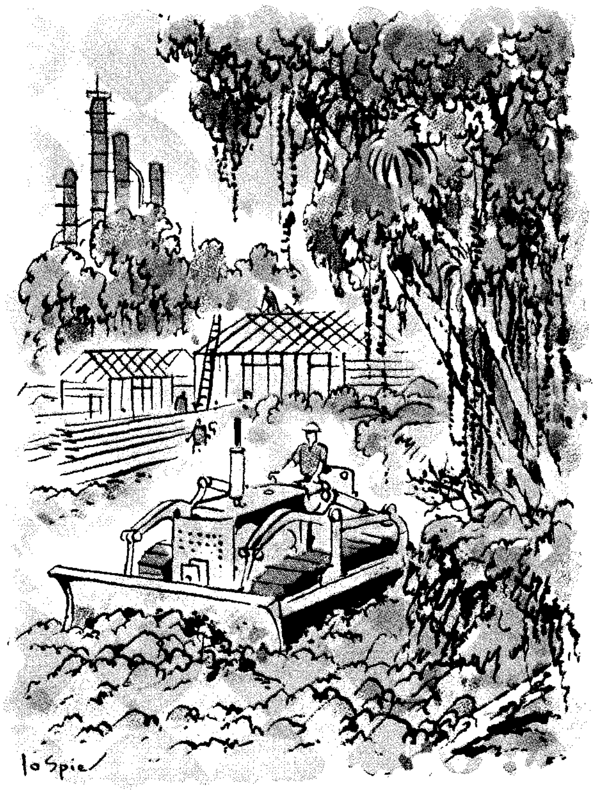

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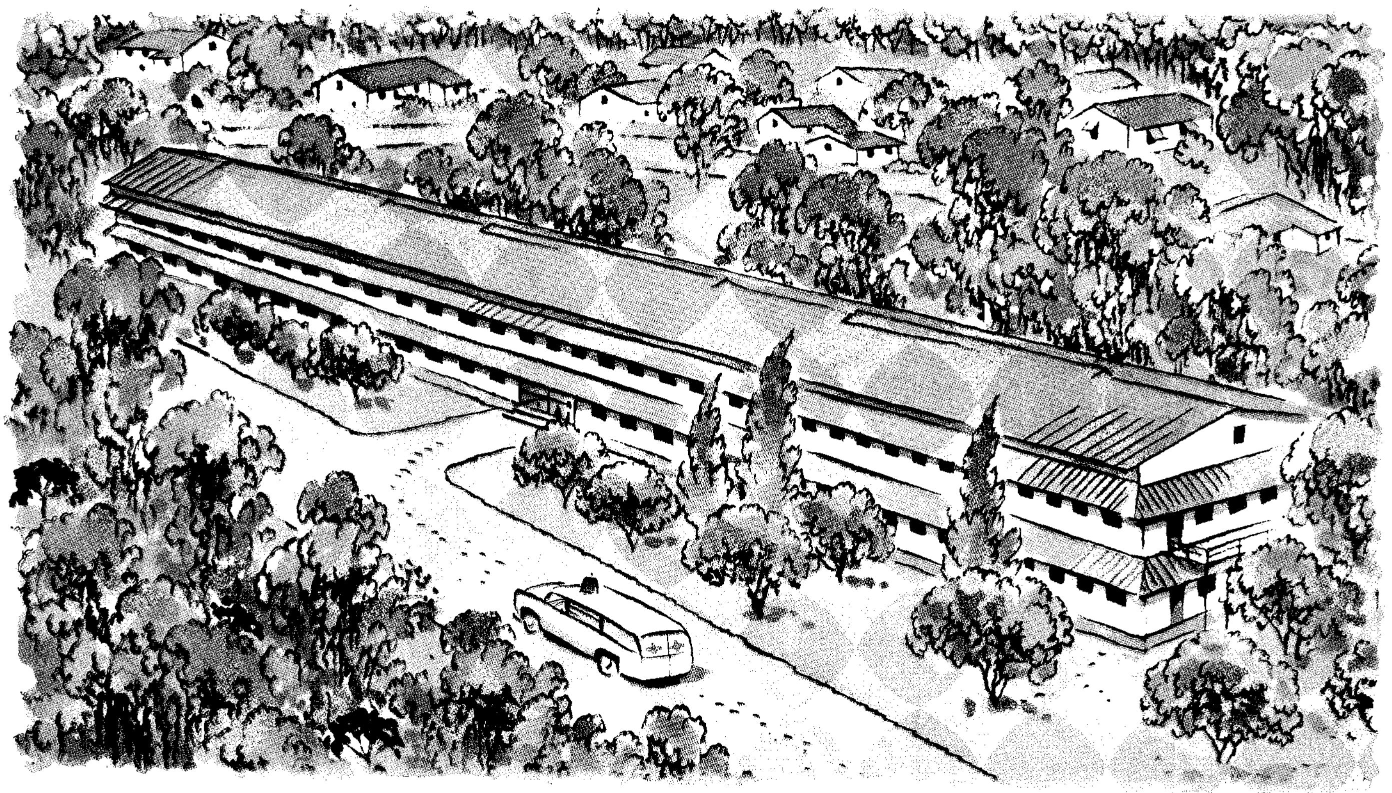

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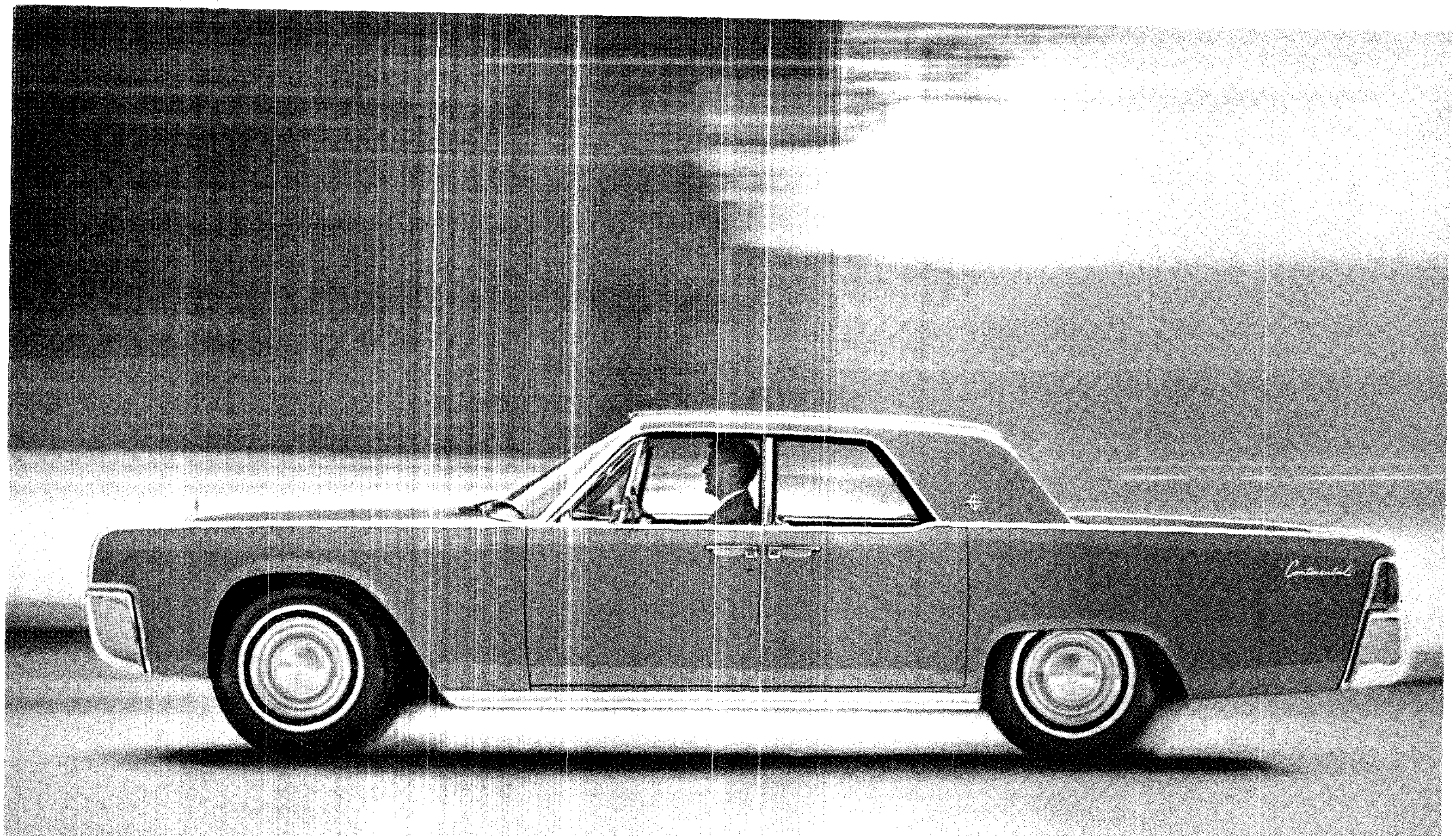

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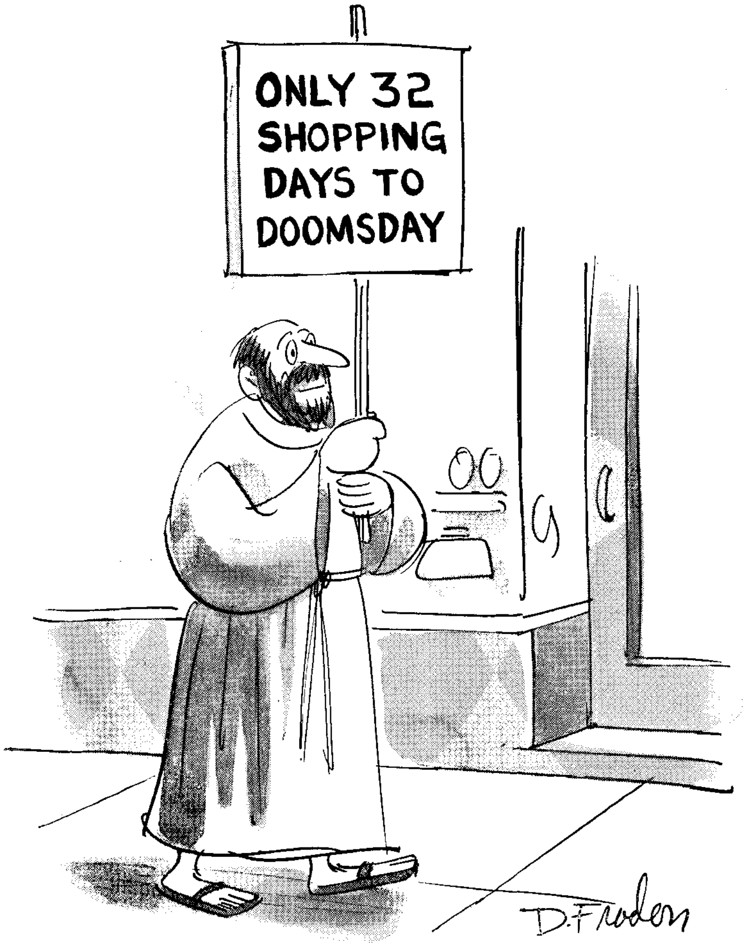
THE THEATRE

MUSIC PRACTICALLY ALL AROUND

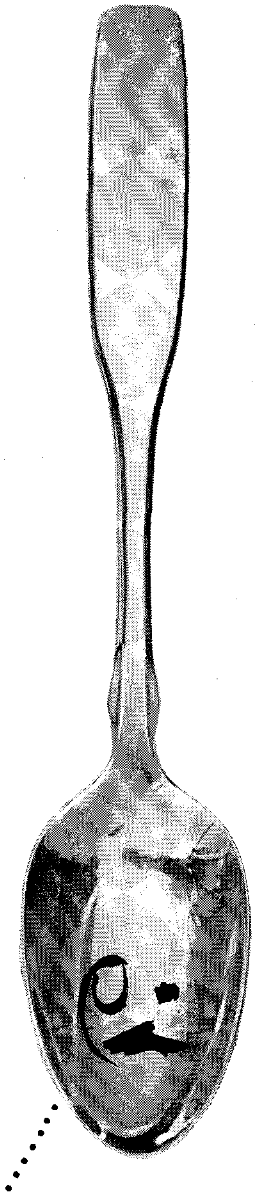
THREE examples of the musicals that are due to loom large on Broadway this season were unveiled last week, and I'd like to begin with some observations on the entry I found most tolerable.

My Musical No. 1 is at the Forty-sixth Street, and is called "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." It has a book by Abe Burrows, Jack Weinstock, and Willie Gilbert, and music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. Based on a satirical how-to book by Shepherd Mead, "How to Succeed, etc." tells the tale of a window-washer who discovers a paperback full of Machiavellian advice about getting along in the business world and who follows instructions so unwaveringly that he is soon making quite a reputation as an up-and-coming lad at the World Wide Wickets Company. Although Mr. Burrows, who not only collaborated on the adaptation but also directed the piece, and Mr. Loesser are redoubtable musical-comedy men, they let a bit of time elapse in their current offering before they bring it into comic and satiric focus. In the early scenes, Burrows, Loesser, and associates dawdle along spoofing the coffee-break rite and conformity in the white-collar set. But then comes a rowdy number entitled "A Secretary Is Not a Toy," and things begin to look up, and soon after that we have Robert Morse, in the role of our tricky hero, and Rudy Vallée, in the role of the president of World Wide Wickets, lining out "Grand Old Ivy," which purports to be the anthem of Mr. Vallée's alma mater. The show is now starting to jump, but before we go into that, let us pause to admire Mr. Vallée. With only a pince-nez as a prop, he can summon up the perfect stuffed shirt (always a little carnal when he gets out of harness), and when he raises his voice in song, he does a most authoritative parody of the vagabond lover he invented—maybe with a secret chuckle—a good while back. I wasn't certain at first that Mr. Morse was going to appeal to me as much, since he is given to all sorts of writhings, grimaces, and contortions, which tended to unnerve me, but he's a boy who grows on you, and when, in an executive washroom, he comes right out and murmurs melodically to his image, "I Believe in You," he becomes likable in a fresh, deceitful, unreliable, absolutely egomaniacal way.

Everybody functioning as part of the World Wide Wickets outfit, from the personnel manager (Paul Reed) to the president's nephew and scourge of the mailroom (Charles Nelson Reilly), and from our hero's secretarial sweetheart (Bonnie Scott) to her office chum (Claudette Sutherland), contributes tellingly to the proceedings, and Virginia Martin, as Hedy La Rue, Mr. Vallée's lissome reminder of his vagabond days, is a remarkable girl any way you look at her. The choreography of the musical, by Hugh Lambert, is excellent; so is the staging of the production numbers, by Bob Fosse.



MUSICAL No. 2, at the Eugene O'Neill, is "Let It Ride," based on "Three Men on a Horse," which John Cecil Holm and George Abbott put together almost three decades ago. That admirable comedy, about the diffident little greeting-card versifier who makes a hobby of picking winning horses but not betting on them and who is eventually taken in hand by a clutch of hoodlums badly in need of a reliable handicapper, spread a lot of cheer in the bleak days of the depression. I'm not so sure, though, that "Let It Ride" is going to have anything like the same effect in these modern days, which are, of course, even bleaker. The trouble is, I guess, that when you pile all the trappings of musical comedy on a solid, straightforward funny play, it's odds on that you're going to kill the poor thing with gaudy and empty kindness. At any rate, what with songs, dances, and girls, girls, girls, the nice simplicity of the "Three Men on a Horse" theme goes by the board in "Let It Ride," and we are left with an entertainment whose rewards, such as they are, constantly diminish in the course of the evening. Apart from the fact that the book, by Abram S. Ginnes—with some additional material by Ronny Graham—is somewhat shaky, the piece is handicapped by the performance of George Gobel as the hippophiliac versifier. Mr. Gobel, who is a diverting fellow on television, never remotely suggests that he could be the shy, occult, and lovable Erwin Trowbridge whom Mr. Holm and Mr. Abbott devised as their hero. On the other hand, Sam Levene, who was a member of the original cast of "Three Men on a Horse," is wholly admirable as the leader of the gangsters who move in on Erwin, and Larry Alpert and Albert Linville are amusing as his gangland subordi-



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nates. Among the others on view are Barbara Nichols, as Mr. Levene's well-contoured plaything; Harold Gary, as a long-suffering bartender; Paula Stewart, as Erwin's sweetheart; and Ted Thurston and Stanley Simmonds, as a couple of comic cops. They are all competent, and some of them can sing, which is more than you can say for Mr. Gobel, who from time to time makes a hash of the music and lyrics provided by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans. "Let It Ride" was directed quite vigorously by Stanley Prager and has run-of-the-mill choreography by Onna White.

MUSICAL No. 3, at the Martin Beck, is an enterprise called "Milk and Honey," and it has a good deal of earthy bounce and a parcel of pleasant songs as well. Unfortunately, though, it is no longer on wit or invention than "Let It Ride." The action of the play is centered on Israel, where eight Jewish widows from the United States are touring about with a weather eye out for likely matrimonial prospects. Six of the eight are soon shuffled into the background, which leaves us with an ebullient type, played by Molly Picon, and a reflective type, played by Mimi Benzell. While Miss Picon is dashing about Israel hoping against hope that she will find a successor to her late lamented, Miss Benzell is making very good time with a rich, upstanding Baltimore businessman (Robert Weede) who is visiting his daughter, the wife of an Israeli. The trouble is that the businessman has a wife, who doesn't want to divorce him, even though they haven't lived together for years. Now, here we have a nice dilemma: should our heroine live in sin with her beloved—she has been assured that such arrangements are common in Israel—or should she go home and settle down among her souvenirs of a loveless first marriage? Running in tandem with this problem is one involving the businessman's daughter, who is getting pretty sick of being a farmer's helpmeet in a section as arid as any in Israel and is about ready to head back to the soft life in the U.S.A. The predicaments of these ladies will hardly keep you on the edge of your chair, but they are only fitfully intrusive, since a good deal of the elapsed time of "Milk and Honey" is taken up with crowds of natives kicking up a folk-dance storm. Besides folk dancing, another favorite occupation of the Israelis on view is gymnastic maneuvers, which they go in for with an enthusiasm that a graduating class at Vic Tanny's might envy. Among the songs you might like are

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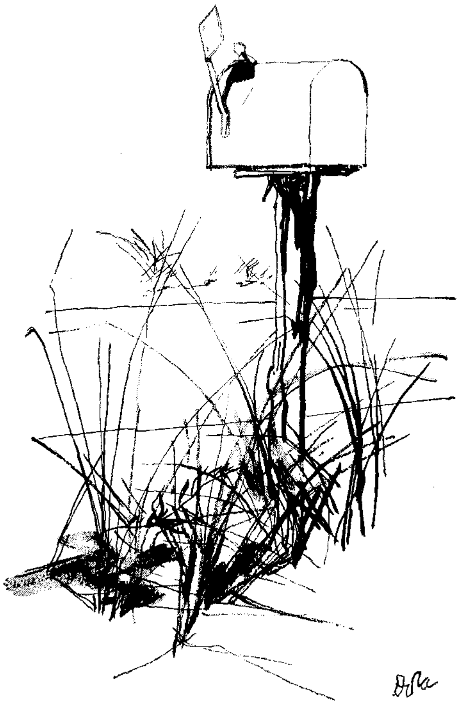
"Shalom," "Milk and Honey," "That Was Yesterday," and "I Will Follow You." Tommy Rall, who portrays the businessman's Israeli son-in-law, delivers the last of these in splendid style, and he also does an impressive solo ballet turn revealing his anguish at the thought of leaving the land he loves in order to be near his discontented wife. Both Miss Benzell and Mr. Weede are in fine voice throughout, and Miss Picon livens things up a bit by turning an occasional cart wheel. The music and lyrics were written by Jerry Herman, and Don Appell is responsible for the book. For those among you who are fond of dumb animals, three sheep and a nanny goat are introduced in the course of the proceedings. The goat is actually milked onstage by Mr. Weede. He should be credited with bravery above and beyond the call of duty.

WHEN I discovered that a character listed as Mr. Tanner in the program of "Everybody Loves Opal," at the Longacre, is a cat, I settled back in my seat firmly convinced that waves of whimsey were about to engulf me. As it turned out, this didn't quite happen, even though the comedy, by John Patrick, is awfully arch at times. It has to do with a dilapidated spinster who lives, with the cat, in a noisome fleabag that she inherited from her family. Although she has no human companionship and has to work her fingers to the bone collecting junk in order to sustain herself, this lady, who is the Opal of the title, is full of an all-embracing love for her fellow-man. She is also full of some



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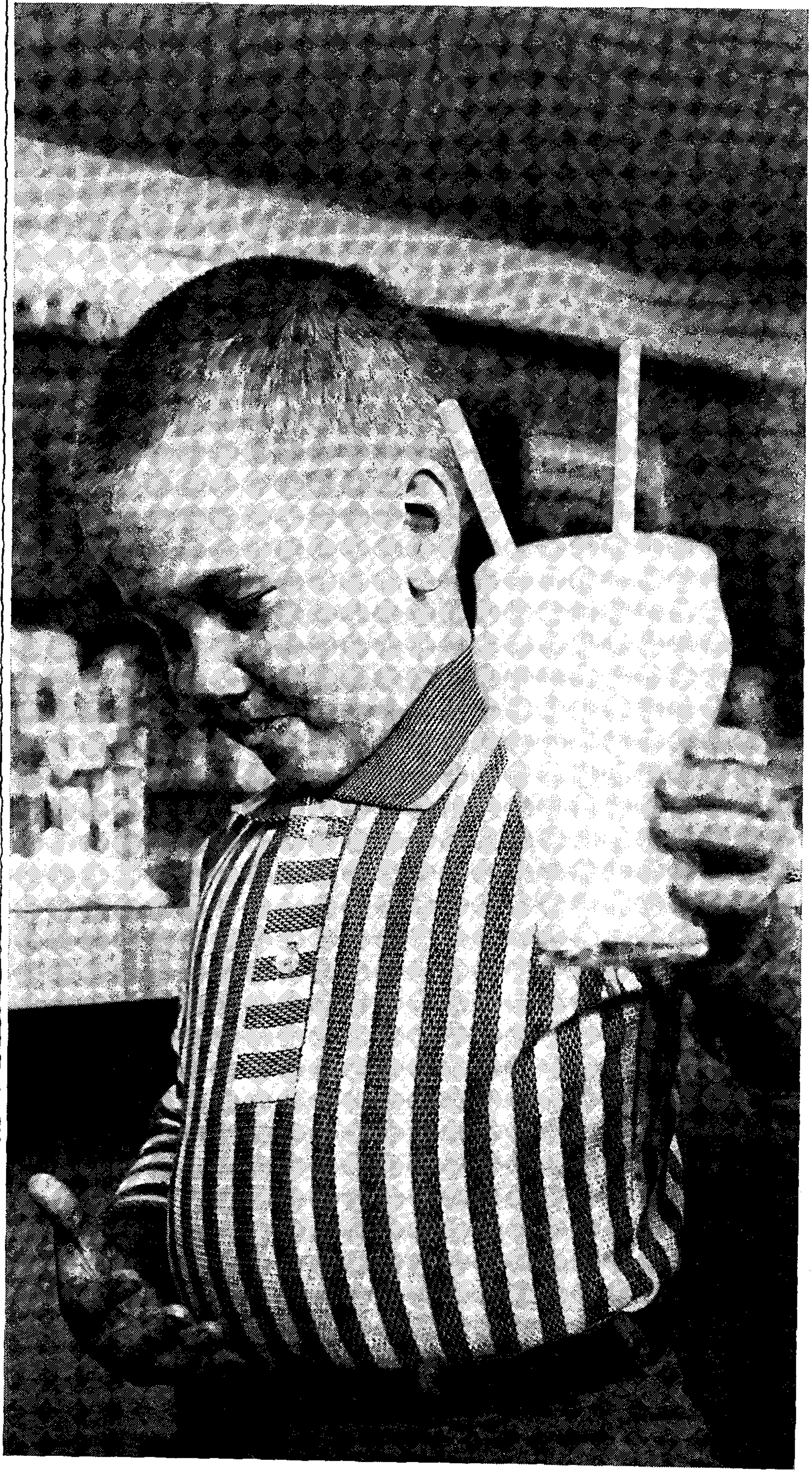

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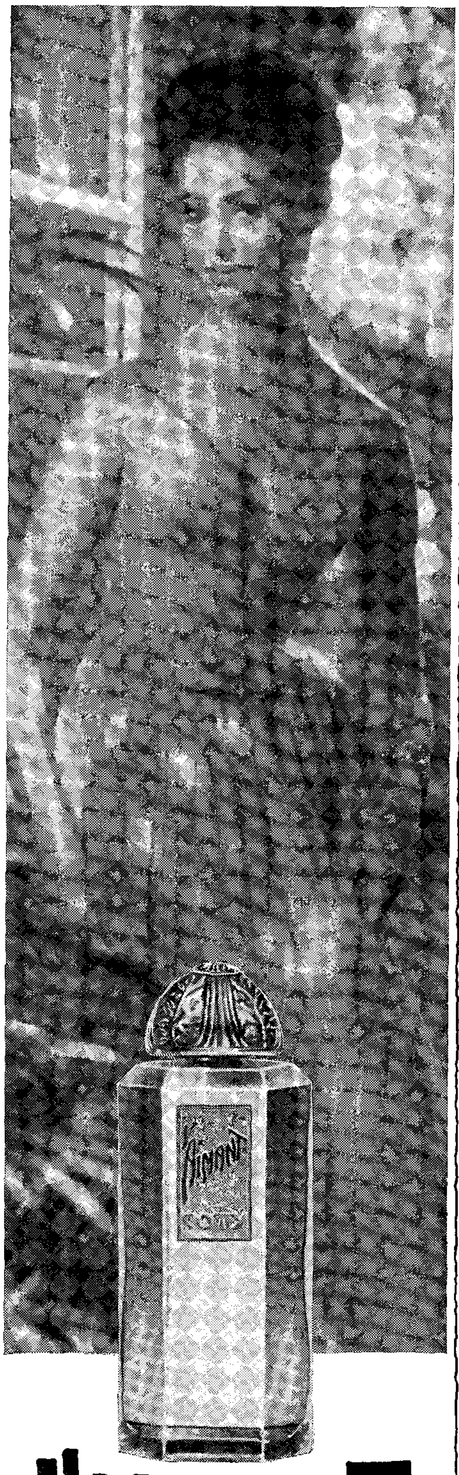
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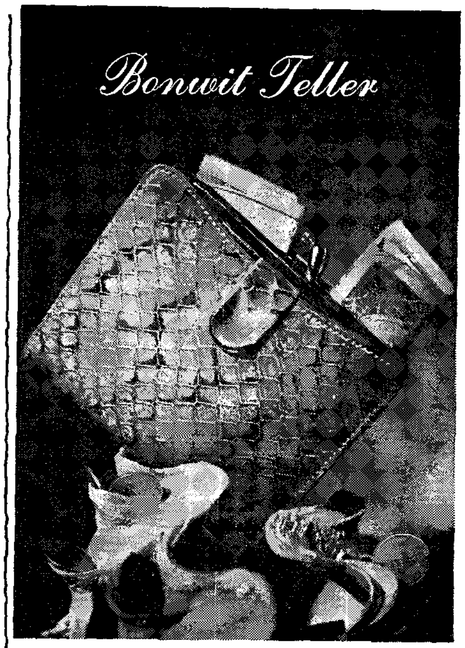
pretty wheezy wisecracks. Into her life three sinister characters—two male, one female—presently stumble. Right away, these knaves get to thinking that it would be a good idea to insure the old girl in their favor and then knock her off. The female of the group tries to dispatch dear Opal by arranging (let's not go into detail about this) to have the ceiling of the old mansion crash down around her ears. When the scheme doesn't work, the wicked female begins to feel remorseful, and when her companions start plotting to run over Opal, she begs them to desist. It isn't hard to figure out that with each attempt at murder another member of the trio is going to get religion, so there really isn't much in the way of suspense. However, Eileen Heckart gives a fine lunatic performance as the imperilled lady, and Stubby Kaye, Brenda Vaccaro, and Donald Harron are fairly diverting as the would-be killers. The play has an ingenious set by Jo Mielziner, and was directed by Cyril Ritchard, who has kept all hands properly agitated. —JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

The View from Adelphi Terrace

THE revival of "Misalliance" that has been running at the Sheridan Square for several weeks is as merry as can be, and there is no reason to skip it just because you saw that other dandy revival at the City Center in 1953. It moves briskly and never lets down, every comedy point being made lightly and without a fumble. The company, rather than any actor in it, is the star, which means, I guess, that the director, Philip Minor, is the star. Any fresh new production is bound to turn up a new play, and this time "Misalliance" seemed to me to be a kind of high-class minstrel show in whiteface. The friends and family of Mr. Tarleton, the rich underwear manufacturer, sit around drinking tea or whatever; two people start arguing or conversing or swapping wisecracks; everyone else goes off; the conversers finish; everyone comes back; and a new pair tangle. There is, as I needn't remind you, plenty of action, too. Some of it is startling, but all of it, I think, is for purposes of demonstration. Among the many topics that Shaw takes up are the man who is all brains, nerves, and breeding vs. the natural, or physical, man; sentimental notions about women vs. the truth about women; appropriate feelings vs. real ones; and, above all, the impossibility of two generations' getting



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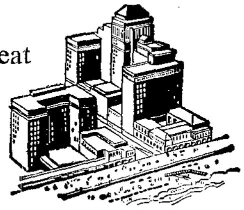
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through to each other. The idea in each case is to break the topic open, let the light and air in, roll it up, and throw it away.

As Tarleton, Donald Moffat does not dominate the proceedings, as Barry Jones did at the City Center, but he is exactly right; besides, a stronger performance might have put everything out of scale. Frances Sternhagen is not quite my idea of Hypatia—too blond, too perky, and a little too mature—but she certainly never lets Shaw down. Her "Papa, buy the brute for me" is one of the most exhilarating lines in comedy, and she delivers it with conviction and joy. As "the brute," who literally descends from the sky (in an aviator's rig), Wayne Tippit is O.K. Lidia Prochnicka, as the Polish lady acrobat who comes down with him, is magnetic and funny, and Emery Battis is very good as Lord Summerhays. Edward Burbidge's 1910 set is amusing and serviceable for this little theatre-in-the-clipped-oval.

A couple of afterthoughts: Perhaps Shaw's major contribution to the position of women on and off the stage was the parts he wrote for actresses—no wonder they adored him. "Misalliance" kept reminding me (though it never has before) of "Heartbreak House;" both examine the well-to-do English family at HQ—at home in the country. Anyway, if "Heartbreak House" is genius at work, then "Misalliance" is genius at play. It is Shaw's best kind of serious fooling.

—Edith Oliver

•

Two Devonshire exchange numbers listed in testimony today before the Senate Rackets Committee were called by a Globe reporter. The first number was answered by a sultry-voiced woman who merely said, "Hello, hello?"

The second number was then called immediately and the same woman answered, "Hello, hello?"

This means that both numbers, although different, had to be in the same room.
—*Boston Globe.*

Oh, no, it doesn't. We knew a sultry-voiced woman once, and she could run like a rabbit.

•

Vatican City, Sept 6 (AP)—A postage stamp series commemorating the death of St. Patrick, patron saint of Asian women in civil law, will be the chief topic of a 24-country seminar here Jan. 31-Feb. 12.
—*Tucson Arizona Daily Star.*

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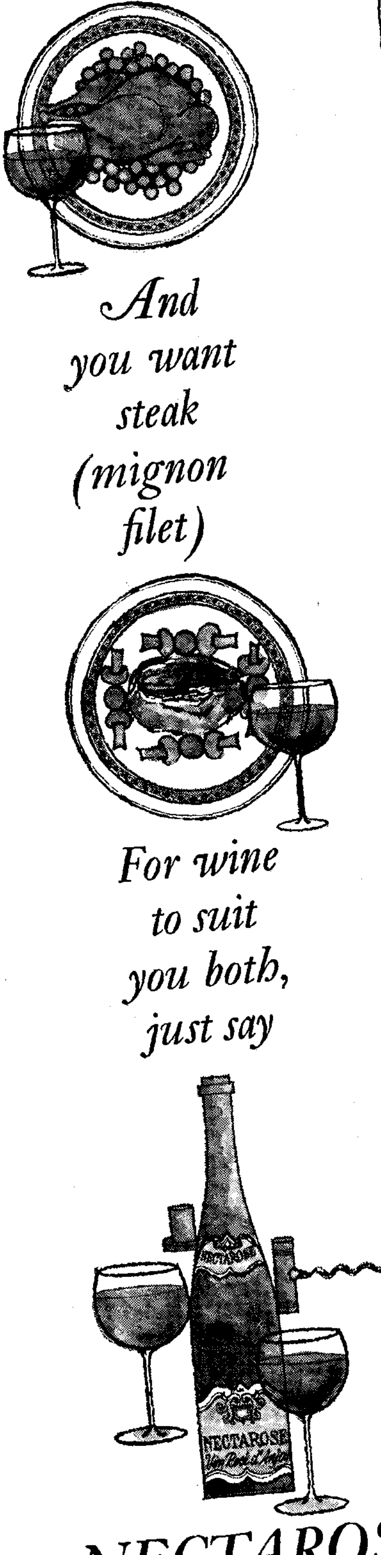
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FOOTBALL

Age of Unreason

IT was, in general, a cold and rainy Saturday that we were offered last weekend, but though the weather can serve as an explanation for several of the great many things that went wrong—the dropping of balls that were easy catches, the tumblings of runners who were never touched by a tackler—it just won't do as an explanation for the rest. Let us take Yale, as doughty little Columbia did (11–0). Since sports began, it has been the privilege of left-handed pitchers to throw wild in cool, damp weather, and Leckonby, who for two years has been a trustworthy left-handed passer for Yale, made full use of the privilege against Columbia. And occasionally the rest of the Yale backfield, perhaps because it was constantly being altered, appeared to be participating in a pre-Broadway tryout of "All Fall Down." The Columbia back yard, clearly unaware of the poor weather, was crisply and efficiently organized, though, and Vasell and Warren and O'Connor and Butts—the last a young man previously almost unheard of—took many an advantage of the support afforded them by Columbia's first-string line. This line, which has few spare parts, enjoyed the smog; instead of wilting in unseasonable heat, as it did against Princeton the weekend before, it grew perkier as the afternoon grew gloomier. Speaking of Princeton, it seems to me that Butts was the one who last year beat Princeton's freshman team by catching a pass in its end zone while reclining on his back.

It is not easy to draw up a report card on Yale. A number of the performers who did so well for it a year ago are absent now, but a reasonably hard core of the others is still around, and a number of good new ones have been added. Yet against Columbia, its first real opponent of the fall, the team was bent on self-destruction. Its first drive was spoiled by penalty trouble, and so were two of Leckonby's elegant punts; Columbia's move for the one touchdown of the match was helped along by two more penalties. There was also quite a bit of impromptu ball-juggling. After the players get to know one another (and the book of rules) a bit better, it

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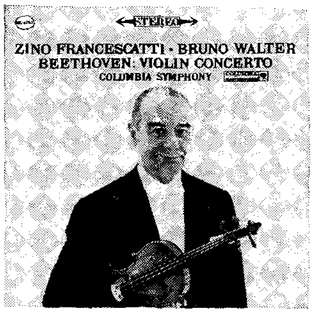
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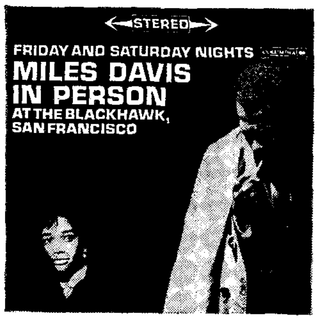
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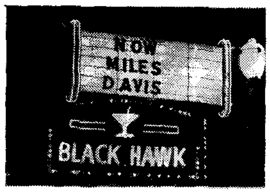
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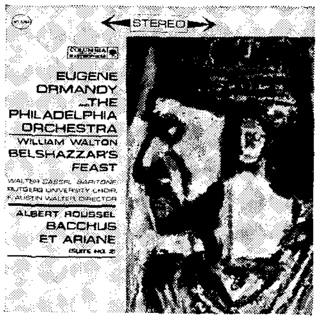
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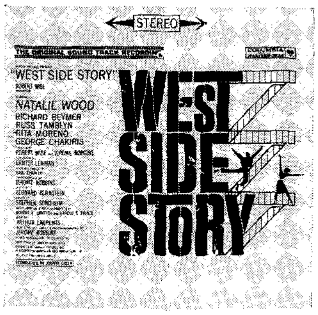
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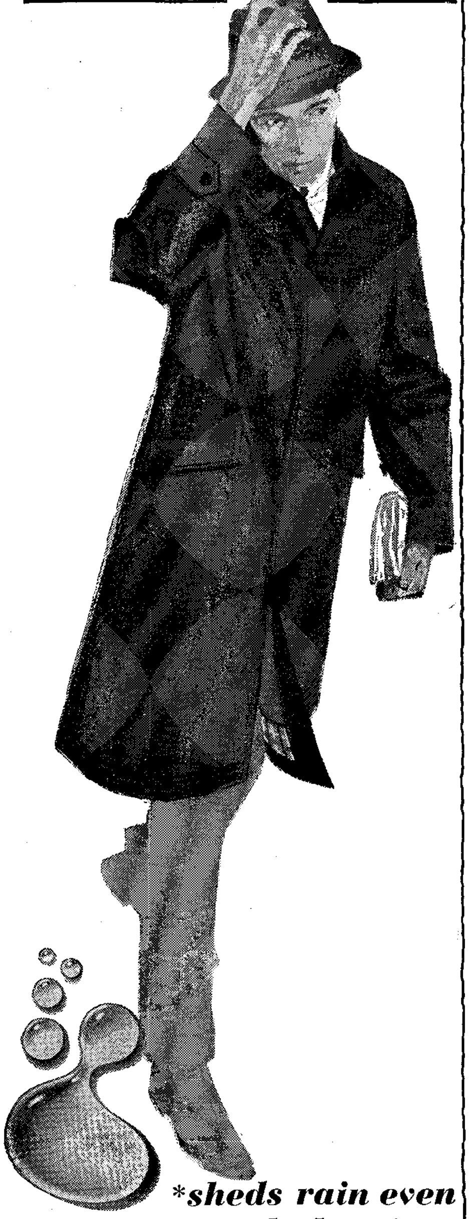

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should be possible to have a less fluid opinion of the team. The most noticeable newcomer on the squad is Niglio, the showy tailback of last year's freshman team. A sturdily constructed player, Niglio is a ballcarrier of an old-fashioned type not often encountered now in the Ivy League—the type that believes a straight line to be the shortest distance, even when it leads through an impossibly narrow defile between members of the other team. It is a sight indeed to watch him gather speed, disappear into a thicket of friend and foe, emerge on the other side (often knocked staggeringly off balance by his rough passage, in the course of which his jersey has been clutched to shreds), and stumble on for more valuable yards before an enemy outrider finally shoots him down. Once, on three successive taps at that admirable Columbia line, he moved the ball forward a total of thirty yards.

PRINCETON'S performance against Pennsylvania (Princeton 9, Penn 3) was equally without tangible reason. All the players who had been bruised in the previous week's match with Columbia, including the redoubtable Terpack, were again serviceable, but Penn, as everyone must have heard by now, barely missed tying or beating Princeton at the very last moment. Cornell's performance against Navy, as difficult an opponent as any Ivy League team will come up against this year, was generous to a fault, like Yale's against Columbia, and what must have been a good team at the beginning of the season came almost completely unglued (Navy 31, Cornell 7). Navy, even without last year's Bellino, must be husky enough to handle any Ivy League team even at its best, but it should be pointed out that visitors of no more than moderate means (Rutgers, say) no longer have serious difficulties with the Ivy League, and that a team of almost no means at all (Colgate) had no difficulty at all in bowling over Harvard, 15–0, only a week after Harvard had looked—for it—practically Phi Beta Kappa in bowling over a Cornell team that was considerably stronger than the one that went up against Navy.

THE New Haven Plan, for reconstructing the downtown part of that city, involves discontinuing those buses that took you straight from the railway station to Yale Bowl. It is said to be not true, though, that the Plan also involves tearing down Yale for a parking lot. —J. W. L.

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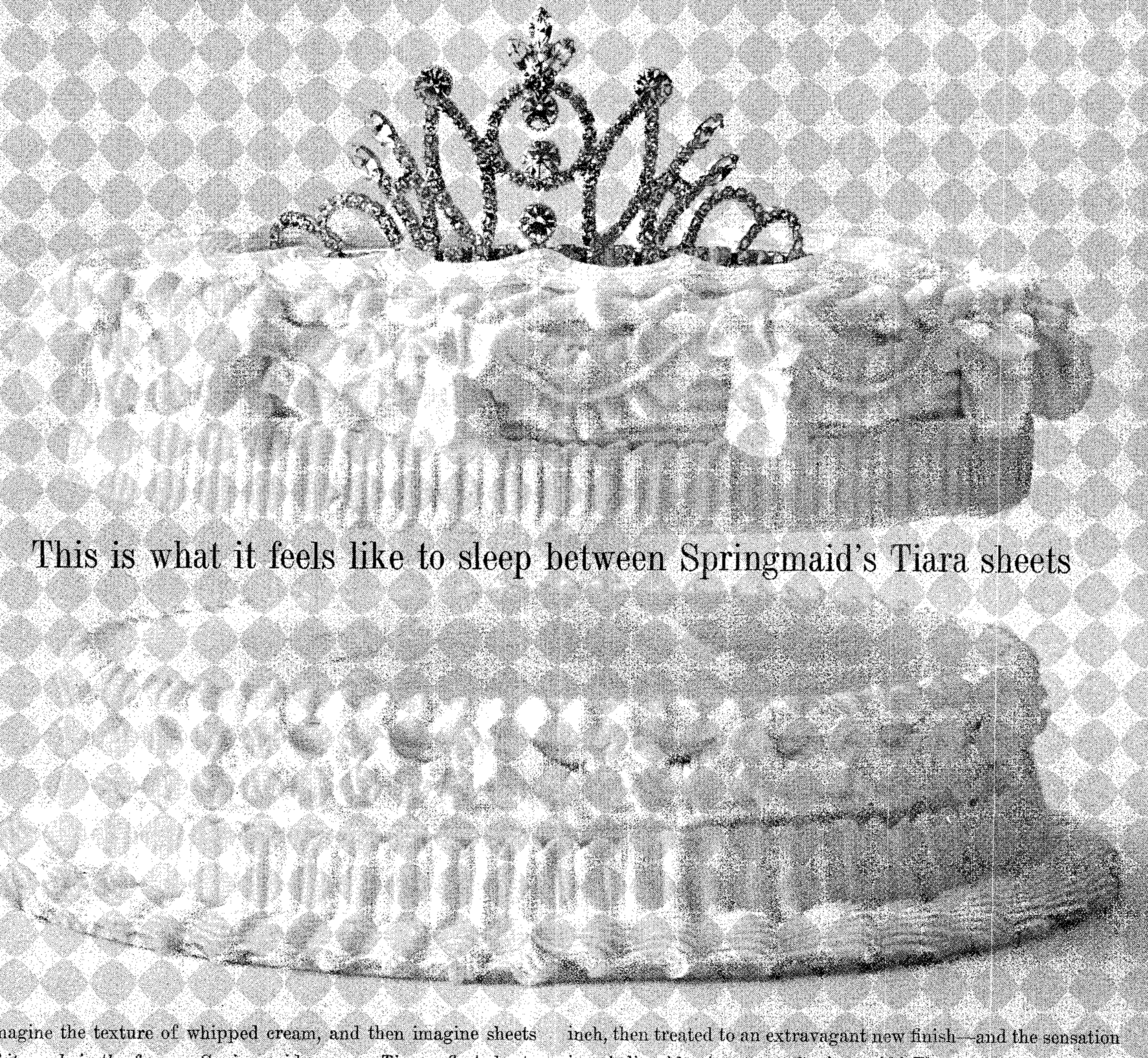

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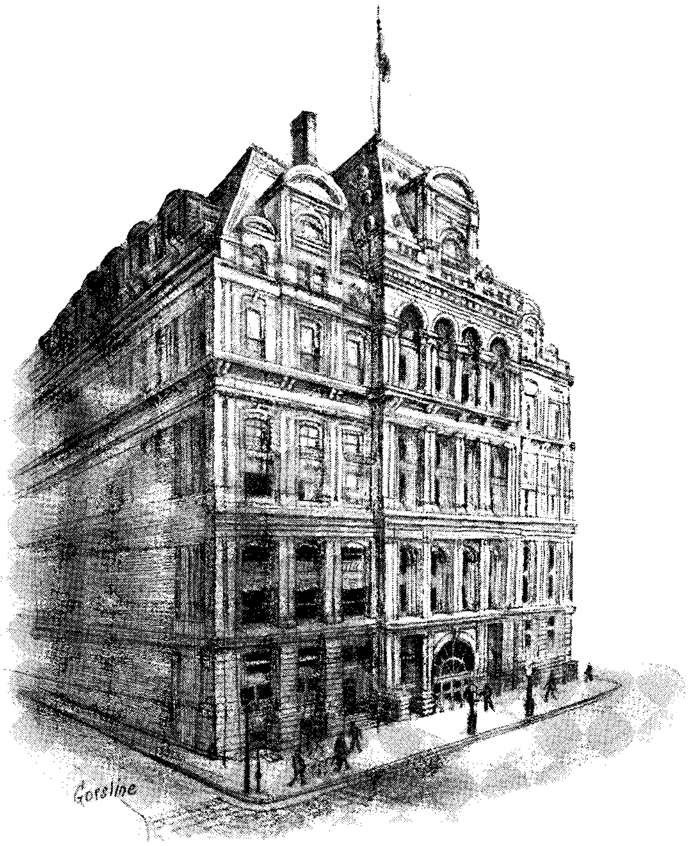
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

BUILDING FOR GLORY

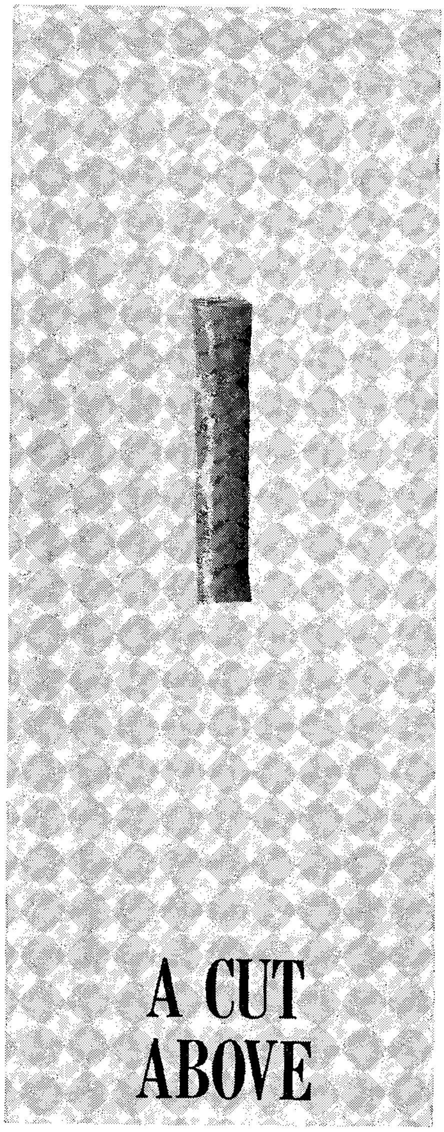


SKYSCRAPER office buildings have recently been thrusting upward in such profusion in this city that dignitaries presiding over the standard construction rites—ground-breaking, cornerstone-laying, topping off, and so on—have had to resort to some fancy rhetorical bobbing and weaving in order to come up with something new in the way of suitable hyperbole for each occasion. At one such ceremony a couple of years ago, involving a Lucite time capsule destined for a niche in the main lobby of the new headquarters of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, at 1285 Sixth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, Mayor Wagner scarcely mentioned the building itself but instead extolled the good citizenship of the Society's employees, who were going to occupy it. Since the time-capsule ceremony, which was held in a tent across the street from the construction site, shared the spotlight with the celebration of Equitable's centennial, and some two thousand agents, actuaries, and other members of the company's table of organization were present, the audience considered the Mayor's words well chosen. Not even the members of the Equitable building committee took exception to the absence of flattering remarks about the design of their company's latest headquarters, the sixth in its hundred-and-two-year history, possibly because the design was so innocent of architectural innovations as to make the standard panegyric all but impossible. A forty-two-story, fifty-eight-million-dollar glass-and-aluminum monolith, the last of whose occupants moved in three weeks ago, the structure is built on such commonplace contemporary lines that at a block's distance it is practically indistinguishable from the Time-Life Building, on the block just south of it.

Forty-seven years ago, when Equitable's fourth headquarters was going up, at 120 Broadway, each new skyscraper was a symbol of manifest destiny soaring heavenward, and thus was such a focus of popular excitement that cornerstone-laying orators did not have to scratch around for something original to say; one and all could easily make do with the doctrine of the higher the better. (“ ‘Skyward, Ho!,’ not ‘Westward, Ho!’ is now the cry of the capitalist,” a writer for the *Tribune* observed.) And whereas only a few people not affiliated with Equitable paused to hear what Mayor Wagner wasn't saying at 1285 Sixth Avenue, a dozen mounted policemen were needed to hold back the crowds that swarmed to the cornerstone-laying at 120 Broadway, on April 29, 1914, to hear assorted speakers tick off superlatives about the building. An indubitable skyscraper of forty stories, it was the largest in the world (forty acres of rentable floor space); it was the heaviest (33,000 tons of steel, not to mention the weight of a record-breaking mortgage, amounting to $20,500,000); it occupied the most expensive plot (worth $13,500,000); it could accommodate the largest daytime population (15,000); it had the most elevators (sixty-three); and its cornerstone was the first in history to be cemented into place by the city's foremost official—the mayor. This was John Purroy Mitchel, who, solid-silver trowel in hand, hailed the rise of the building as “a notable incident in the history of the city” and, with a nod to the city planning committees that, even then, were agitating for a municipal construction code to discourage the repetition of such incidents, added that it would probably be the last of Manhattan's skyscrapers. If he had been right, today's architectural students would be confronted with a case of almost unbearable historical tidiness, for it was this building's immediate predecessor on the site—also an Equitable Building, a seven-story one, opened in 1870—that, by virtue of being the first office building in the world to be equipped with a passenger elevator, touched off the era of the skyscraper.

THOUGH by 1870 the passenger elevator was overdue as part of an office building's facilities, what now appears to have been the inevitable next step in the march of progress was delayed. Somebody was needed who would give history a shove. The somebody turned out to be Henry Baldwin Hyde, who, while still in his middle teens, had come to Manhattan from the hamlet of Catskill, New York, a hundred miles up the Hudson, about the same time that his father gave up the postmastership there and became a travelling agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company, then in its eighth year. After working a couple of years as a drygoods salesman, young Hyde followed his father into the Mutual Company, where he was taken on as a clerk and was soon promoted to cashier. He kept this job until 1859, when, at the age of twenty-five, he quit to found his own insurance firm, the Equitable, in a second-floor-rear room at 98 Broadway, near Pine Street. Already word was making the rounds downtown that here was a young man to keep an eye on.

In the years immediately following



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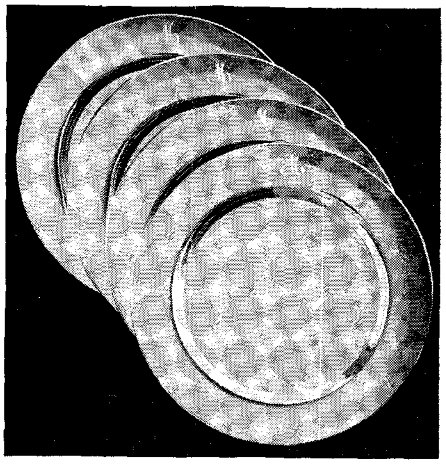
the Civil War, Manhattan's financial district—crowded, as it always has been, onto the island's southerly tip, with only one direction to expand in horizontally—was for the most part made up of row upon row of four- and five-story buildings. "Insignificant and mean," a *Harper's Monthly* critic called them. Lately, some gaudy replicas of Renaissance *palazzi* had been run up on lower Broadway by some of the town's leading drygoods merchants, but even these rarely rose above the five-story mark. In any event, Manhattan's lawyers, bankers, and stockbrokers frowned on such retail capers, however modest, and continued to conduct their affairs on the ground floors of houses, usually owned by their firms, that were much like the uptown brownstones they went home to at night. The upper stories of these places of business were rented out cheaply to *arrivistes* in the financial community, who, as they rose in the world, descended at a corresponding pace toward the choicer and more expensive quarters at street level. When a ground-floor firm found its business really flourishing, it would expand sidewise, knocking passages through the walls of the adjacent structures, and sometimes this process would go on, through house after house, until an entire block front of buildings had been drawn together into one intricate warren, though their appearance from the street remained unchanged.

This architectural pattern found its justification solely in the limitations of what the *Architectural Record* once called "the power of ascension of the unassisted human leg." At any time during the previous five thousand years, a competent construction company could have put up a fifteen-story building, although, lacking today's structural steel, its lower walls would have had to be eight or ten feet thick to support the weight of the upper floors. Indeed, many an equivalent structure was built, from the Great Pyramid of Giza to the Cathedral of Ulm, the essential difference being that nobody but an occasional slave or miserable bell ringer was expected to ascend regularly into the upper reaches. The birth of the new world of perpendicular living was delayed over the centuries merely by the lack of some means by which human beings could be transported up and down in comfort, style, and safety. As far back as 1853, Peter Cooper considered these means so inevitable that he included a round elevator shaft, extending from basement to roof, in his plans for Cooper Union. (The shaft is



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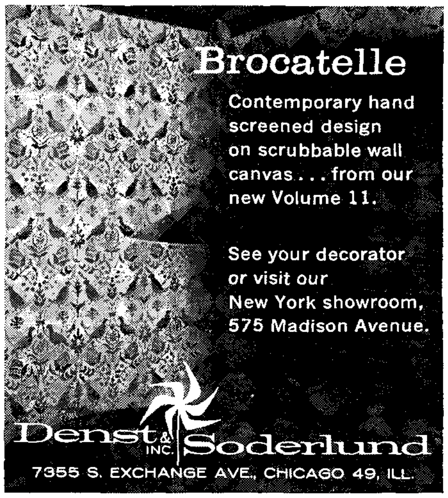

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in use today, but the elevator in it is square.) For many years prior to Cooper's visionary design, freight elevators of various sorts had been commonplace, but they were regarded as unfit for mortal man, because if a cable gave way there was nothing to prevent them from plummeting to the cellar. The contrivance that made all the difference was the inspiration of Elisha G. Otis, a master mechanic in a Yonkers bedstead factory, who in 1852 patented an automatic clamping device that would lock the car in its shaft if a cable snapped. Encouraged by an order from a freight-handling concern for two of his clamps, Otis abandoned the bedstead factory and, in September of 1853, set up a plant, also in Yonkers, equipped to manufacture what he called his "safety hoister." When eight months later he had made not one further sale, he took to demonstrating his invention at the Crystal Palace Exposition, then going on in what is now Bryant Park. All summer long, he rode up and down on an open platform in the skeleton of a three-story shaft while at intervals an assistant cut the cable with an axe to prove to goggling crowds that the safety hoister lived up to its name.

But, by and large, goggling crowds don't buy safety hoisters, and it wasn't until three years later that the mechanism moved out of the sideshow category and got the kind of workout Otis had intended it for—in a five-story building being put up by E. V. Haughwout & Co., importers of French glass, at Broadway and Broome Street. By then, Otis had begun calling his hoister an "elevator"—certainly a more fitting term for Haughwout's elegant new installation, of which one camera-eyed reporter wrote, "It is domed overhead with skylights, ventilators, and chandeliers supplied with illuminating gas through a flexible tube; below, richly carpeted, with a large mirror and luxurious sofas around three sides. The sides and domes overhead are finished throughout with panels, pilasters, brackets, carvings, and moulding in richly variegated colors of birdseye maple, French walnut, tulipwood, and ebony, lighted up with chaste and appropriate touches of gilding." Since the top speed of this splendid conveyance, propelled by a small steam engine, was only forty feet a minute, the sofas may well have been installed as much for utility as for luxury. "What that elevator's pace was there is no word mean enough to describe," one of its first passengers grumbled some years later. After duly considering the alternative, however, the

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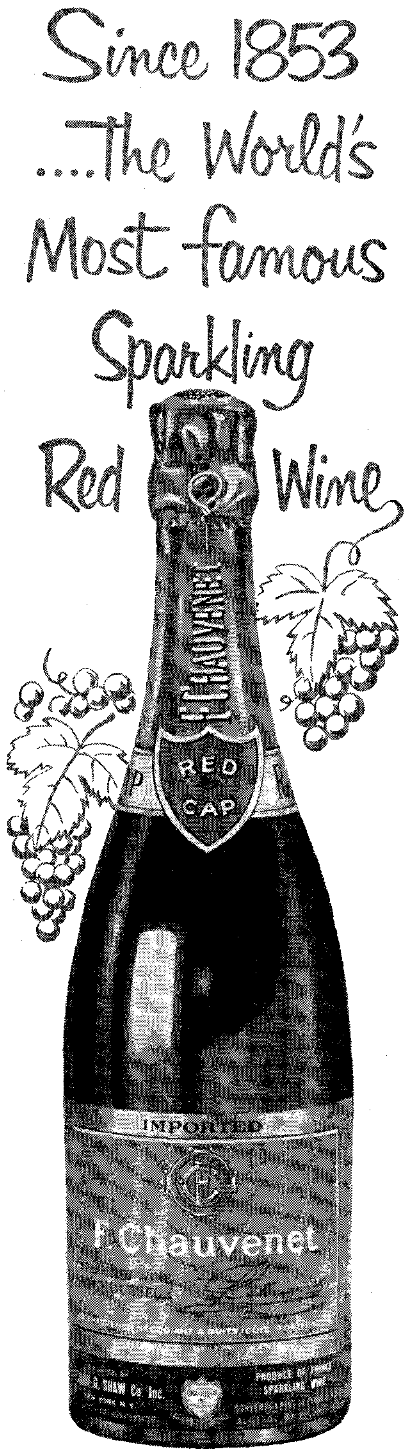

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management of the towering new six-story Fifth Avenue Hotel put in an elevator in 1859, setting a precedent that several other local hotels and some department stores followed during the next few years.

Assisted though the human leg now was, the New York skyline remained substantially unaltered for more than a decade after the Haughwout innovation. The buildings newly endowed with elevators continued to squat shoulder to shoulder with their more primitive neighbors, their owners being dead set against the folly of adding an extra story or two, which no solvent tenant would think of renting; meanwhile, some of the leading bankers and lawyers in the financial district, cheek by jowl in their converted-brownstone offices, were seriously discussing the possibility that the Stock Exchange would have to pull up stakes and resettle a few miles to the north, for lack of enough lower-floor office space downtown. At this point, as if on cue, Henry Hyde came striding along lower Broadway, saw the implications of Otis's invention, and saved the Exchange the trouble.

"Tall as a pine," in the words of one of his contemporaries, Hyde had an exceptionally large head, a Roman nose, a deeply cleft chin, dense black hair, lush mutton-chop whiskers, fierce, overhanging eyebrows, and extraordinarily piercing eyes—natural endowments that he enhanced by his dress and bearing to make himself a study in urban elegance. It was probably his appearance as much as anything else that won him the confidence of some of the more settled members of the community. At any rate, fifty-two of them, including seventeen who were members of the Reverend Dr. James W. Alexander's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, agreed to serve on the board of directors of his new Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. Since no amount of poise and sophistication could conceal the fact that he was only in his twenties, he allayed fears about his youth among potential customers by staying more or less behind the scenes during Equitable's early years, while William C. Alexander, a brother of the rector, served as president. As for Hyde's character and ability, the magazine *World's Work* declared in an article appearing a few years after his death, in 1899, that "modern life insurance, both in its methods and character, is a direct result of the energy and fertility of the late Henry B. Hyde," adding, before readers could bare their heads in respect, that "he was as honest and sin-

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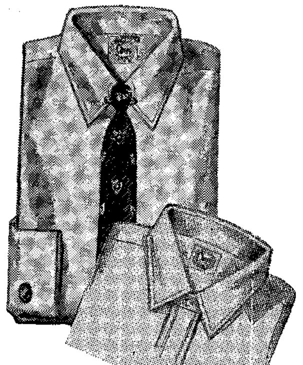

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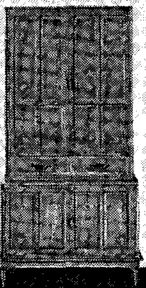

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cere as P. T. Barnum." And, indeed, there was more than a touch of the carnival showman in Hyde's method of establishing himself in the first Equitable office. In terms of rental values, these quarters weren't the best that could be had for the money he was paying (seventy-five dollars a month), but on the other hand they were directly above those of his former employer, Mutual, and despite the fact that his single-room office was in the rear of the building, he negotiated an agreement with the landlord that permitted him to nail a sign across the entire façade proclaiming the presence within of the headquarters of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Whether by this means or by various others, Hyde's upstart company enjoyed such a success that before the year was out he was able to move it—and his sign—to larger accommodations, on the second floor of 92 Broadway, half a block to the south. It may be assumed that Mutual did not altogether begrudge him his prosperity.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, insurance companies were only just beginning to make some headway against a tradition that ownership of a life-insurance policy implied distrust in the Lord, and was, indeed, a deliberate needling of Providence. To help lay this inconvenient bugaboo, Hyde persuaded the Reverend Dr. Henry Ward Beecher, one of the city's most articulate clergymen, to become a regular contributor to a monthly magazine, called *Our Mutual Friend*, that he published and mailed out to all his agents. *Our Mutual Friend* was described on its title page as "A Periodical Devoted to Useful and Entertaining Reading," and Beecher endeavored to supply both, but possibly a more persuasive selling point was a slogan that appeared under the masthead of each issue: "The Tale of Life Is Not to Be Continued. Each Day We Turn a Leaf; Tomorrow May Bring the End."

Whatever the explanation, by 1865 Equitable was writing some thirteen million dollars' worth of policies a year, and Hyde, having leased not only the building at 92 Broadway but several brownstones on either side, had moved to the ground floor and was burrowing through walls right and left. He was also becoming bored and restless. From time to time, he would rise from his desk, draw on a pair of pale-yellow gloves, reach for his stovepipe hat, and plunge down the wooden steps and out onto the sidewalk to pace off some of his excess physical energy while his mind, putting together the bits and

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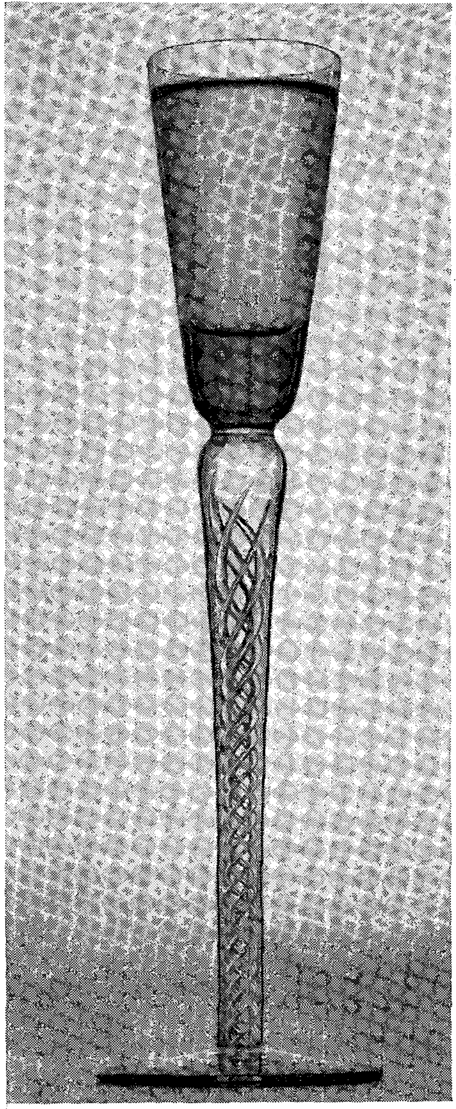

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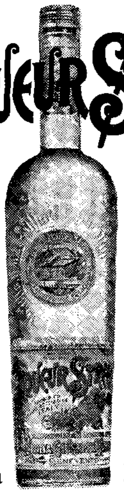

pieces of an idea, led him to a momentous decision. That December, he called a special meeting of Equitable's board of directors and proposed that the company honor its achievements by erecting a building of its own. Aware that Mutual had recently paid itself a similar compliment, the board readily voted not to be outdone, but two years later, when Hyde, having assembled a suitable plot of land—it was at 120 Broadway, on the southeast corner of Broadway and Cedar Street, opposite Trinity Churchyard—told his directors just what kind of building he had in mind, and what and how he expected to pay for it, they were aghast. By then, Equitable's assets were just over five million dollars, and Hyde proposed to spend four million of this (in the end the bill came to $4,159,526.80) on a building, named for the company, that would be seven stories high and would contain almost twice as much floor space as the company needed for its own use. In the directors' eyes, this was sheer madness. The Mutual Building, like the few other relatively large commercial structures in the city at that time, had been designed primarily to house the company that owned it, with a couple of extra offices to be rented out until they were needed. Today's concept of the large office building as a combined investment and advertising monument, with the namesake company often all but an absentee landlord, was undreamed of a century ago.

Equitable, according to the New York City Board of Real Estate's "History of Architecture and the Building Trades of Greater New York," was "the first corporation bold enough to undertake a great office building in connection with its own place of business." This display of corporate audacity, though honored in later years, came about only after Hyde had emerged victorious from what he described as "quite a struggle" with his directors. In the course of the crucial board meetings at which his project was at stake, Hyde shrewdly neglected to mention a doctrine he cherished of "building buildings for glory," though he made much of it later on; instead, he stressed the substantial sums that would roll into the Equitable treasury from the rental of the surplus offices. When the board called in real-estate experts to remind him that no tenants worth harboring had ever taken space above the third story in any building, and to suggest emphatically that none ever would, Hyde, according to the secretary of the company, "claimed that for lawyers and

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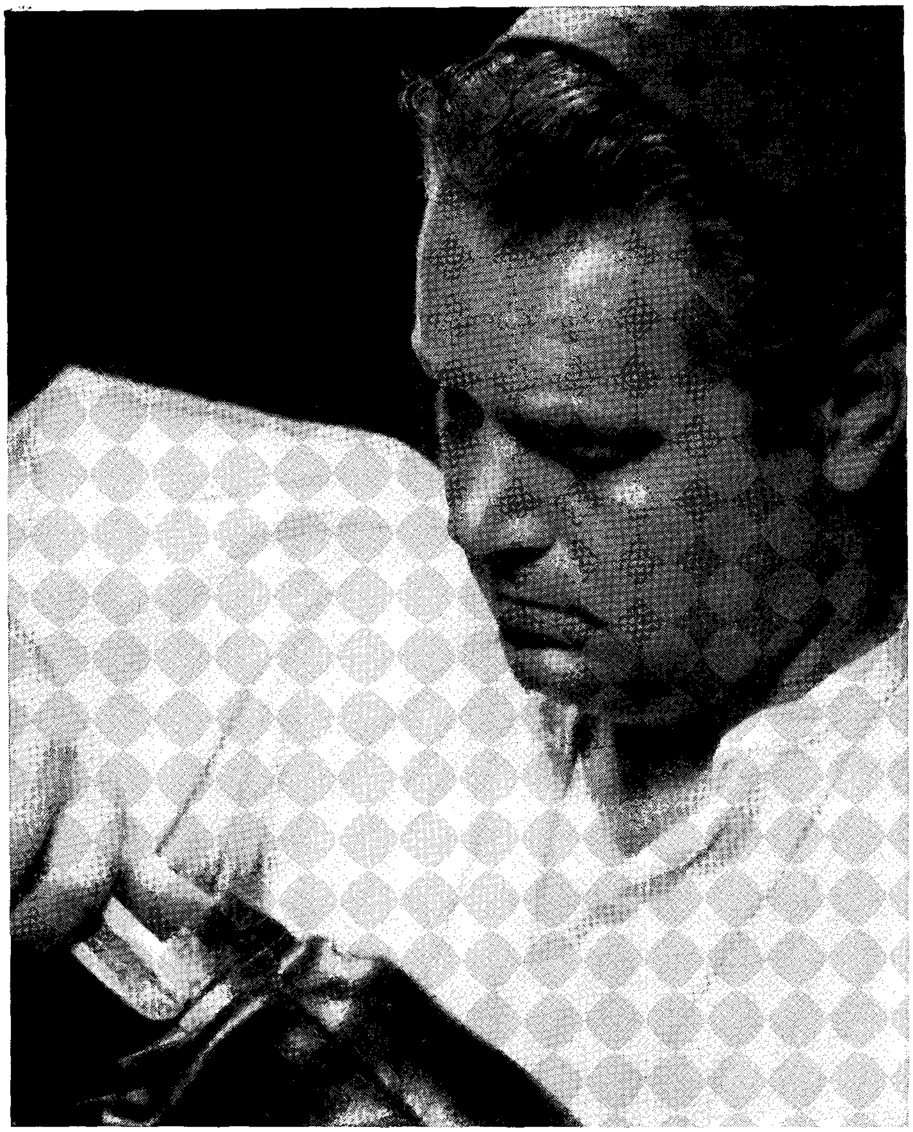
others similarly situated, the upper floors, if made easily accessible, would be more comfortable and appropriate than those near the level of the street." And how would they be made easily accessible? Why, by installing two elevators in the building. As Hyde later remembered it, the directors regarded this as the worst news they had heard yet, and to ease their suffering he volunteered to make himself personally responsible for keeping the offices on the upper floors rented. It may have been this offer that swung the vote in his favor—or it may have been a realization on the part of the directors that by sounding an alarm over managerial extravagance in their ranks they might shake public confidence in their still somewhat jerry-built company. Whatever their motivation, though, it seems unlikely that a man with a less forceful personality than Hyde possessed could have put his idea across. Many years later, when some of his colleagues set down their recollections of him for memorial purposes, their catalogues of his attributes were various, but to a man they remembered his eyes; "the eyes of an eagle," "great, searching eyes," "sunken, brooding eyes," "gleaming eyes," "eyes that pierced like a sword," "eyes too winning to be resisted," "almost hypnotic eyes" were some of the phrases they used. It was possibly during a mild state of hypnosis that the fifty-two gentlemen on the board ultimately voted four million dollars' worth of desk space for a company that only eight and a half years before had flourished in one room hardly large enough to hold a table and two chairs.

HYDE flung himself with uncontainable vigor into the task of supervising the construction of the Equitable Building—as his company's third home was to be formally designated—but it was some years before his associates realized that he had actually found an auxiliary profession. The insurance business never again engrossed his attention as it had during his company's first years, and from the late sixties on, a centennial history of the company reports, "he was never so agitated—or so happy—as when building." His exertions on behalf of the Equitable Building so exhausted him that when it was completed, in May, 1870, he fell ill and was obliged to take a trip out West to recuperate. On his way back, he afterward told his board, "I put my head at the base of a perpendicular rock six thousand feet high and looked ever so far into the clouds, but somehow the sight did not impress me so much as when



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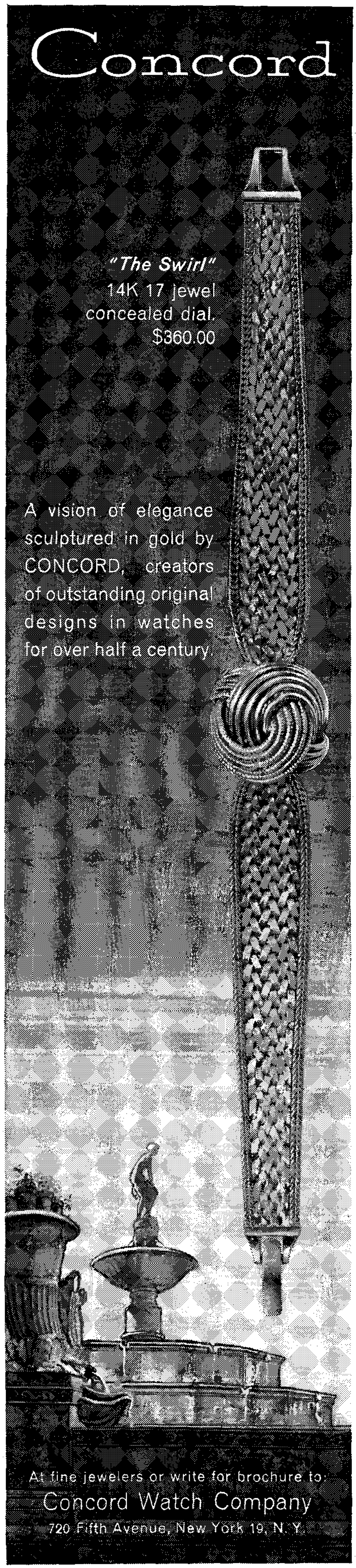

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I saw the first cornice stone of the Equitable Building put in its place." The board members, for their part, were thinking in terms not of thousands of feet but of the hundred and ten feet that the seven-story Equitable soared above the ground. This was nearly twice the height of the five-story office buildings they were familiar with—a discrepancy they viewed with such embarrassment that they had the new structure officially listed in the city records as being only five stories high. And, viewed from the street, the Equitable did seem to have only five floors—four of standard proportions, topped by a garret under a towering mansard roof. However, three stories were craftily squirrelled away in this ingenious attic. For the next few years, the Equitable Building could easily be seen from the East River and Jersey City ferryboats—"as if," one traveller remarked, "it were standing upon a hill in the middle of the city."

The Equitable Building was designed by three architects—Arthur Gilman and Edward Hale Kendall, who had earlier collaborated on plans for the Capitol at Albany, and George B. Post, a young civil-engineering graduate just back from Civil War duty, who served as consultant on the interior ironwork. (The floor beams were of wrought iron supported by masonry walls six feet thick at the base.) A few years earlier, in an article in the *North American Review*, Gilman had denounced the Greek Revival in architecture as "that inexhaustible quarry of bad taste," but he apparently saw nothing incongruous in imposing a Gargantuan example of composite Renaissance style derived from the Italy of the Borgias on the United States of President Ulysses S. Grant. The 1870 Equitable Building was a tasteless Quincy-granite mishmash of massive entablatures, twin pillars, arches, double dormers, and balustrades; its main entrance was Doric, its second and third stories were Ionic, and its upper reaches were Roman Corinthian, capped by that nineteenth-century French innovation the mansard.

There is no record that the building's architectural shortcomings affronted a single prospective policyholder, however, and the two elevators—made of tulipwood, gilded and mirrored—for which the board had grudgingly laid out a total of $29,657, were an instant success. From morning to night, once the building was opened, crowds swarmed through the entrance to ride from the first floor—rented to a banking subsidiary of Equitable—to the roof in these

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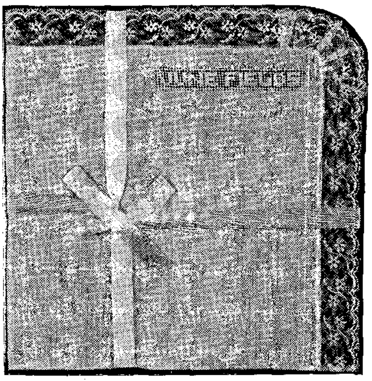
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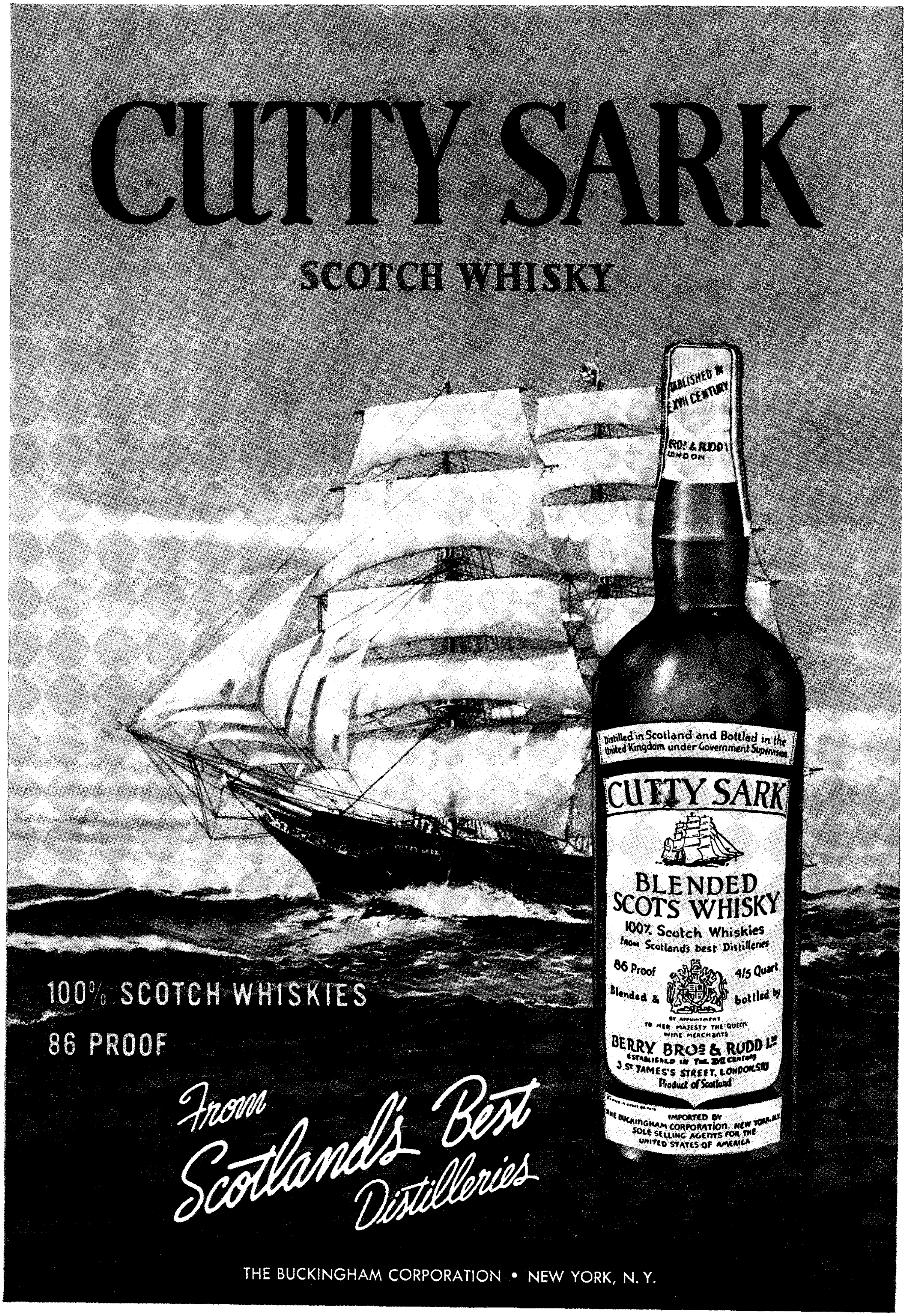
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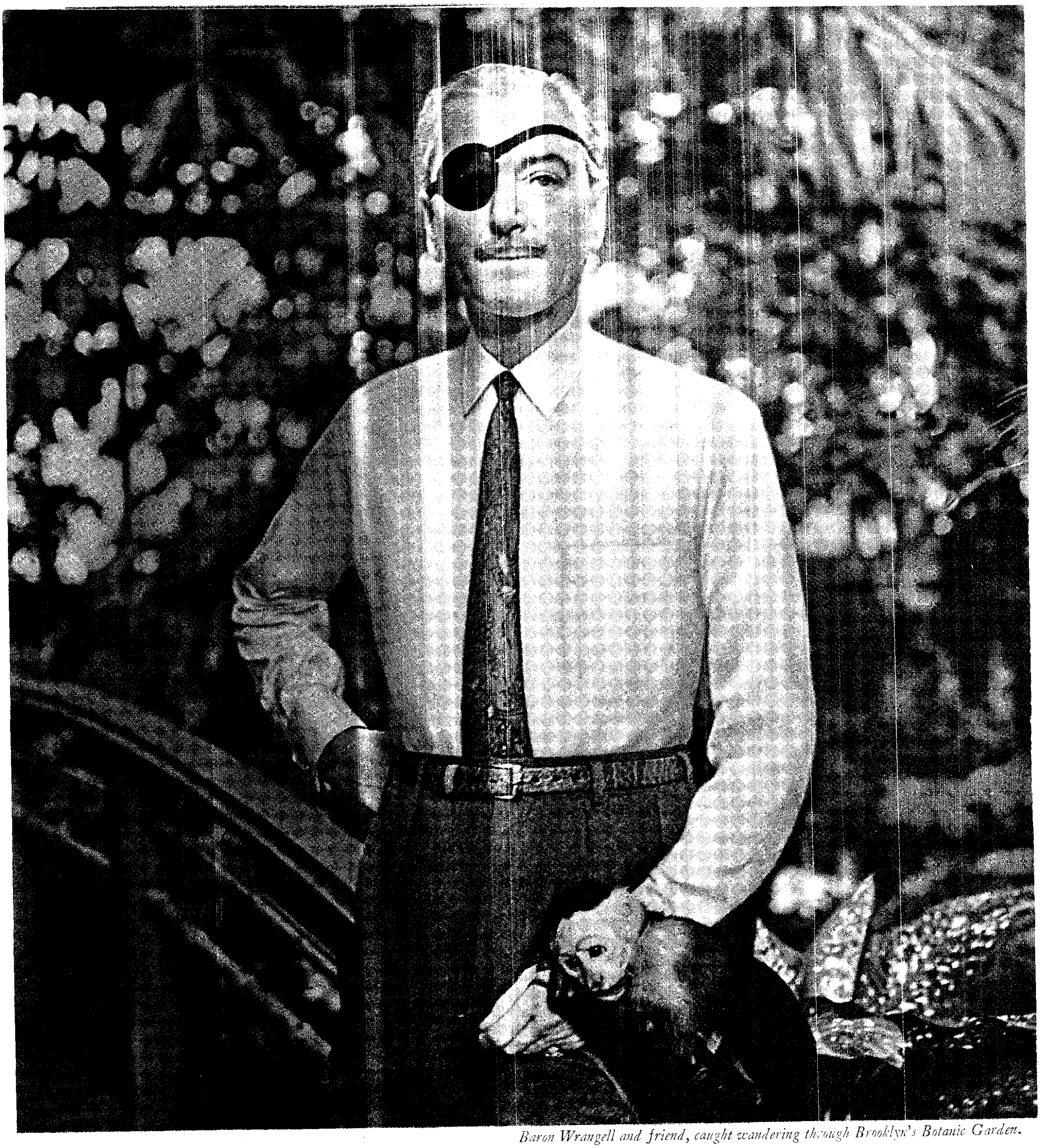

Baron Wrangell and friend, caught wandering through Brooklyn's Botanic Garden.

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ELLERTON M. JETTÉ, the peregrinating chairman of Hathaway, spotted this silvery shade near Inverness—where it is called *Lovat* blue, and has been all the rage for several hundred years.

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opulent conveyances and look out over the city. Equitable's own quarters, occupying the second and third floors, consisted of an enormous domed room, two stories high, thirty-five feet wide, and a hundred feet long, on each side of which were two tiers of offices, each one story high and each with its own fireplace. On the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors were some fifty offices for rent, and by opening day Hyde, as good as his word, had found a tenant for every one of them. Before long, he enhanced their desirability by arranging for Equitable to buy the adjoining building at Broadway and Pine, persuading Delmonico's to open a substation there, and successfully negotiating a discount rate for Equitable tenants, who thereafter had access to the restaurant through a private entrance. The top floor was used for storage and for the local headquarters of the Weather Bureau; during the next quarter of a century, downtown New Yorkers were in the habit of finding what kind of a day it was going to be by consulting signal flags raised on the Equitable's roof.

Then, even more than today, the Wall Street region was known as a fountainhead of lawyers, and Hyde's first pitch as a renting agent was addressed to his neighbors in that profession. Casting about for some impeccably august shills, he persuaded Equitable's own attorneys, Alexander & Green (the Alexander in the firm was another brother of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian's pastor), that it was their duty to establish themselves in the upper reaches of 120 Broadway. He then turned his winning eyes on other lawyers, who, sure enough, found themselves won. A decade or so later, the *Tribune*, proudly commenting on New York's transformation from a horizontal to a vertical city, declared, "The lawyers were the first to appreciate the upper floors, full of light and free of dust and far above the noise of the street; and bankers are now following their sensible example. . . . A few years ago they never ventured above the ground floor and sought basement offices rather than go one flight upstairs." The farsighted attorneys modestly took their bow.

Elevators soon became commonplace in downtown Manhattan, and many owners of five-story buildings jacked up their roofs to accommodate two or three more floors, though for several years these were usually tucked away under a disguising mansard, Equitable style. The extra floors were proving profitable, to be sure, yet the old prejudice against buildings that were frankly taller than

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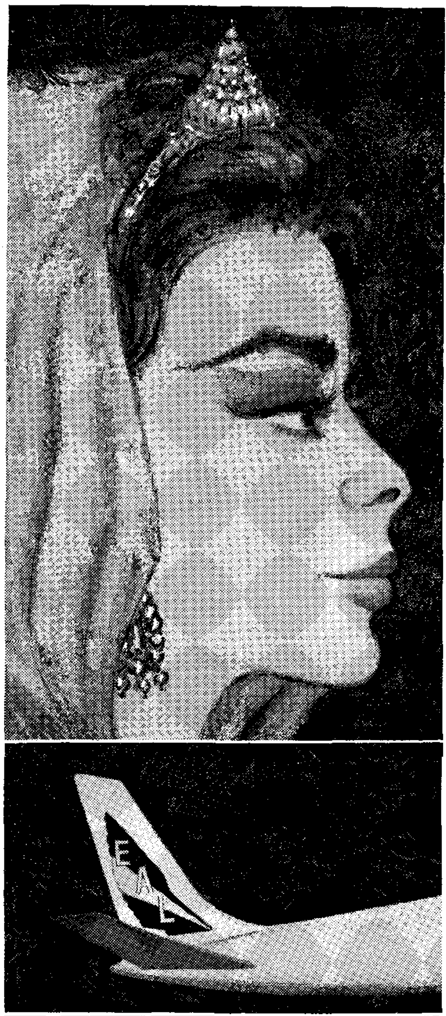

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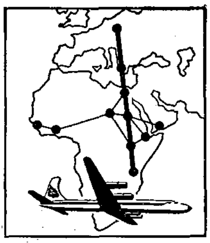

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their neighbors died slowly, and the necessity of increasing the thickness of the supporting walls to compensate for the weight added upstairs helped prolong its life. Then came the discovery of the Bessemer process for converting iron into steel that could be used—as Chicago builders demonstrated after the 1871 fire—in weight-supporting girders of limitless strength, and after that it was Skyward, Ho! all over town.

In 1874, William Alexander died and Hyde moved to stage center as Equitable's president. He promptly added four more elevators to the company's building, and also raised its roof to make room for two more stories. This, however, was as much as the old walls could stand, and within a decade after it opened, the rivalry among builders for higher and higher structures was so great that 120 Broadway was topped on all sides, and became invisible from either river. Hyde was disconsolate. He temporarily boosted his spirits by buying and developing several hundred acres near Babylon, Long Island, and putting up a two-hundred-thousand-dollar replica of a French château there, as a country retreat for his family, which by this time included not only his wife, Annie Fitch Hyde, whom he had married in 1864, but a daughter and two sons, born between 1867 and 1876. Later, he took to travelling extensively in Europe and the Far East, and sometimes stayed away from New York for a year at a time. Some of his wanderings were in the nature of business trips, for Equitable's interests had spread to Europe and the Antipodes; he derived some comfort from overseeing the construction of ambitious branch headquarters in Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Melbourne, and from subsequent struggles to keep them rented. When his elder son died, of scarlet fever, in 1880, he was almost inconsolable, but was able to find some solace in remodelling his town house at 11 East Fortieth Street. "The election of Grover Cleveland . . . similarly affected Hyde," the official Equitable history states laconically. "He asked his doctor whether vitalized phosphates or some other kind of tonic would help, but finally decided upon a stronger stimulant: he would rebuild Equitable's Home Office."

IN February, 1885, at the first directors' meeting following the company's twenty-fifth anniversary, the railroad magnate Chauncey Depew, who was one of the nation's most grandiloquent orators, declared that the three great events in the history of the

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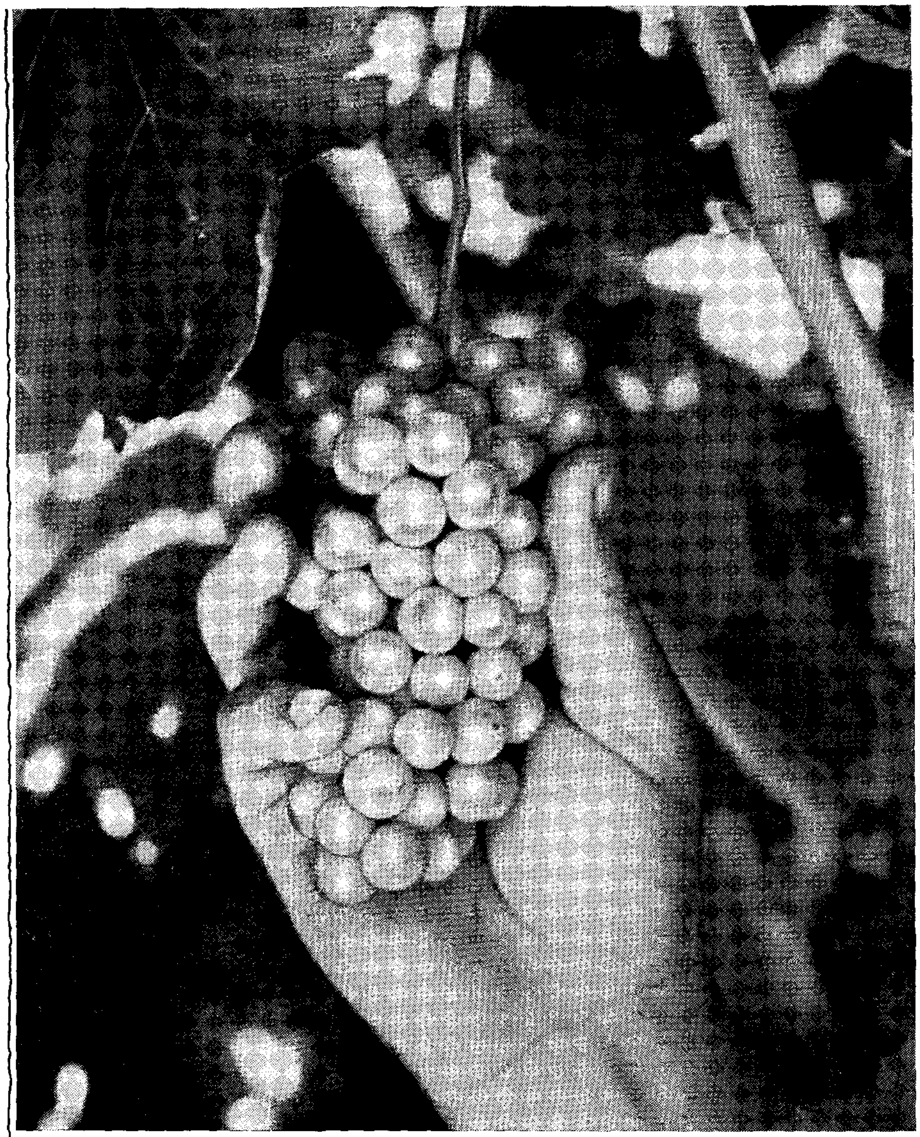
world were the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the surrender at Yorktown, and the founding of Equitable, which by then had become the biggest insurance company ever, anywhere. The founder himself had become by then not only the company's president but its controlling stockholder, and therefore, when a few months later he announced that he was contemplating a stupendous program to revamp and enlarge the Equitable Building, he could speak with no more than a curt nod in the direction of his board of directors. Over the next four years, Hyde laid out fourteen and a half million dollars of the company's money to expand his old landmark horizontally, turning it into what the *Tribune* called one of the "wonders of the city." There was no trouble assembling the necessary land; within two years after the completion of the first Equitable Building, the company had started spilling out of its assigned office space into next-door buildings and then into *next*-to-next-door buildings, unobtrusively buying up a plot or two at a time to meet its immediate needs, with the result that in 1885 it owned nearly an acre—or all but two small corners—of the block extending east and west between Nassau Street and Broadway, and north and south between Cedar and Pine Streets. In its gradual spread from building to building, Equitable had followed the old custom of knocking through interior walls and leaving a huggermugger front of brownstone and cast iron; now, as part of his remodelling scheme, Hyde had the exteriors of the additional structures redone to conform with the style of the Equitable Building proper, whose architectural horrors were thus multiplied all around the block.

Nor was the interior of the sprawling structure neglected. Hyde installed six more elevators, bringing the total to twelve, all of them now powered hydraulically instead of by steam, a provision that increased their speed from forty feet a minute to a breathtaking two hundred. A broad passageway was pushed through the middle of the building from Broadway to Nassau Street, to form "a brilliant arcade, paved, walled, and adorned with varicolored marbles, and illuminated by electricity, along which elegant little shops and restaurants are arranged," in the words of Ernest Ingersoll's 1891 sightseeing guide "A Week in New York," which listed the Equitable as one of the city's foremost architectural attractions. On the second and third floors, the domed central chamber of the company's quar-



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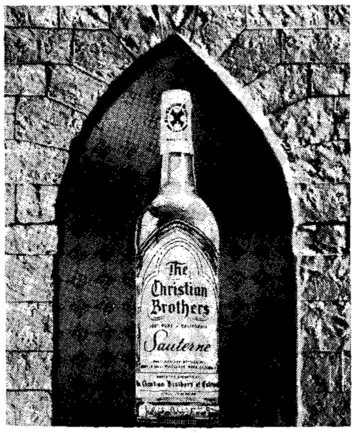

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ters was doubled in size, and in its largest window was installed a stained-glass portrait of Hyde's dead son. There was no nonsense about the uncluttered look in those days. "From the street to the roof, the halls, corridors, staircases, and passageways were lined with statues—an indescribable impression of splendor," the *Times* subsequently reported, with unqualified rapture. The impression of splendor was even more indescribable than this might lead the public to believe, for Hyde not only enlarged his personal business quarters, on the third floor, but installed a private dining room on the seventh and set up two additional private offices, one on the seventh floor and the other in the upper reaches of the mansard—a hideaway that the rival Mutual's company magazine described, with what seems a wholly unwarranted leer, as "the highest and most sumptuous boudoir in town."

As far as Hyde was concerned, the splendor, whether public or private, was secondary to the several hundred new offices included in his weird architectural amalgam, which were again his responsibility to rent. As before, he began mapping out a campaign to induce lawyers to take space under his many roofs, but this time, before he got around to approaching any of them, one of them approached *him.* This was William Allen Butler, Jr., a recent graduate of the Columbia Law School and a grandson of the Attorney General in the Cabinet of Andrew Jackson. One day in 1886, Butler was lunching at Cable's Restaurant, near the Equitable Building, when it occurred to him that it would be very convenient if there were a lawyers' club in the neighborhood, where members of the profession could take their meals in comfort and seclusion. On the way back to his office, he paused to see how work was progressing on the Equitable, and as he stood there on the sidewalk, inspiration struck. The next morning, he went around to see Hyde and outlined his vision to him. Years later, recalling this portentous meeting, Butler said, "No matter what my idea had been, it would not have been worth five cents if Mr. Hyde had not grasped it and, with his magnificent and tremendous intellect, had not seen that there was something that could be developed that would aid the great company of which he was a founder. I was responsible for the idea only. Mr. Hyde was the real creator." Within a few weeks, idea man and creator had sent out fifteen hundred letters to members of the legal profession announcing that

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ample space for a lawyers' club, with dining rooms and lounges, was being set aside on the fifth and sixth floors of the reconstructed Equitable Building, together with space for a large law library on the third floor. Thanks in large measure to this collaboration, Hyde was able to report by the time work on the Equitable Building was completed, in May, 1887, that it was one hundred per cent rented and that its tenants included the greatest concentration of lawyers to be found in any building in the city. Within a few months after its founding, the Lawyers Club had more than four hundred members, and within ten years the number had jumped to fourteen hundred—all of whom paid their dues directly into the Equitable treasury.

During the remodelling, the Delmonicos, perhaps weary of thudding sledgehammers and a film of plaster dust on the entrées, closed down their Pine Street branch, thus terminating the cozy fringe benefit that Hyde had arranged for his tenants. Once his expansion program was concluded, he moved swiftly to fill the void by organizing the Café Savarin Company, which in late 1887 opened a restaurant called the Café Savarin in Delmonico's former quarters. The Savarin proved to be an excellent customer for the produce (fresh vegetables, poultry, and Ayrshire cattle) that Hyde raised on his Babylon estate, for the café uncomplainingly bought everything at his prices; moreover, since he had begun by this time to assume seigniorial rights over all the properties he directed, he drew upon its stores to keep the larder and wine cellar of his town house well stocked with choice imported cheeses and vintages—delicacies that he accepted as only his due. When the Savarin's kitchens became glutted with supplies from Hyde's abundant acres, he began selling the surplus to the Lawyers Club. No one ever made so bold as to question the ethics of this captive-customer arrangement, but if anyone had, Hyde stood ready to answer the challenge by coming up with ledgers that only he could comprehend. Like many other entrepreneurs of the era, he had his own system of bookkeeping, not to mention his own system of ethics. What was good for Henry Hyde was good for Equitable. On one occasion, whimsically changing his role from that of lavish provider to that of stern watchdog, he reported to the board of Equitable—a corporation that had nearly a billion dollars' worth of insurance in force—that the Lawyers Club dining rooms had started to lose

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money. But let no stockholder worry, he added quickly; he was now charging ten cents a portion for bread and butter, and the books were again comfortably in the black.

Redolent with the aroma of the good Long Island food served in its various dining rooms, the done-over Equitable Building soon became, according to the *Tribune*, "the hub around which the business affairs and the noonday life of the city revolved." Hyde continued to keep a sharp eye on every phase of it. "An empty office worried Hyde as much as an empty boxcar worried James J. Hill," the Equitable history notes. So did slovenly employees, and Hyde personally assumed the burden of firing any of them who were found guilty of using the office fireplaces as spittoons or of cleaning inkwells in the rest-room washbasins. Whenever he found things dull downtown, he would remodel his town house, and, as often as not, charge it up to Equitable. During his last years, Hyde seemed to tire of Manhattan, and became increasingly drawn to Jekyll Island, off the coast of Georgia, where he helped organize the exclusive Jekyll Island Club in 1886. The same year, as it happens, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and a friend of Henry Hyde's sent him one of the first editions. The coincidence of nomenclature has bemused subsequent historians far more than it did him. He built and rebuilt the clubhouse there, sought out suitably rich potential members, and repeatedly scrutinized the dining-room stewards' accounts. He returned to New York, though, to engage in his final construction project—a fifty-thousand-dollar two-story private stable, equipped with an electric elevator and stocked with spirited horses, which he built on West Fifty-eighth Street and presented to his surviving son, James Hazen Hyde, upon the young man's graduation *cum laude* from Harvard in 1898.

The elder Hyde died, of a heart ailment, on May 2, 1899, and for a week thereafter all four sides of the Equitable Building were draped from roof to sidewalk with black crape. The sculptor John Quincy Adams Ward was commissioned by the Equitable Society to fashion a bronze statue of its founder, and upon its completion, in 1901, this work of art was set up under the dome of Equitable's central hall. Seven feet tall, it depicted Hyde standing erect, with gloves in hand, and wearing a frock coat, a bow tie, a flowing mustache (an adornment he had cultivated in his later years), and an expression at

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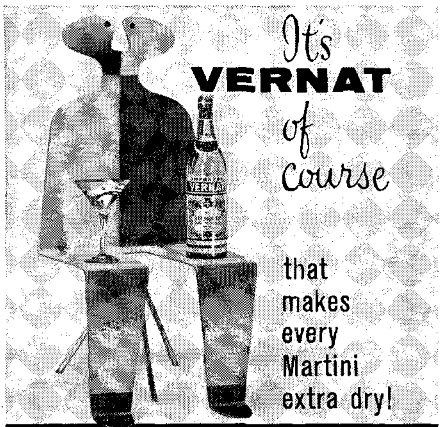
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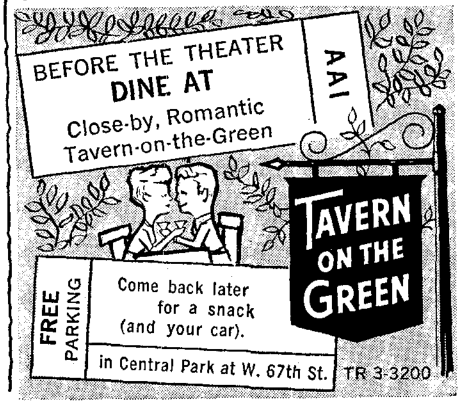
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once serene and proprietary as he looked out on the gilt-and-marble opulence of his handiwork.

ABOUT the only other serene expression to be seen at 120 Broadway during the next half-dozen years was that worn by James Hazen Hyde, who from the time he was ten years old had been paid a substantial allowance out of the Equitable treasury and who at twenty-three became the controlling stockholder in the company. After receiving his degree from Harvard, James Hyde paid occasional, desultory visits to his office in the Equitable Building, but his interest was more in French literature, society girls, and fine horses than in his work. As the Society's official history notes dryly, "Equitable employees never quite became accustomed to [his] arrival at the office behind a team of high-stepping horses with bunches of fresh violets pinned to the bridles . . . violets which matched the boutonniere in the lapel of his French-cut coat." Or, as young Hyde himself remarked facetiously, "I have wealth, beauty, and intellect. What more could I wish?" He might well have wished for a more manageable legacy. For years, his father had thought nothing of shifting assets from one subsidiary to another for his personal gain, or of, for example, buying bonds at one price and selling them to his own company at a much higher figure; practically all the other financiers of the period were doing the same sort of thing. With the end of Hyde's one-man rule, however, the pulling and shoving among his successors led inevitably to private skirmishes that thrust the whole system into the glare of public notice. By the end of 1904, the rumblings of a palace revolution were plainly audible, and numerous stockholder suits, based on information supplied by dissident members of the company, were filed against Equitable. But James Hyde was usually elsewhere on his tallyho. As if deliberately flaunting his contempt for such pedestrian proceedings, he chose an evening in January, 1905, when headlines detailing Equitable's casual fiscal techniques were being set up in the biggest type in town, to throw a highly publicized fancy-dress ball. With a splendid sense of history, he transformed two floors of Sherry's into a replica of the Versailles Gardens in the days of Marie Antoinette. The walls were covered to the ceiling with climbing rosebushes in full bloom, and the floors were carpeted with rose petals, through which six hundred guests capered about in

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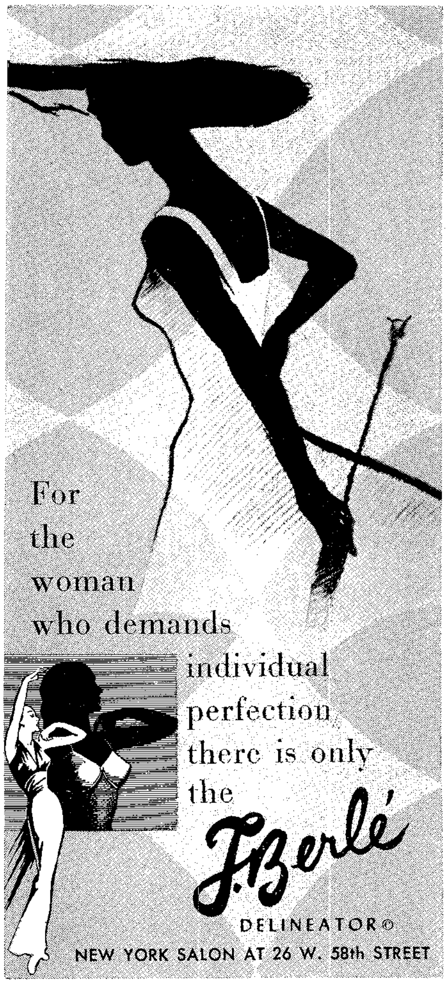
powdered wigs and other period finery. The party cost some seventy-five thousand dollars, not the two hundred thousand reported in the press; it didn't break up in an orgy of cancans, as some newspapers said it did; and only a few minor items of expense were charged up to Equitable. However, the timing alone was sufficient to stir up a tremendous journalistic outcry, which in turn brought batteries of state investigating committees down on the company not only in New York but in such far-flung actuarial outposts as Kentucky, Tennessee, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. In future years, Equitable came to regard as almost providential the operations of the New York committee, whose counsel was Charles Evans Hughes, since it broadened the spotlight to include all insurance firms doing business in the state, and revealed that the shenanigans at Equitable were no worse than those in the industry as a whole. No indictments were filed as a result of all these investigations, but the insurance world reverberated during the next several months with recantations, resignations, and the replacement of various funds. Also, state regulations all over the country were tightened to prevent the use of corporate funds for private enterprises.

Among the incidental revelations at the hearings were the lengths to which Henry Hyde had gone to keep 120 Broadway fully rented. The downtown tenant population had indeed followed the lawyers upstairs in the elevators, and thus ushered in the skyscraper era, but large blocks of space on the lower floors had then become unrentable. As Equitable's president, Hyde had thereupon arranged for the creation of a sufficient number of subsidiary banks and safe-deposit companies to fill the empty offices—at very nominal fees. (One such tenant had the use of most of a floor for two hundred and thirty dollars a year.) Before long, these banking houses and safe-deposit companies recommended themselves as convenient repositories for surplus Equitable funds, which, thus sequestered from the main corporate treasury, were available for dubious political contributions and private financial flyers on the part of Hyde and a few favored friends.

To escape the nationwide clamor over such committee findings, the younger Hyde went into self-imposed exile in France, where he remained for thirty-four years, until he found the Nazi Occupation uncongenial. His history and that of Equitable never again converged until the morning of the centennial ceremonies in the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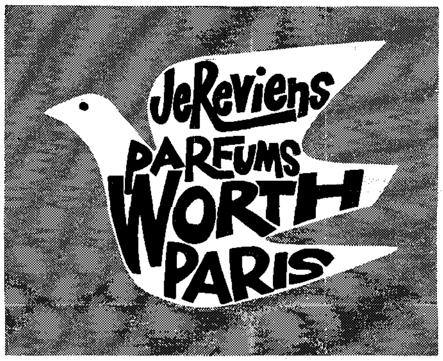
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tent across the street from 1285 Sixth Avenue. Just as a clergyman was about to deliver the invocation, someone handed him a folded note, and he announced the death of James Hazen Hyde, a hundred years to the day after his father's founding of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

ALTHOUGH Equitable had remained solvent despite the high-flying policies of its founder, public faith in the management of the company sank to almost nothing after his death, and in the spring of 1905, shortly before young Hyde embarked for foreign shores, he sold his controlling interest to Thomas Fortune Ryan, the tobacco and streetcar king, who for once seemed to feel stirrings of civic responsibility. To preside over the company's shattered affairs, Ryan appointed three trustees, one of whom was former President Grover Cleveland, whose election had set old Henry Hyde to calling for the vitalized phosphates. The trustees soon had Equitable back on solid ground again, and in 1909 Ryan sold out to J. Pierpont Morgan. By 1911, the company was doing so well that it had again outgrown its quarters at 120 Broadway, but Morgan was cool to the idea of further expansion. For one thing, architecture was not one of his personal enthusiasms, and, for another, memories of the public furor over the 1905 revelations made him loath to embark upon any Equitable project at all that called for a conspicuous outlay of cash. He was also deterred from making any plans to replace the Equitable Building with something bigger by the cost of tearing down the solid old landmark; it was said that the job could not be done for less than a million dollars.

A sequence of events in the early morning of January 9, 1912, revised this estimate sharply downward. It began at five-eighteen, when a fire was discovered in the timekeeper's office in the main basement of the Equitable Building. The fire might have been contained there if a few tongues of flame had not reached some highly inflammable boxes and crates in the adjacent storeroom of the Café Savarin. Within minutes after that happened, a blaze was roaring up the chimneylike shaft of a private elevator operated for the convenience of members of the Lawyers Club, and within an hour the situation was so badly out of hand that, for the first time in the city's history, auxiliary engine companies—nine of them—were brought over from Brooklyn. By eight-thirty, the narrow streets

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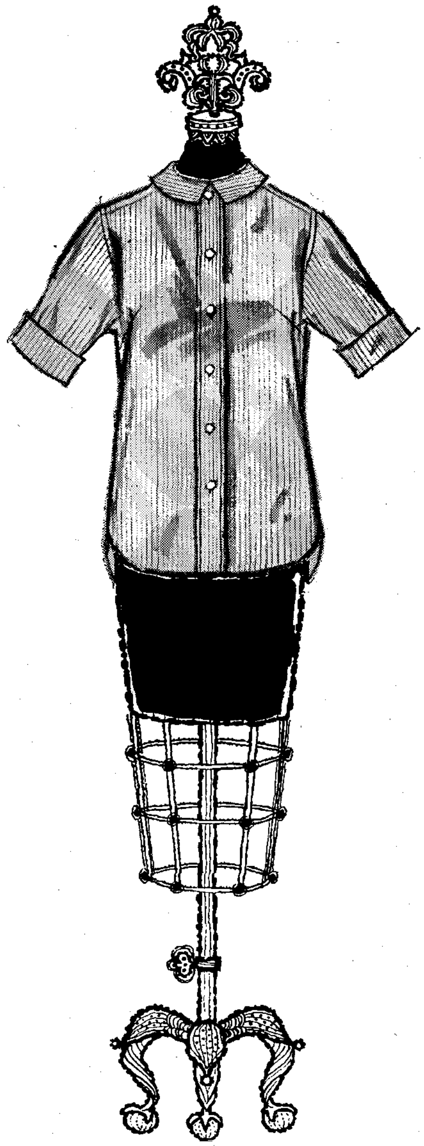

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around the Equitable Building were jammed with fifty-seven pieces of fire-fighting equipment, as well as with most of the people who worked there—people who had climbed the stairs from the subway to find that their offices were transformed into what the *World* described the next day as "a monster forked tongue of flames, spitting sparks and embers and even blazing rafters, that rose into the air for a quarter of a mile." It was a cloudy morning, and extraordinarily cold and raw; the temperature fell to eighteen, and there were near-hurricane winds of sixty miles an hour. As water from the firemen's hoses hit the building, it froze there, making grotesque patterns four or five feet thick. The firemen themselves became encased in paralyzing sheaths of ice; from time to time, shivering onlookers chopped them free with the broad sides of fire axes. Before the fire burned itself out, a watchman and five firemen had lost their lives.

Nobody knew how much of Equitable's liquid assets had gone up with the building, or what had happened to the treasures in the building's numerous bank and safety-deposit vaults, but that day six of the city's leading banking houses had closed by midmorning, the Stock Exchange suspended delivery of securities (the first time it had ever done so), and the market fell sharply. "There is no other private building in the world that could be compared with the Equitable in respect to the magnitude of the interests assembled under one roof, whose burning could have been the cause of so severe a temporary derangement of financial affairs," the *Times* declared editorially the next day, and the *Tribune* diagnosed the derangement as having "paralyzed the business heart of the country for twenty-four hours." The convalescent period did not set in until almost a week later, when what was left of the building—still hung with a fantastic array of icy stalactites—was ruled safe to enter. Then Equitable officers ventured in to explore and emerged with the news that all of the company's major vaults had stood the test, preserving nearly a billion dollars' worth of stocks and bonds. (A Western newspaper remarked tartly that it must have been the water in the securities that saved them.) The rest of the building, including the law library, consisting of some forty thousand volumes, was a total loss. In the midst of the jungle of marble, iron, and ice, however, the searchers came upon the bronze figure of Henry Hyde still standing ramrod straight in his frock

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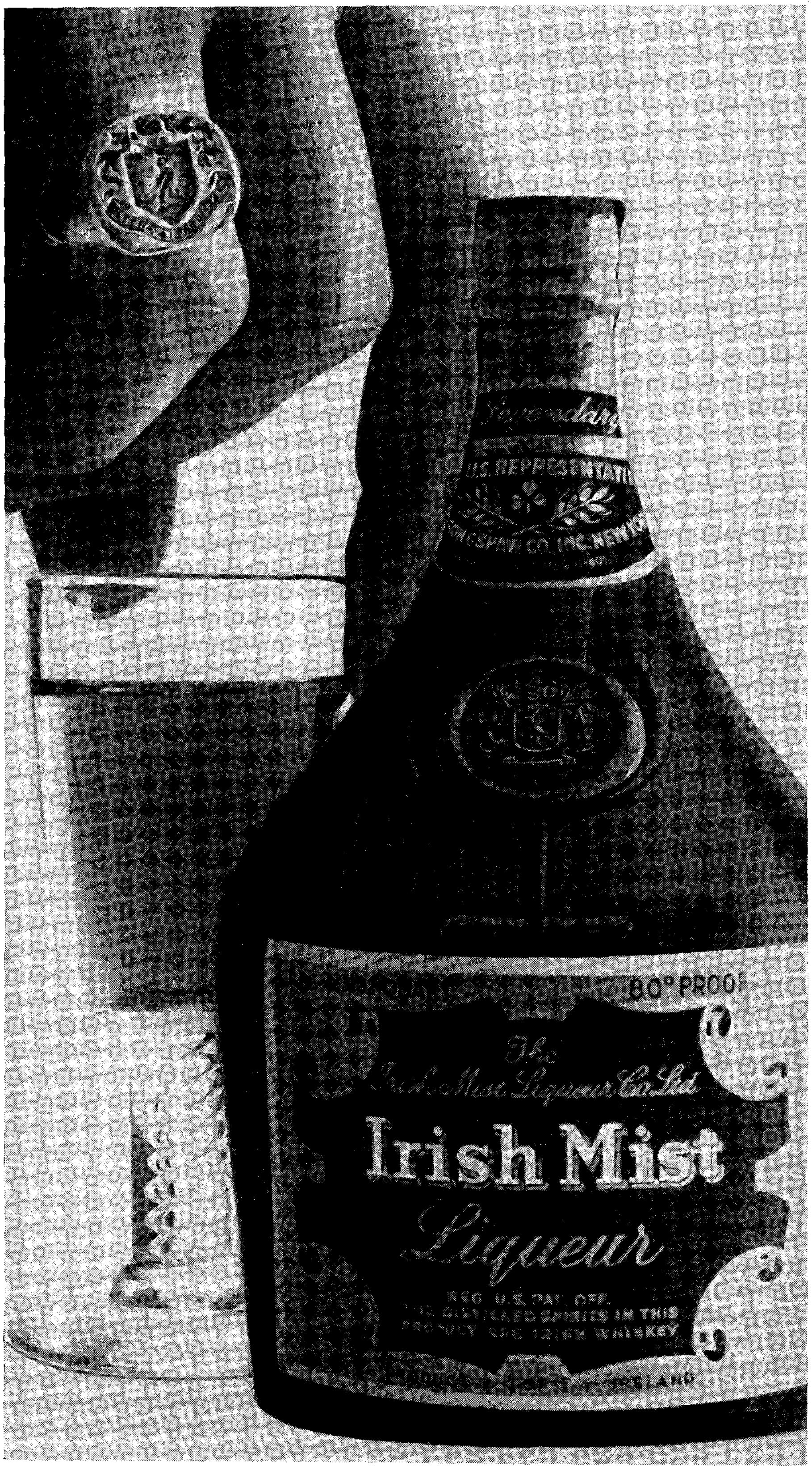
coat and dangling his gloves, elegant and unruffled and without a scratch on him, as if in this ultimate challenge his sunken, brooding gaze had stayed the elements themselves.

A shoemaker's child, the Equitable Building turned out not to have been insured, but this oversight was not the disaster it might have been, for the building hadn't been carried on the company's books as an asset for some years. The board of directors, no longer dominated by the founder's edifice complex, saw this as the ideal time to get out of the real-estate business altogether, and in April, 1913, the site was sold for thirteen and a half million dollars to a syndicate headed by General T. Coleman du Pont, a freewheeling member of the Wilmington family, who two years later doubled back on his tracks to buy up Equitable's controlling stock from the Morgan estate. In buying the company holdings, which since 1908 had included the last two corner parcels, filling out the four-sided block, the syndicate stipulated that it should be free to use the name Equitable Building for a new structure it planned to erect on the site—cash-on-the-line evidence that the post-mortem tributes to the prestige of its burned-out predecessor had not been merely sentimental. Once this had been arranged for, the Equitable directors decided that the company might as well move into the new building being named after it.

THE new Equitable Building, completed nearly three years after the fire, cost twenty-eight and a half million dollars and in total area, though not in height, was the largest office building in the world. It rose an uncompromising forty stories straight from the sidewalks on all four sides of the acre-and-a-quarter block—an arrangement that made it, according to Francisco Mujica's "History of the Skyscraper," "the most grandiose mass in the New York skyline." According to its owners, it was "planned upon the idea of an ocean liner, to carry maximum cargo with the highest degree of efficiency." Its architectural style, devised by Ernest R. Graham, who had previously designed Gimbel's here and the Union Station in Washington, D.C., was dismissed by some carpers as "Middle Office Building Renaissance," but its list of quantitative marvels—nearly six miles of corridors, five thousand windows, forty-eight elevators capable of travelling six hundred feet a minute—was duly admired, and prompted Mayor Mitchel, at the cornerstone-laying cere-



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mony, to hail the building as "a noteworthy human achievement" and "a veritable municipality." In May, 1915, when the Society finished moving its offices from various temporary encampments to the sixth, seventh, and eighth floors of the new Equitable Building, its president, William Alonzo Day, upon being pressed for a statement, said, "There's no place like home."

Now, forty-six years later, the Equitable Building—as the skyscraper at 120 Broadway continues to be known downtown, although the company is represented there by only a single agency, occupying about a third of the sixth floor—has the sixth-highest assessment (twenty-eight million dollars) of any one building in the city. With 1,200,000 square feet of rentable floor space, it remained the world's largest commercial office building until 1931, when the Empire State Building, rising to a hundred and two stories but restricted to comparatively spindly lines by new laws governing setbacks, superseded it, and it still claims second place today, though it is threatened with further demotion by the Pan-Am Building, now going up at Forty-third Street and Park Avenue, which is to have 2,270,000 square feet of rentable floor space. Certainly 120 Broadway is still a veritable municipality; from the depths of Grand Central, the substantial number of its fifteen thousand daytime occupants who commute from Westchester or Connecticut may—and often do—take the Lexington Avenue subway to the Wall Street station, in the building's sub-basement, ride up to their offices in an elevator, lunch in the Café Savarin (still doing nicely at the same old stand), make their professional rounds by elevator (local or express), and return to Grand Central at closing time without having once set foot in the larger city around them.

In the present era, with its apparently boundless demand for office space, 120 Broadway continues to carry maximum cargo. When the smoke cleared after the 1912 fire, it developed that the Lawyers Club, too impatient to await developments, had signed a long-term lease for quarters in a building across the street, at 115 Broadway. This defection, however, was soon compensated for by the Bankers Club of America, which was persuaded to set up shop—and dining facilities—on the thirty-eighth, thirty-ninth, and fortieth floors of the new Equitable Building. True to Hyde's theory of tenantry, its members brought their friends; the Marine Midland Trust Company of New York, the

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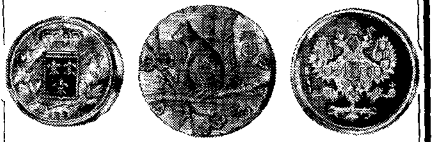
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French American Banking Corporation, the Swiss Bank Corporation, and Barclays Bank D.C.O. are currently in residence, and about sixty per cent of the remaining tenants are brokerage firms and investment houses. Even so, the maximum-cargo design left room to provide a haven for those members of the legal profession who hankered to return to the old site, and an added attraction was offered them when the eighty-seven-year-old New York Law Institute, with its enormous library (there are now a hundred and seventy-five thousand volumes), took over part of the ninth floor of 120 Broadway. Whether they were drawn there by the convenience of the library or by tradition, or both, law firms today comprise about twenty per cent of the building's tenants—still probably the largest proportion of the legal profession to be found in any one building in the city. Among these firms is Alexander & Green, the only tenant to have gone the distance at 120 Broadway since the first Equitable Building opened its doors there, almost a century ago.

In the years between the signing of Alexander & Green's original lease and its post-fire move to its present quarters, in 1915, the first fine rapture over the new look of New York's skyline cooled somewhat. The *Times* was still boasting that, from an engineering point of view, "the sky is the limit for tall buildings," but other points of view were being more and more vigorously expressed. As early as 1885, a bill was offered to (but rejected by) the Albany legislature forbidding the erection of "preternaturally high buildings" on the basis of a doctor's testimony that they caused malaria. After the completion of the twenty-one-story Flatiron Building, in 1902, skyscrapers—as people had begun to call them early in the nineties—were blamed by one civic leader for a rise in the local tuberculosis rate and denounced by another as "a menace to life and property," in that their weight might cause Manhattan to sink into its watery surroundings. None of this clamor, however, impressed the city's lawmakers. What did make them come alive at last was testimony given before the Board of Aldermen in 1916 to the effect that the value of all the property facing the big new Equitable Building had depreciated by a staggering thirty per cent. Pointing out the significance of this revelation, "The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York" calls the Equitable's "unneighborly bulk . . . one of the final causes of the [1916] zoning resolution . . . reg-

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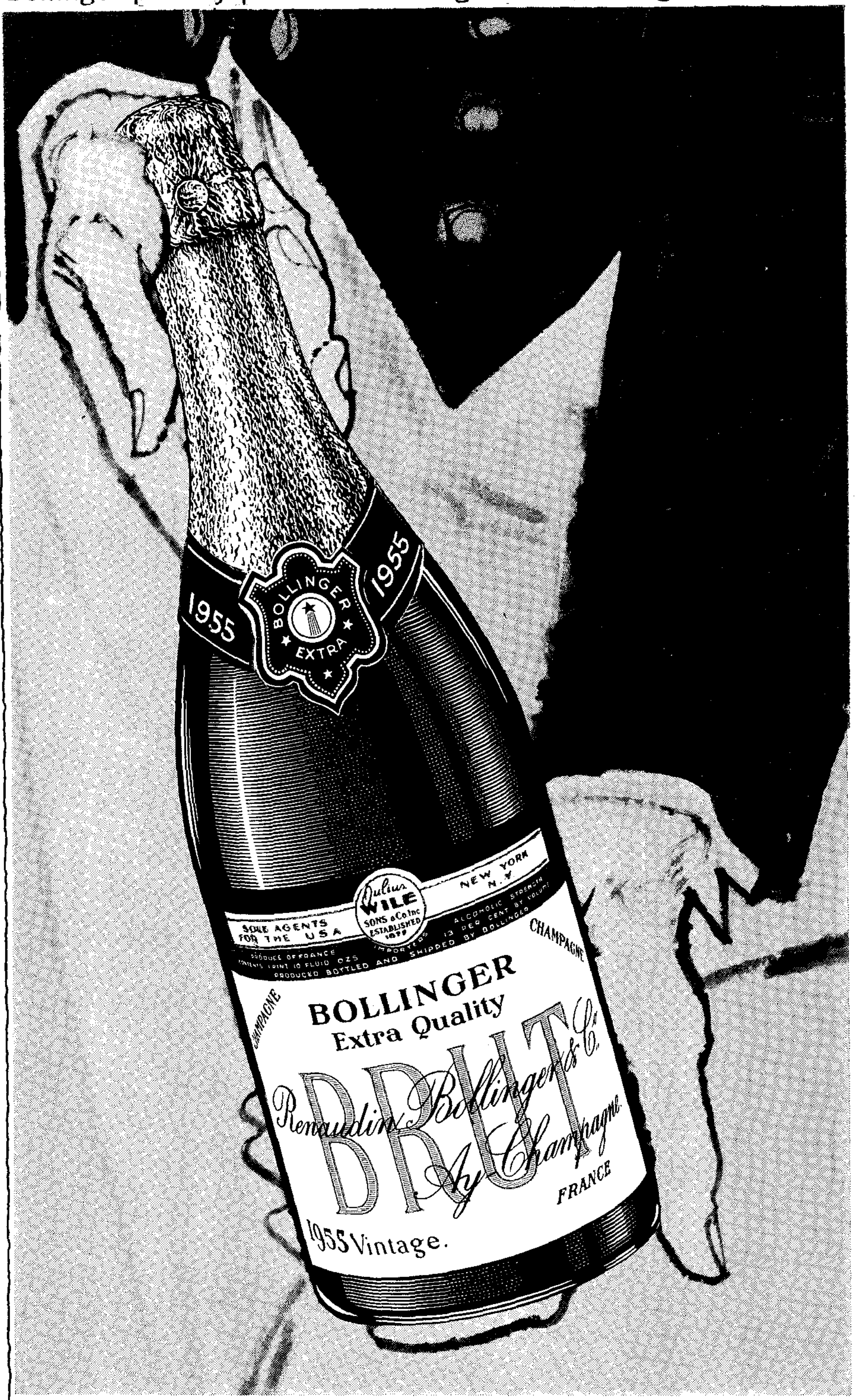

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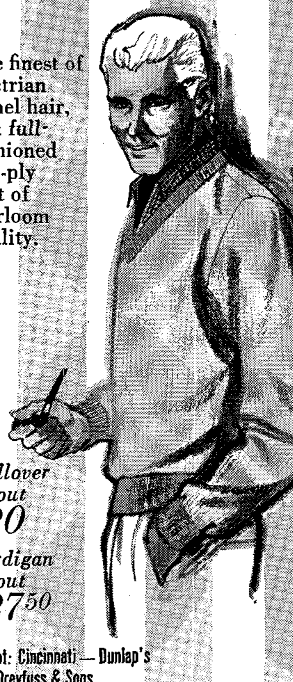
ulating the height of buildings in relation to street width."

During a series of hearings that preceded the adoption of the resolution, a member of the Committee on City Planning observed that the taller skyscrapers, which until then had never been questioned as symbols of commercial prosperity, weren't even good investments; they seldom paid a return of more than two and a half per cent, he said, since the rentals collected from their upper stories were counteracted by a vast loss on the space that had to be given over to banks of elevators. An "unprecedented monster born of the elevator," Montgomery Schuyler, the architectural historian, later called the skyscraper, and as time went on it seemed as if the parent were on the point of strangling its own offspring. Back in the days when skyscrapers were a novelty, hardly a year went by that didn't see the "tallest building in the world" supplanted by a new champion, but then the sixty-story Woolworth Building, completed in 1913, held the title for almost a decade and a half. To be sure, a period of boomtime euphoria followed, during which 60 Wall Street (sixty-seven stories), 40 Wall Street (seventy-one stories), the Chrysler Building (seventy-seven stories), and, of course, the hundred-and-two-story Empire State Building, all were built. Now, however, the gamble involved—coupled with findings of the real-estate industry that as long as the elevator problem remains what it is, a fifteen-story building will be the cagiest investment—seems to have definitely damped down the old Skyward, Ho! spirit. Even with the development of faster and faster and automatic elevators, the recognition of architectural display as an acceptable item in public-relations budgets, and the postwar boom in construction, few buildings have recently ventured above forty-five stories.

In the years immediately following the adoption of zoning restraints on skyscrapers, probably the men least interested in a revival of high-building construction were the directors of the Equitable Society. By the early nineteen-twenties, the company's headquarters staff had once again outgrown its 120 Broadway offices, and many of its members had been dispersed among seven other addresses about the city. Efficiency experts who were called in to make a study of the situation recommended rounding them up and resettling them in one building, whereupon the Society's president declared



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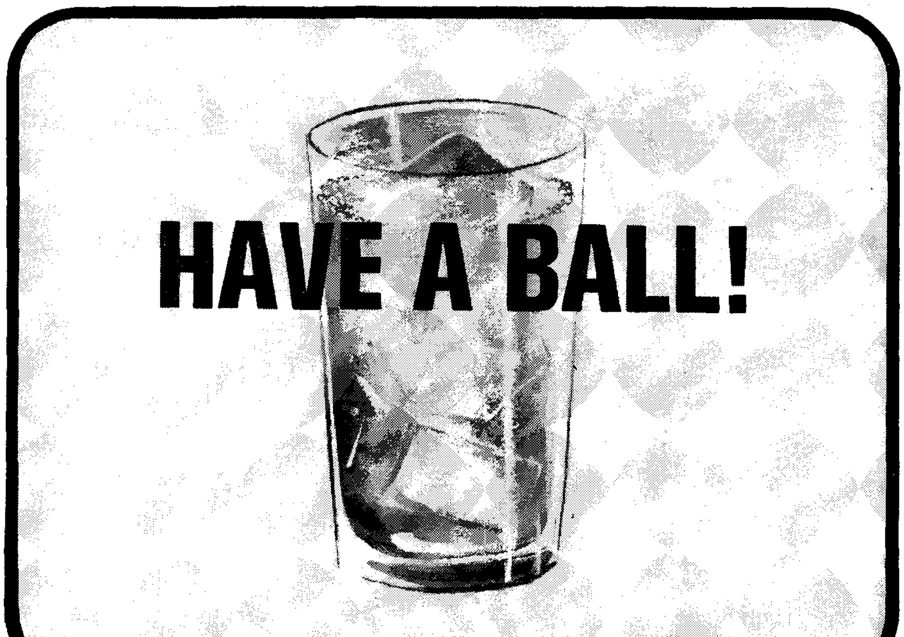
that his organization, while eager to comply with any suggestion designed to make its operations smoother, had no intention of erecting another show place. "What we need is a workshop," he said. A site for a new building was chosen at 393 Seventh Avenue, between Thirty-first and Thirty-second Streets—about as remote from Equitable's traditional location at the vortex of the city's legal and financial life as anyone could have found—and a strictly utilitarian twenty-two-story granite-and-limestone workshop (with three setbacks, as the zoning laws required) was unostentatiously constructed on it. The Society moved in late in 1924, and, heedless of another Hyde conceit—that its headquarters should serve as "a constant reminder of the company's eminence"—referred to its new home from the start not as the Equitable Building but simply as 393 Seventh Avenue. An Equitable actuary once polled fifty people coming up out of a nearby subway station and found that, except for a few who happened to be fellow-employees, not one knew who owned and occupied 393 Seventh Avenue. As a lone gesture of deference to a more flamboyant era, The Founder—as the statue of Henry Hyde had come to be known in Equitable circles—was removed on the Society's seventy-fifth anniversary, in July of 1934, from the storeroom he had reposed in since the fire, and set up near the cigar counter in the foyer, at the foot of a flight of stairs in the main lobby. From these relatively drab but perfectly respectable surroundings, in which he never appeared much at home, The Founder was recently transferred to Equitable's latest headquarters building, where he stands contemplating a bank of modern elevators in the northeast corner of the new structure's lobby.

While The Founder's dressy, mustachioed elegance may clash with this abstract glass-and-aluminum background, Hyde himself, if he were still around, would probably feel quite at ease in Equitable's newest home, which is a little more like his conception of a proper headquarters than the Seventh Avenue workshop. Although Equitable now has assets worth more than ten billion dollars, it ranks as only the third-largest insurance company in the world today (Metropolitan is first and Prudential second), never having regained the lead after the 1905 debacle. In recent years, Metropolitan has built an expensive annex to its famous bell tower on Madison Square, while Prudential is spending a quarter of a billion dollars



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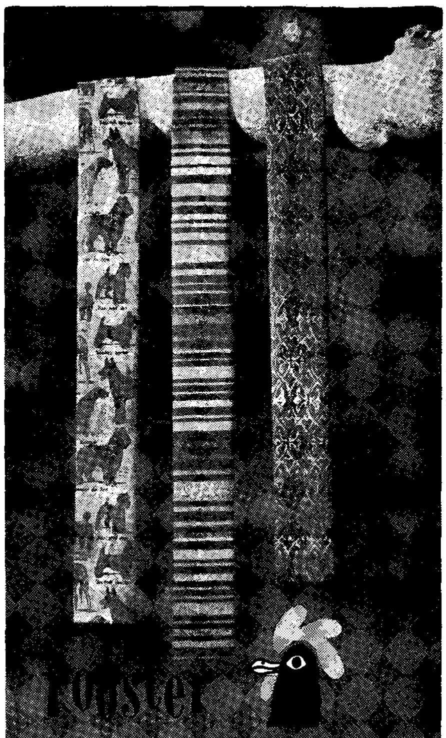

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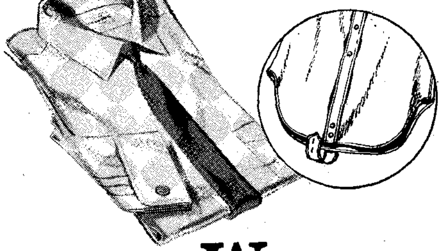

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on new regional headquarters in half a dozen American cities, and these bits of window dressing may have helped arouse the old show-place instincts in their nearest competitor. If so, the present generation of Equitable directors—still scarred by the ancient charges of architectural frivolity levelled at Hyde—is inclined to play them down. They emphasize that the fifty-eight million dollars spent on the building—the outlay was authorized three years ago by the Society's board on behalf of the policyholders, who have owned the company since 1925—represents only about one half of one per cent of the corporate assets, compared to the eighty-one per cent that Hyde's 1870 venture drained from the treasury. "This is a building without an ounce of fat on it," John H. Muller, Equitable's senior vice-president who was in charge of the construction, assured a visitor the other day. "We had in mind not a Cadillac but an Oldsmobile." Although the reference might have baffled Hyde as thoroughly as the point of view, he would surely have approved of one aspect of the new building: the words "Equitable Life" that, marking the end of an era of self-effacement, appear on three sides of the towering shaft that rises twenty-seven stories above the fifteen-story, block-wide base of the new headquarters. Beneath this giant commercial in triplicate, the building, sheathed in glass and anodized aluminum, offers little in the way of expensive *pro-bono-publico* frills, such as the open-air plazas with fountains and ever-blooming begonias that the designers of some other contemporary skyscrapers have been generous with. On the other hand, the tower does afford the occupants of neighboring buildings more light and air than the zoning laws stipulate, and its designers have avoided the letter-of-the-law setbacks that tend to give a marked-down look to so much of the city's postwar architecture. Moreover, there is an indoor garden of sorts, visible from the street through a front wall of gleaming glass. Behind it, the building's thirty-six elevators carry passengers to and from its forty acres of floor space, all of which are occupied exclusively by Equitable employees—seventy-three hundred and fifty of them. The corporation whose founder first had the idea of doubling the size of headquarters in order to take in paying guests now presides over the largest office building in the world occupied by a single company. The elevators, called Otis Autronics, are self-operating—or, as the Otis people prefer to put it, "not subject to errors

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of human judgment"—and are designed to adapt themselves electronically to changing trends in traffic known as Up Peak, Down Peak, Heavier Down, Balanced Up-Down, and Intermittent. They also attend to their own levelling and light-flashing, and can even function as bouncers. ("A passenger causing prolonged delay is gently but firmly nudged out of the entrance by the closing door," according to an Otis brochure.)

Nor are human beings the only cargo benefiting from the last word in intramural transportation in Equitable's new home. "We eat, live, and breathe paper in this business, you know," Muller remarked recently, and to cater to this preoccupation the Sixth Avenue headquarters have been equipped—at a cost of nearly a million dollars, or about a quarter of the total outlay for the first Equitable Building at 120 Broadway—with the most elaborate internal conveyor system to be found in any commercial building anywhere. Also liberated from errors of human judgment—and from delays occasioned by trips to the water cooler—trays endowed with electromagnetic memories and piled high with the nourishment of the trade will shuttle about among a hundred terminals in the building, racing through horizontal ducts and up and down their own vertical shafts in the elevator core at a speed of five hundred feet a minute.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

There are instances where even the most obscure occurrence radiates importance. If the subject is the sum of all knowledge worth knowing, then the case of its exposure takes on moment no matter how denied in neglect its unveiling.—*From a theatre review in The Village Voice.*

Well . . . yes and no.

•

Mrs. J. C. Gudge is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Carson. the presence of an additional member of the same sex in a cage is generally considered favorable to longer life.—*Davidson (N.C.) Mecklenburg Gazette.*

Things are looking up for Mrs. Carson.

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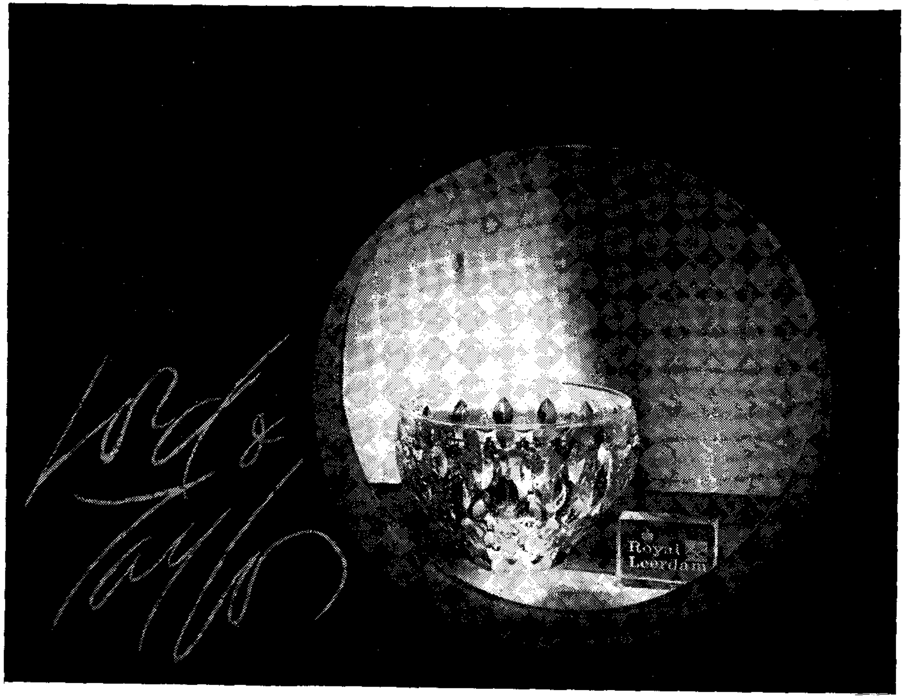

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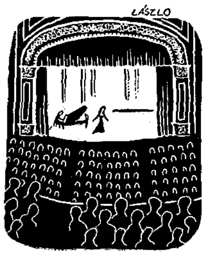

Douglas Moore's opera "The Wings of the Dove," which was given its première on Thursday evening of last week by the New York City Opera, represents a new departure on the part of its composer. The regional nostalgia and reliance on folk idioms that were characteristic of Mr. Moore's "The Devil and Daniel Webster" and "The Ballad of Baby Doe" have been left behind, the theme is an international one, and the musical treatment is almost Straussian in its harmonic and orchestral complexity. Its scope is that of true grand opera. But it is like its predecessors in one respect—in the sincerity and communicative power of its music. I am tempted to call it the most artistically successful American opera thus far written, and it is certainly one of the very few operas written anywhere in the past half century that seem to deserve a permanent place in the history of the art.

Much of this high praise that I am according "The Wings of the Dove" is inspired by the moving quality of its musical setting, but some is inspired by Mr. Moore's sure theatrical instinct (a talent almost as indispensable to the opera composer as a gift for lyrical and singable music), which has led him to choose a subject that is uncannily well suited to operatic treatment. The subject is, of course, Henry James's famous novel of that title—one that, at first glance, would seem far too oblique, involved, and psychologically subtle for dramatic use, and that has, indeed, been dramatized for the legitimate stage without success. It deals, as you probably know, with a highly unorthodox love triangle involving an aristocratic but impoverished British girl, Kate Croy, who eggs her penniless lover, Merton Densher (or, in the opera, Miles Dunster), on to an affair with a dying American heiress, Milly Theale, in the hope that he will be left a part of her fortune, and it ends with Milly generously, and knowingly, fulfilling her role in the conspiracy but leaving Miles and Kate so stunned by their betrayal of her, of each other, and of themselves that their love is dead. Such

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a capsule as the foregoing sentence does little justice to the intricate web of indirect motivations and tragic conflicts that James's novel contains, and it doesn't do justice to the opera, either, but it will have to serve as a crude chart for the purposes of this review. Mr. Moore's librettist, Ethan Ayer, has used the story with great skill and with a reverence for the original that preserves most of the novel's essential values; while pruning James's convoluted writing down to the simple dialogue of which an opera libretto must consist, he has lost very little of the vital elements of situation and character. And, surprisingly, a great deal of what has been lost in this process is restored by the evocative power of the music, which Mr. Moore, obviously a deeply devoted Jamesian, uses to accentuate and clarify James's meaning in terms of a different medium. From the operatic point of view, and from the point of view of theatre in general, this is a fascinating feat, and its success is a great tribute to the craftsmanship of both Mr. Moore and Mr. Ayer.

So much for the opera's relation to the novel. Considered simply as an opera, the piece moves beautifully. Mr. Moore's music, completely devoid of irritating modernistic mannerisms, is a rich fabric of harmonic subtleties woven with a master's hand. Occasionally it is dominated by the orchestra, occasionally it breaks into a really inspired aria (for example, Milly's hauntingly lovely song in Scene 2), and everywhere, or almost everywhere, it pushes the drama along toward its tragic conclusion. I say "almost everywhere" because there is one episode—the "Masque of Janus" ballet, performed in the courtyard of Milly's Venetian palace—that struck me as dramatically somewhat intrusive, mainly, I think, because it is musically uninteresting. Here Mr. Moore, perhaps with a view to intensifying the sinister symbolism of the episode, presents his listeners with a rather dry, not to say ugly, passage containing some atonal chanting by a small chorus. It is, to my mind, the opera's only flaw, and it is a small one.

As for the production, it was in every way worthy of the piece. Julius Rudel conducted with adroitness and sympathy. Regina Sarfaty was a magnificently passionate and aggressive Kate; John Reardon sang well and produced just the touches of genteel weakness and final outraged decisiveness that the role of Dunster calls for; and Dorothy Coulter, a handsome blond soprano on leave from the Metropolitan, was practically

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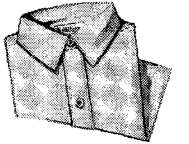

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an ideal Milly, though her diction was not quite as clear as it might have been. In lesser roles were Martha Lipton, as Kate's formidable aunt; Paul Ukena, as her dissolute father; Norman Kelley, as the ineffectual, mannered, and mincing Lord Mark; Mary Lesawyer, as Milly's companion; and Maurice Stern, as a lecturer in the National Gallery. They all did nobly. The stage direction, by Christopher West, galvanized every moment of the drama, and Donald Oenslager's lavish sets and Patton Campbell's Georgian costumes were completely delightful.

Altogether, the evening was a triumph for Mr. Moore, who, now in his late sixties, is showing a remarkable ability to turn out a string of operas of which each is more ambitious and compelling than the last. But it was also a triumph for American opera. Not only is opera the most interesting field to which American composers are now applying themselves but the results are fast becoming absorbing, adult, and rewarding to listen to. All we need now is a few more operatic composers like Mr. Moore, for Mr. Moore is that rare thing among his contemporaries—an artist. He has a great respect for the traditions of his craft and a practiced knowledge of its very demanding technique. He can write melodies that are neither banal nor pretentiously obscure. He knows the human voice and writes lovingly for it, regarding it as what it is—the most expressive and personal of all musical instruments. He is not a follower of any school, system, or fad, and he has the good taste not to bore his audience with half-baked attempts at aesthetic revolution. His music shows great originality in the only sense that the word "originality" can properly be used; that is, it is the expression of a distinct personal individuality, not an exercise in grammatical or calligraphic trickery. Above all, it has the quality of sincerity—the sort of sincerity that can focus an audience's attention on what the composer is saying, rather than on how he says it, even though in the case of Mr. Moore this "how" is supremely skillful.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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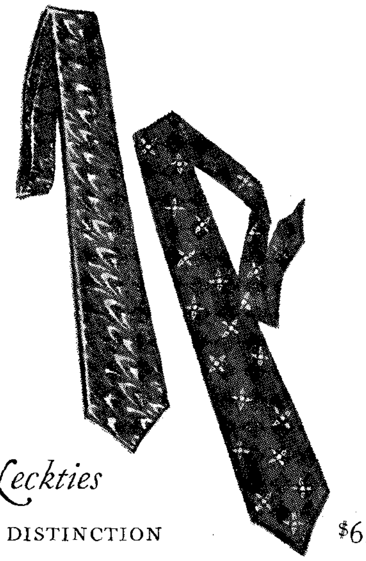

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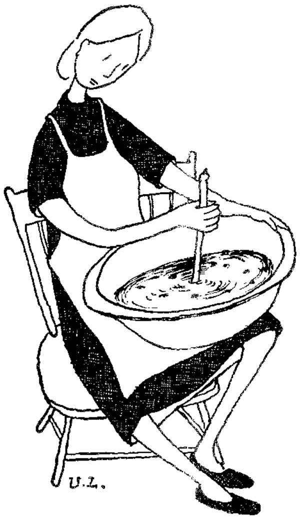
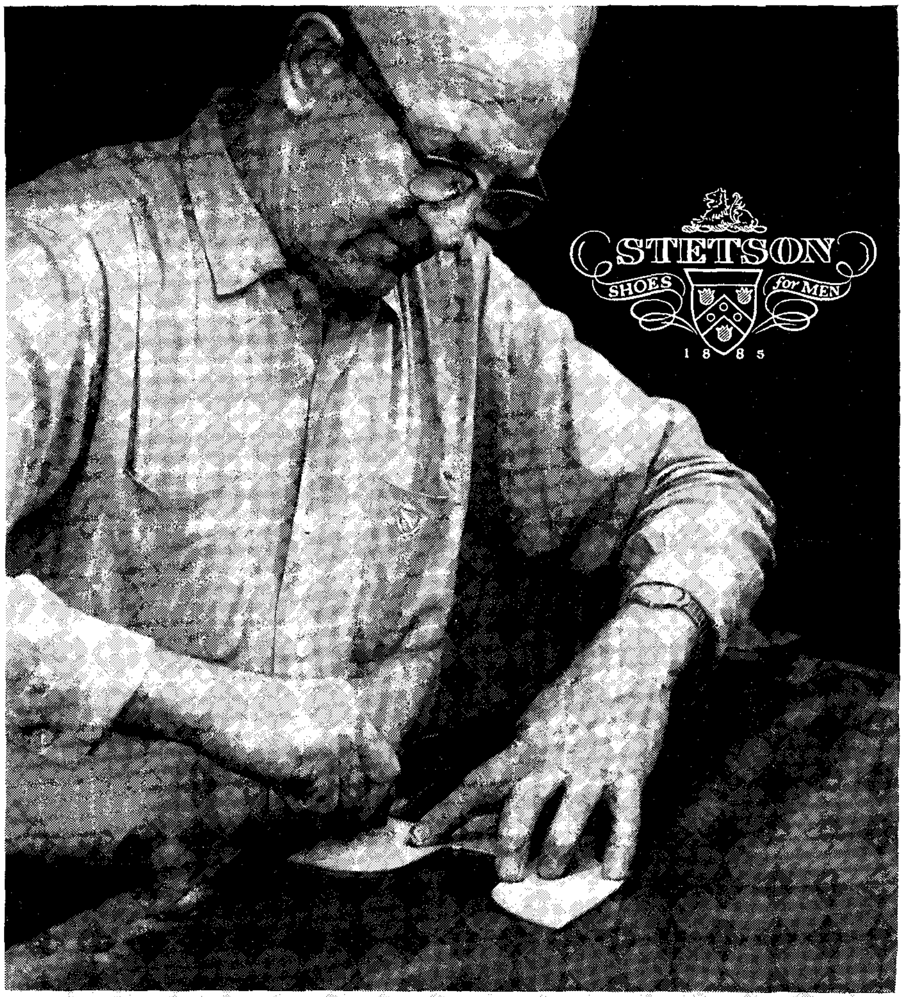
records that Taylor, the extraordinary twenty-eight-year-old pianist, has made. It also displays a considerable advance over his first recording, a revolutionary effort set down four years ago. Taylor occupies an odd place in jazz. Leagues ahead of most of his contemporaries, he has, unlike the customary prophet, no followers, even distant ones. At the same time, he is roughly neck and neck with such atonal, free-improvisation musicians and composers as Ornette Coleman, Don Ellis, Charlie Mingus, Eric Dolphy, and George Russell. He is, in short, an accidental co-leader of the first great upheaval in jazz since the arrival, in the early forties, of similarly iconoclastic men like Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Thelonious Monk. This movement is still nameless. It has inaccurately been called "third-stream" music, an attempt to blend certain aspects of jazz and classical music. It has also been termed "space music," and, with a sigh of desperation, "the new thing." Since this music is highly abstract, why not "abstract jazz"? Anyway, abstract jazz is as far removed from bebop as bebop is from swing. This attempt to free jazz of the arbitrary rules and regulations hit upon in its earliest days (and adhered to even by bebop musicians) sets aside tonality, the unwavering beat, the conventional chorus structure, and improvisation that is based chiefly on chord progressions. Discarded shackles are invariably replaced by new, if at first invisible, ones, and in abstract jazz these paradoxically take the form of absolute freedom. Every conceivable rhythm is used, and the tempos may be halved, doubled, tripled, or slowly accelerated or decelerated. Sometimes, in cadenza fashion, there isn't any beat at all. (The soloists in one number of a recent recording by Don Ellis simply chose their own tempos.) Improvisation is often built around a





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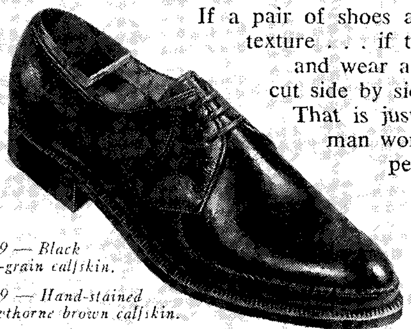

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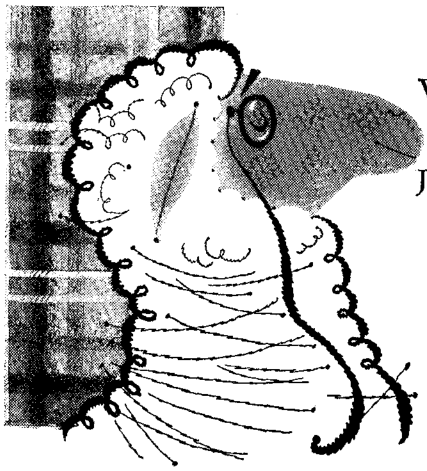

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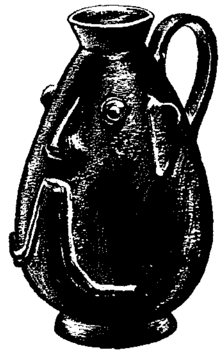

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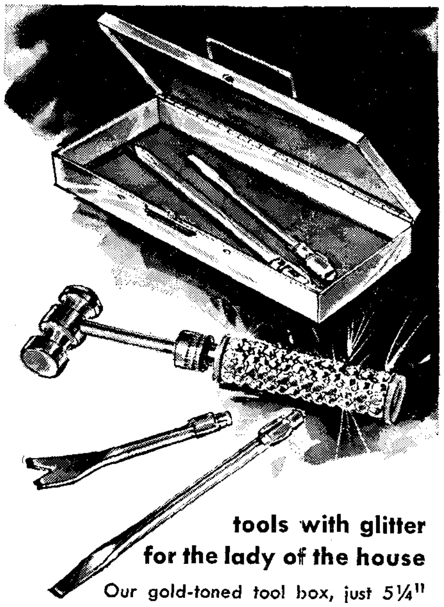
brief motif, an arbitrary row of notes, or the twelve-tone scale. Or it may be wholly free and off the top of the head. The soloists' melodic lines (usually not melodic at all) tend to be extremely long, altogether ignoring bar divisions and the standard chorus measure. The new musicians are also experimenting tonally with a variety of emanations that fall between anguished human and electronic sounds. Yet for all these resolutely neoteric methods, abstract jazz is not aimless and amoebic. The lyricism of the blues colors it, the tension-and-release patterns of older jazz are its skeleton, and it possesses the unified non-unity of all abstract art. Most important, it challenges—almost for the first time in jazz—the emotions *and* the intellect.

Four years back, Taylor's work approximated what might have happened if a gifted modern classical pianist had sat down at the keyboard and attempted to improvise whole compositions in the combined manners of Debussy, Stravinsky, and Bartók. Though this music was worked out against jazz rhythms, it rarely stated the beat, and its largely atonal substance seemed foreign, and even inimical, to jazz. Dense, dark, and rather desperate, it offered an on-the-spot survey of contemporary classical music. Since then, Taylor has begun to digest his extensive classical training (four years at the New England Conservatory) and turn more firmly toward jazz. His playing has breathing room, and is ten or twenty pounds lighter. Its buttonholing urgency is often transmuted into a subtle but unmistakable lyricism; some of Taylor's chords are even unabashedly blueslike. (Like all great rebels, Taylor has sniffed at the past before moving on, for his work also demonstrates a knowledge of ragtime, boogie-woogie, and stride piano.) Moreover, his present approach, as opposed to his shapeless earlier one, is a visionary attempt to fashion *each number* into an indivisible whole, just as older jazz musicians constructed an indivisible *chorus.* Taylor uses every sort of device to achieve this enlarged structure. He rarely plays in a tempo; he implies one, he nods at it, he rides slightly to one side of it. For minutes at a time, he may invent bitter, unbroken series of single right-hand notes, which fall like acid on powerful, irregular chaconnes in the left hand. (Occasionally, these basses rise up like whales and smite the right-hand figures.) He may then slightly increase his volume and play a formidable two-handed tremolo, and, lowering his voice again, issue shocking,



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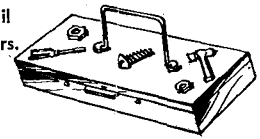

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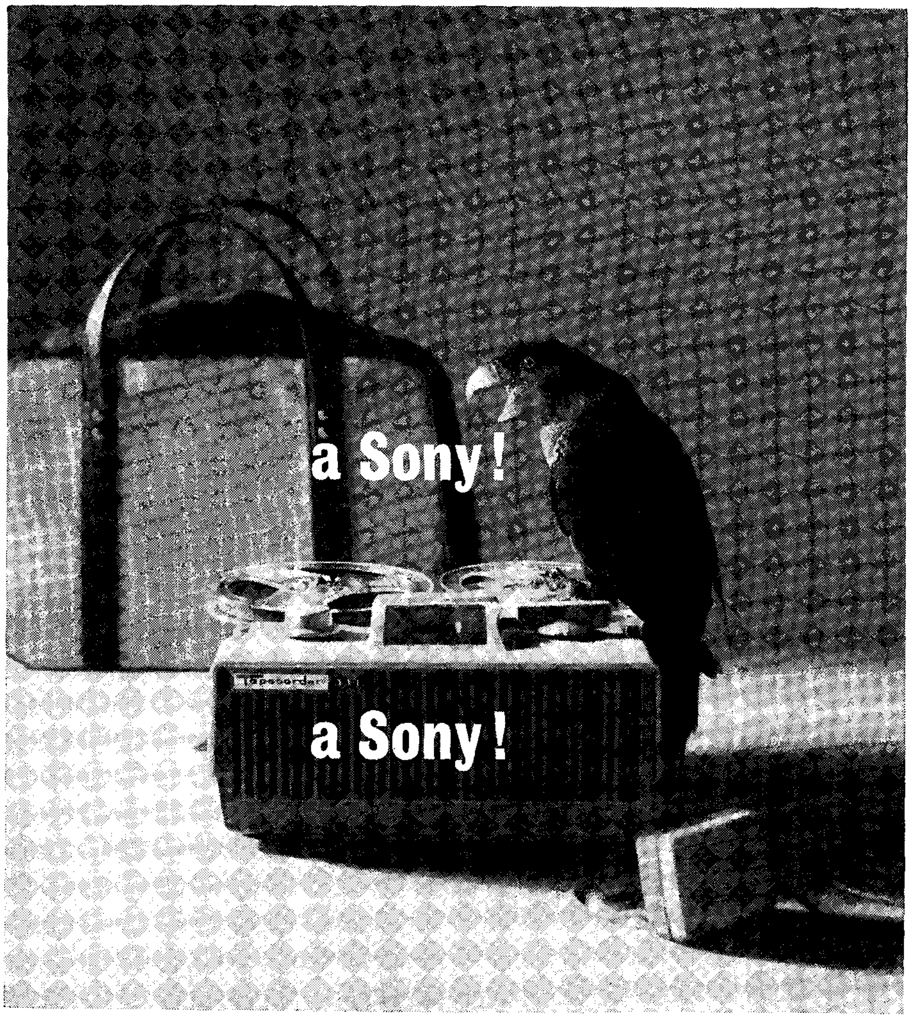
almost painful dissonances, which may give way to a resounding rest and then wild but impeccably struck chords that leap through most of the registers on the keyboard. (Taylor's technique is stunning.) Non-climactic music is flat-footed, and Taylor, unlike most of his predecessors in jazz, knows this. Each of his numbers is a true orchestral composition pivoted on one or more climaxes, which may occur at the end, in the middle, or even at the start. Indeed, his work makes Art Tatum's greatest pyramids appear hollow. Taylor is never euphoric. Each step of the way is an equal mixture of passion and thought, which, in catharsis fashion, is virtually *forced* on the listener—an exhilarating if bone-trying experience.

There are five pieces in Taylor's new recording. Three are his and two are standards. He is accompanied by a couple of holdovers from his first record—Buell Neidlinger, bass, and Dennis Charles, drums. Also present for two numbers is Archie Shepp, on tenor saxophone. Taylor has used horn players before, in recordings and in the flesh, and the results have been uneasy. Like Tatum, Taylor swallows them. Ornette Coleman has unconsciously come closest to Taylor's orchestral approach, but the two have played together just once, and briefly at that. Perhaps the only way for predominantly single-voiced instruments to match Taylor is through the kind of ensemble combinations invented by Coleman, Mingus, and George Russell. Be that as it may, Shepp is surprisingly successful. The most fascinating number on the record is an unearthly rendition by Taylor—with only a rhythm section—of Richard Rodgers' "This Nearly Was Mine." Ten minutes long, it is, aside from a few ominous discords, an ephemeral series of blues-derived variations—done first arhythmically and then with a beat—in which the melody keeps rising into view just beneath the surface and then falling away, like a curious porpoise. (For a long time, Taylor considered even an indirect statement of the melody heretical.) The number swells and subsides, swells and subsides, and the lovely, inexhaustible single-note passages practically lilt, while the chordal sections are full of blue notes and Monkish dissonances. It is the sort of rare jazz performance that is constructed in layers, each more delicate and finely tempered than the last. "Lazy Afternoon," four minutes longer, is another standard, with much of the same quality, which is intensified by Shepp's two anthracite-toned solos. The num-



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ber reaches a distinct climax in the middle and then gradually melts away through a long and intricately textured duologue between Taylor and Shepp. "Air," "E.B.," and "Port of Call" are more typical up-tempo excursions, full of atonal explosions, bits of ragtime, ice-breaking dissonances, and racking tensions.

An appreciable part of the success of the record is due to Charles' support. Most drummers these days either obstruct the proceedings or wander off by themselves. But Charles creates a steady, listening cushion for Taylor, whether Taylor chooses to use it or not. He even predicts some of Taylor's moves. In "E.B." he underscores perfectly a couple of Taylor phrases with the snare and bass drum, although there is no indication that Taylor is going to play those particular phrases. And at the end of "Air" there is a marvellous exchange of breaks between the two; Taylor improvises on Charles' patterns, which, in turn, are enlarged upon by Charles, and so on. Neidlinger is one of the handful of skilled young bassists who have appeared in the past several years, and he plays with a sympathy and inventiveness that seem to radiate Taylor's work.

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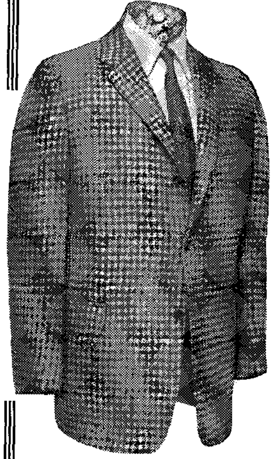

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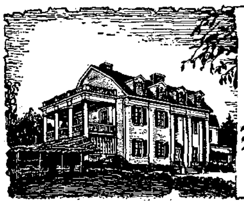

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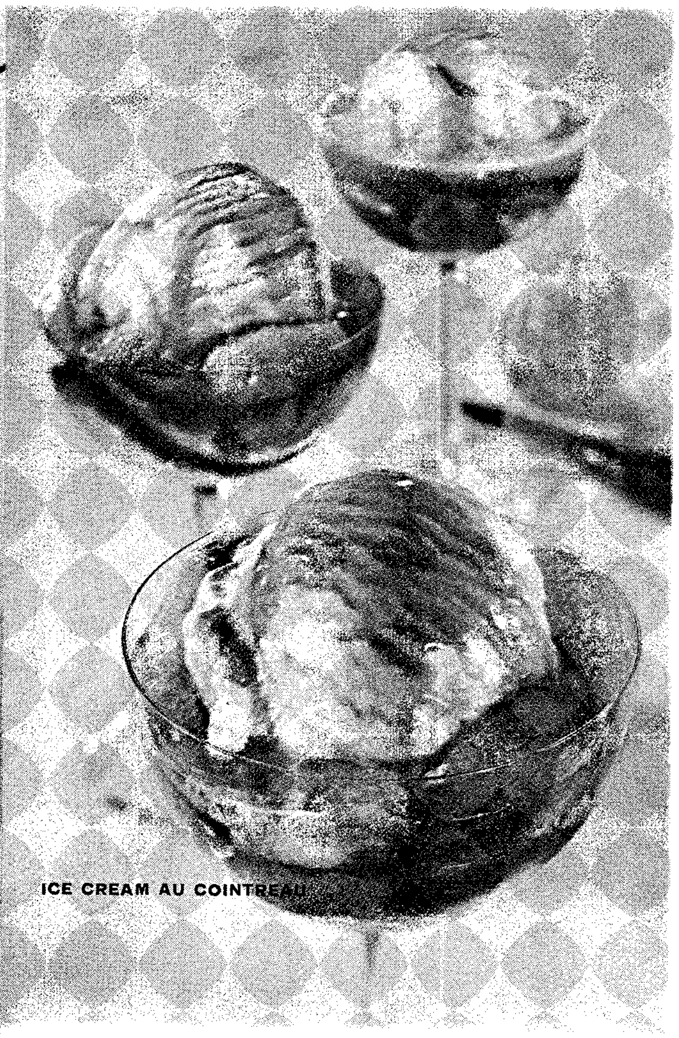

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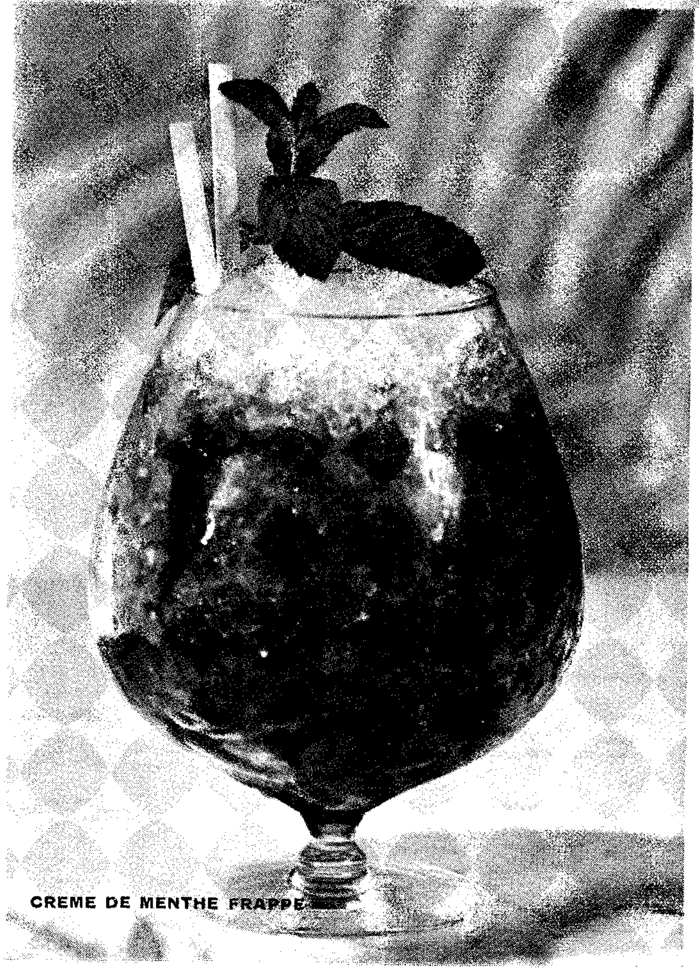

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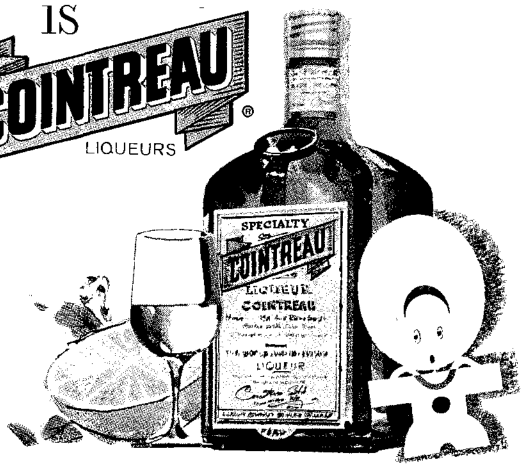

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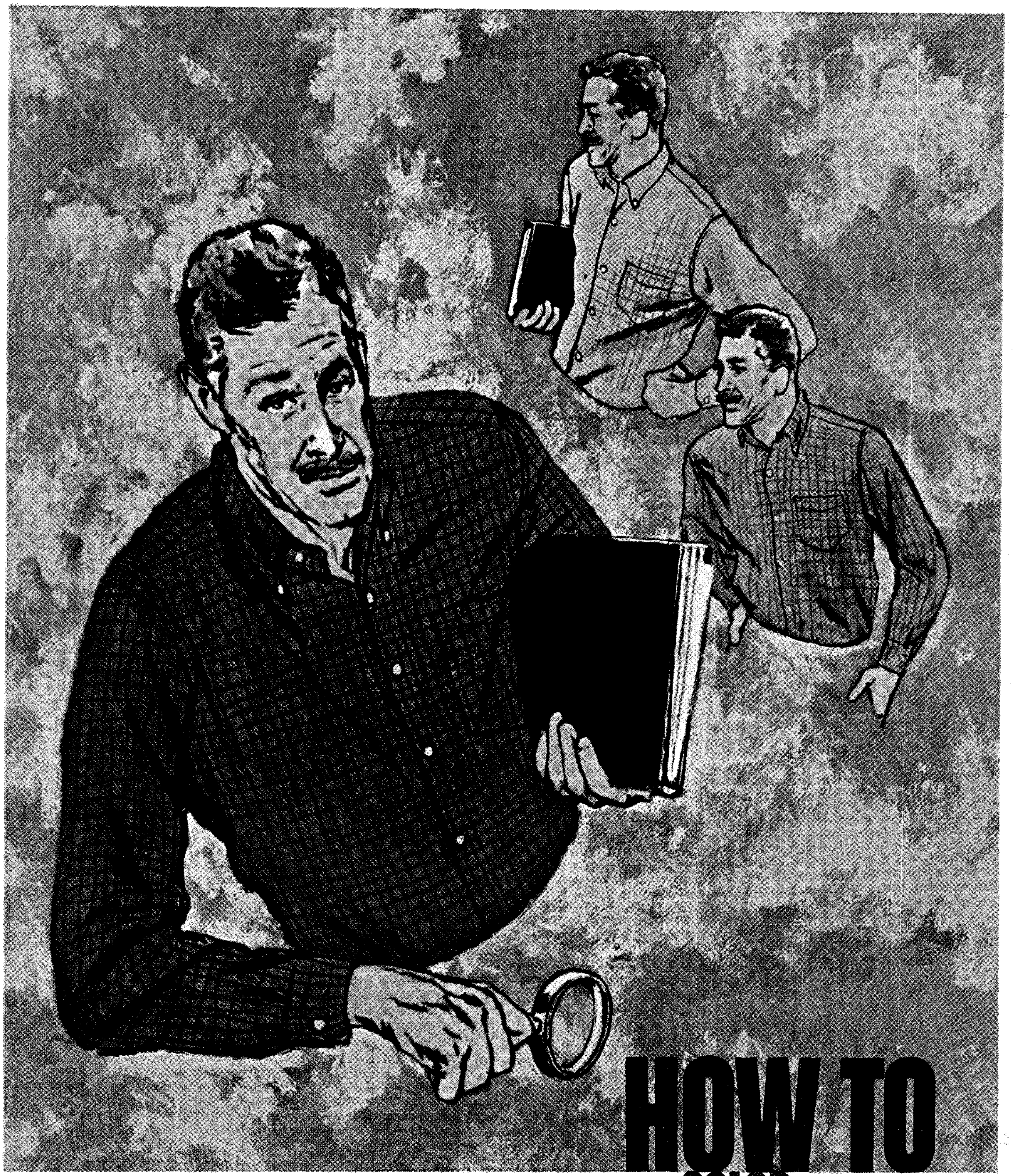

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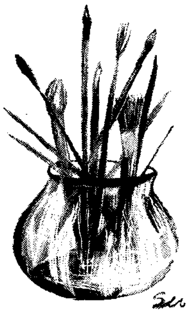

ALMOST the only new art form to appear since Defoe—or was it Samuel Richardson?—invented the novel away back in the early eighteenth century is collage, currently the background, if not technically the subject, of an extremely ambitious international loan exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. It is true that the affair is called "The Art of Assemblage"—but then the Museum has always had a penchant for thinking up new names for established styles. (Remember its "Magic Realism"—for what everyone else called Surrealism—a few years ago?) To be fair, in this instance a special term is justified, since the collection has been expanded to include a good many other forms, from constructivism, through straight welded sculpture, to Dadaist "ready-mades"—and beyond that, occasionally, into even more diverse fields. This all-embracingness introduces its complications, for there is very little relation in mood, in manner, or in almost any other way between these separate styles.

In collage, at any rate, the line of development is clear and the philosophic attitude fairly consistent. According to the generally accepted story, Picasso started the ball rolling when, in May, 1912, he finished a small oval painting and labelled it "Still-Life with Chair Caning." The subject was the familiar café-table scene then popular with the Cubists—a tag end of *Le Journal*, some fragmented suggestions of a pipe, a glass, a sketching pad, and so on, together with, for contrast, a meticulously rendered, neatly reticulated section of a caned chair seat. But the caning wasn't painted in, nor was it real caning. It was a piece of cane-patterned linoleum, cut to fit and glued on the canvas, and the whole device, it appears to me, was another expression—an especially impish one—of that impatience with all the fiddling painstakingness of conventional representational painting which formed the basis of the Cubist revolution. "Why bother to *paint* all these little crisscrossings of wickerwork, or whatever it is, if a piece of linoleum, printed in the same

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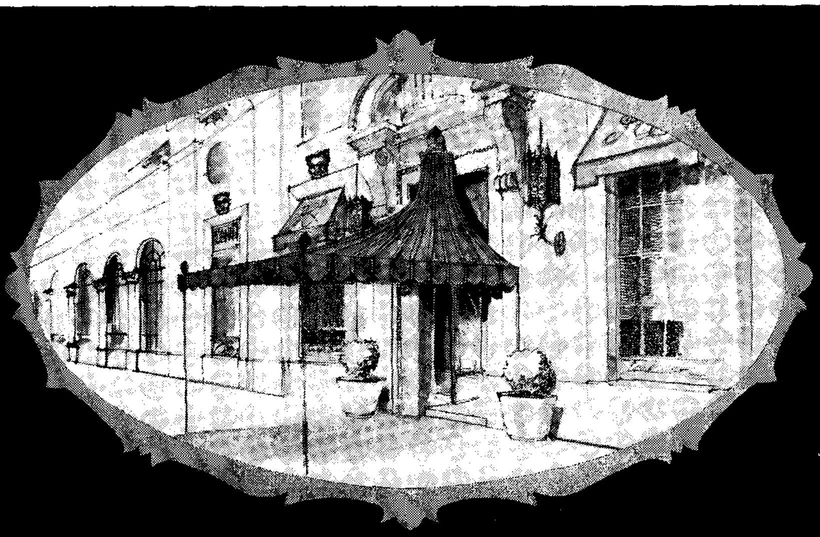

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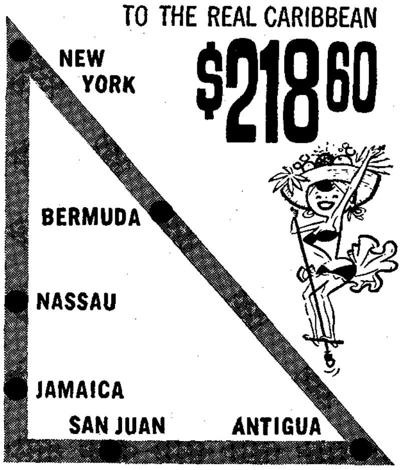

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pattern, will do just as well?" Picasso seemed to be saying, and the idea looked reasonable enough to a number of his Cubist contemporaries—Braque with "The Program" and "Clarinet" (where simulated wood graining is introduced along with the pasted-on papers), Juan Gris with "Breakfast," and so forth—to start them experimenting enthusiastically with the new technique. All these are in the current show, and all—including, for the circle widened, a pinwheel aggregation of snippets of newsprint called "Patriotic Celebration," by the Italian Futurist Carlo Carrà, and "Lady at the Advertising Pillar," by the Russian Suprematist Kasimir Malevich—were done within a couple of years after Picasso's initial effort, which argues that if Picasso was the first to employ collage, he was barely anticipating a technique that was on the point of emergence everywhere.

The method has passed through a number of transformations. The feeling of insurgency has gone out of it; the battle against the dry-as-dust type of representationalism was won long ago, apparently permanently, or as permanently as any victory ever is in art. The Dadaists used it for a while in the nineteen-twenties, in much the same spirit as the Cubists, but more humorously, as a mocking commentary on the pretentiousness of traditional art, and some of the best examples of the style in the show date from that era. Most particularly to be noted is the collection of thirty specimens of the compilations of odds and ends (string, torn theatre tickets, cigarette wrappers, just about everything) called "Merz," by Kurt Schwitters—all small, intricate, and cheerfully fanciful in their sidelong evocation, and set apart, as they should be, at the Museum, in what amounts to a little separate exhibition. ("Merz," in typical Dada fashion, was a code word—the last syllable of *Kommerz*, which Schwitters found on a scrap of paper and concluded to be meaningful. He certainly loved every tiny fragment he handled.) What remains today in pure collage is principally what might be called its "make-do" spirit, and its expression now is fundamentally benign. There is a tendency nowadays to use the materials of collage only for textural effect, otherwise submerging them in the body of the composition. Among the examples in this manner are Anne Ryan's small, rectangular "Number 48" and William Getman's scintillating "Maria," both mainly of paper, along with Conrad Marca-Relli's "The Snare," this composed of can-

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Angel
LA SCALA PRESENTS
Norma
by BELLINI
MARIA CALLAS
FRANCO CORELLI
CHRISTA LUDWIG
NICOLA ZACCARIA
EDDA VINCENZI • PIERO DE PALMA
conducted by TULLIO SERAFIN

Listening Time: 2 hours, 42 minutes, 11 seconds

Recording Time: 5 years

In 1953, Angel decided to record Bellini's "Norma" with Maria Callas. Months were spent in perfecting a performance of a great opera for records. When completed, the result was given a final listening by the sensitive and critical principals. They felt they had achieved a fine recording. And so, with some pride, they went their separate ways. "Norma" was released to an appreciative audience. Critics called it the definitive performance of Bellini's masterpiece. Angel Records was most pleased.

And then came stereo.

The development of stereo recording, with its increased richness and depth, was a mixed blessing. It made one wish that the acknowledged great recordings of the past, the fabled monophonic albums made before the introduction of stereo, could be remade in the exciting new medium. And this Angel decided to do with "Norma."

It took five years to accomplish. To assemble the cast, the conductor, the orchestra, the chorus, the engineers, the studio (the stage of La Scala itself) was a staggering undertaking. Musical artists of the highest rank are booked for years in advance. Angel was not willing to accept less. Conflicting schedules had to be coordinated, transportation arranged, acoustics plotted, microphones carefully placed, egos smoothed, throats sprayed, tempers quieted, contracts signed, and genius treated with proper respect.

The new stereo "Norma" is now completed. Again, the artists are pleased with the result. Again, Angel is most pleased. We invite you to hear this remarkable recording. It took five years to accomplish. We think it was worth it. (S)3615 C/L

Angel

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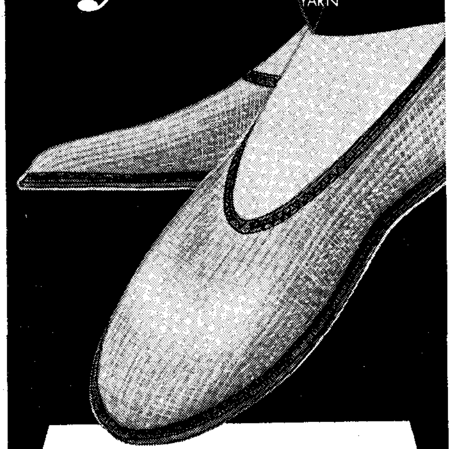

"Loungers" by Thomas Oliver—the great new leisure-time style for home and club. Machine washable, quick-drying, shrink-proof. Knit of soft, strong Tycora yarn with comfortable foam innersoles. *Colors: Blue, Olive, Scarlet and Black. Sizes: S, M, L.*
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vas cuttings on canvas, overpainted.

Assemblage (I boggle at that word. How does one pronounce it: Assem*blage*, in the French fashion, or just plain As*sem*blage?)—Assemblage, in the Museum's view, would seem to consist, in sculpture, of anything not fashioned by casting or by the chisel, and, in painting, of anything not exclusively in oil on canvas or some other traditional support; and so inclusive a definition leads inevitably not only to confusion but to questionable inclusions and exclusions. I shan't go into that at great length, though I must say I wonder at one item, a painting called "The Changes of Time," by the nineteenth-century artist John Haberle. This, done in the trompe-l'oeil style so popular then, portrays a cupboard door to which have been fastened fragmented memorabilia—scraps of newsprint, a torn envelope, a photograph, and such. But they are *painted* in, and so, obviously, represent the precise reverse of either "assemblage" or collage, whose whole point is to use real objects instead of portraying them.

Otherwise, the tone of the assemblage section (my own subdivision) is as exuberant as that of the collage section is decorous. The range is from a sculpture by Jason Seley, "Masculine Presence," made up mainly of chromium-plated bumper parts, and a (literally) smashed-in and baled-up automobile, "The Yellow Buick," by César (a good many of the moderns seem to be bent on disassemblage, particularly as regards the automobile), through such really weird items as George Cohen's "Anybody's Self-Portrait," involving distorting mirrors and dangling dolls' arms, and Fernandez Arman's "Arteriosclerosis," which consists of a glass-lidded box filled with forks and spoons, to such decidedly less gaudy presentations as Louise Nevelson's gilded, imposing "Royal Tide I" and a charming series of pieces, mostly small and all inventive, by that early master Arthur Dove—and I'm afraid I'm going to have trouble sorting things out much further. In so uninhibited an assortment, bad taste is bound to be apparent, as in Bruce Conner's gruesome "Last Supper" and Edward Kienholz's even grislier, and sillier, "John Doe" and "Jane Doe." But there's wit, too, as in Laurence Vail's bizarrely encrusted small bottles and in Sydney Simon's "Kiosk," built entirely of wooden type faces, and if many exhibits seem labored in the extreme, particularly the work of the contemporaries, there are others—some new, some older—by such artists as Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, Lee Bontecou,

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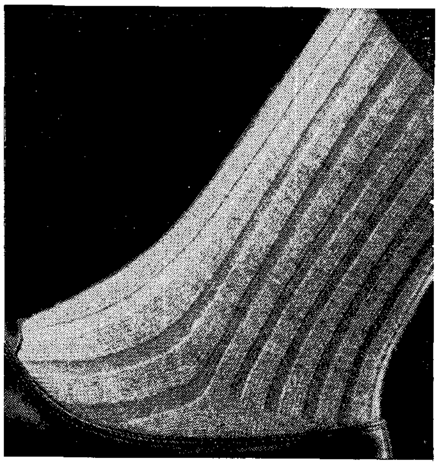

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Joseph Cornell (a whole array of his endlessly delightful shadow-boxlike contrivances), and Dove, to show how deftly and succinctly the style can be used. On leaving here, the show will travel to Dallas and San Francisco. I found it fun.

ANOTHER contemporary innovation, now that I think of it, is mobile sculpture. To be sure, this claim rests on less firm foundations than the claim for collage does, since wind- or water-operated ritualistic constructions have been in use in the Orient for ages. As an art form, however, the free-moving, three-dimensional device we now call the mobile dates from only three or four decades ago, and Alexander Calder originated it. Indeed, for a time he dominated the field, perhaps because the very simplicity of his forms made them seem like summations. In recent years, other artists have moved in, most notably George Rickey, now showing a new group of pieces (he calls them "kinetic sculpture") at the Kraushaar. It is a pleasing affair. Rickey is as "classic" in his approach as Calder is "romantic." His work is precisely engineered and infinitely delicate in design; also, it has grown more realistic in its thematic range. The references are now almost entirely to naturalistic subjects—climbing vines, sedge grass quivering in the breeze, rippling water—and the ingenuity with which he captures these wayward movements in hinged, balanced, and counterbalanced constructions of shaped metal is remarkable. I must confess that I found myself wondering if at times—as in the large, complicated "Water Plant"—the ingenuity doesn't overreach itself, so that one marvels more at the technique than at the fulfillment. But this is a small quibble indeed. By and large—with such pieces as the thistlelike "Long Stem," the lazily moving "Summer," and the truly ecstatic "Nuages" as the highlights—the exhibition is as refreshing as a breezy day in the country.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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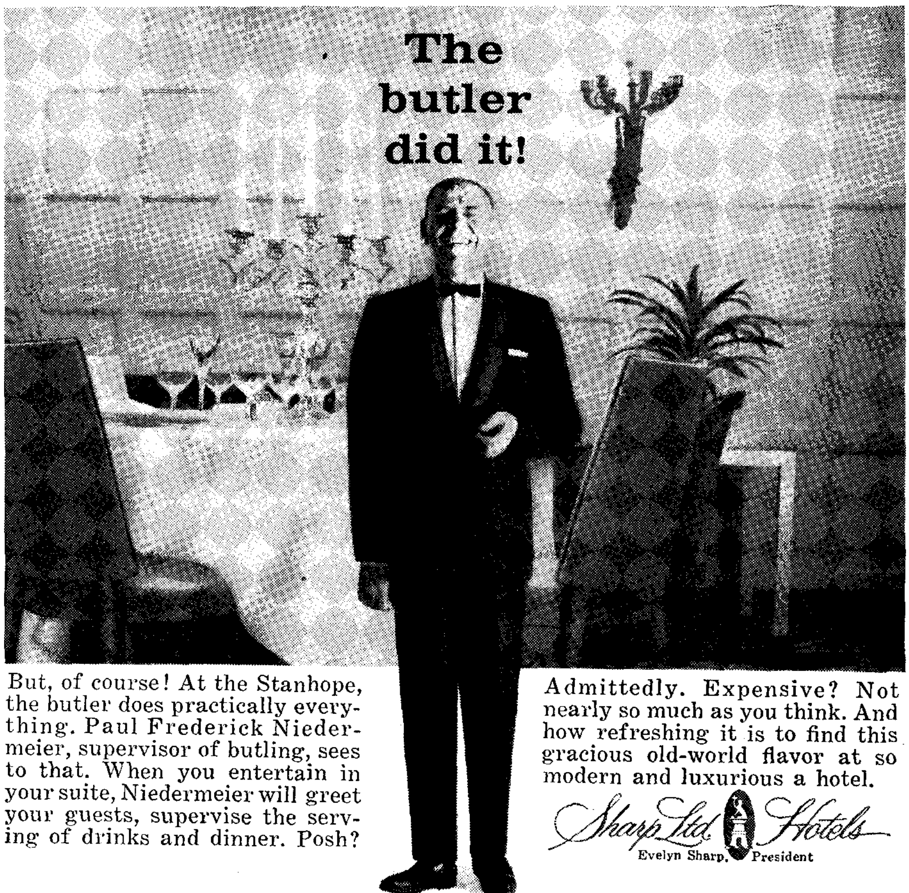
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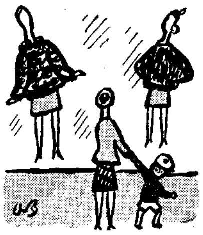
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

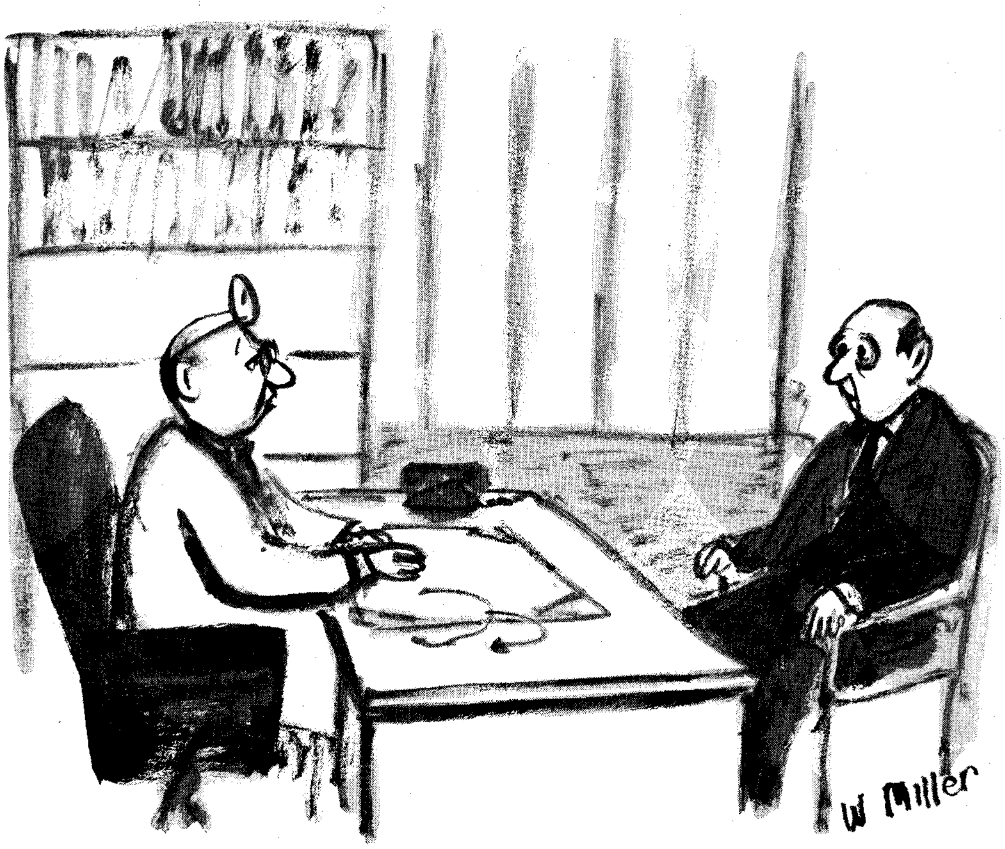
THIS AND THAT



WEEKS of absolute inertia, during which nobody had decided to name anything—whether race horse or plant food—Shangri-La, had gone by when, in the midst of September, someone with a real sense of responsibility signed a lease on the ground-floor premises at 780 Madison Avenue, which is not far from the corner of 66th Street, and held a christening party. The name, which looks ill at ease on the awning of your favorite neighborhood bar or horse-meat shop, is for once reasonably apt; the ready-to-wear clothes, all planned and executed with care, are made of fabrics that come from Thailand, India, Japan, and Hong Kong, and Hong Kong, as we all know, can acquire its materials from mysterious sources indeed. Among the late-day-on-into-evening coats are some of gold raw silk lined with pale-green brocade that bears a spidery chrysanthemum design; narrow shoulders, turnover collars, and folds down the front held in place by small vertical bows of the silk are part and parcel. Round, collarless necks appear on coats of raw silk with vast checks in pink, moss green, and white. This time, the lining is red crêpe. Orange raw silk does for double-breasted coats that have standing collars and are lined with emerald brocade. Then there are sleeveless shifts, also with round, collarless necks; the stuff is pink ribbed silk on which appear orange and white blossoms and stars that should remind you of the designs on Japanese lanterns. These shifts are bound at the throat and above the hem with narrow folds of orange silk that matches their rope sashes. Untrimmed shifts rely on, for one thing, pink watered silk heavily involved with blue, red, orange, and purple flowers. Orange poppies and pale-blue bushes, on which orange, yellow, and white posies touched with gold thread sprout, decorate the silk of duster dresses for at-homes or under Southern suns. Sari silk in many-splendored colors and into which small gold leaves are woven end up as short or long shifts with or without intricate gold borders. Long and stately fitted sheaths of white brocade covered with clusters of baby chrysanthemums are slit up almost to the knees at the sides. Pale-blue silk is the lining. And long shirt dresses with button-down collars, French cuffs, and tab closings are done in silk whose enormous plaids combine orange, turquoise, fuchsia, and green. Sizes are small, medium, and large, and prices range from $75 to $195.

ONE more newcomer, D/R International, two blocks east, at 866 Lexington Avenue, on the corner of 65th Street, is also interested in faraway places. From Finland come (1) unpretentious dresses (some with round, collarless necks and three-quarter sleeves) in pin-striped navy or dark-brown flannel with four-inch pleated ruffles at the hem, (2) dresses of rough dark-brown wool flecked with tan and encompassed by wide matching sashes that leap through loops at the hips, (3) more softly contrived dresses, gathered below high yokes, of herringbone wool (red, blue, brown, or oyster white), and (4) long-torso dresses, with wide, gathered flounces from mid-thigh to hem, in cotton that has slender orange-and-pink or blue-black-and-green stripes. The sizes are 8 to 16, and the prices ascend from $24 to $91. Casual Finnish hats of wool in solid colors or printed cotton are given stitched brims to be draped in the manner most flattering to the wearer; $6.50 to $15. Bolivia's contributions are hand-knit pullover and cardigan sports sweaters of llama or alpaca yarn (mostly brown, black, gray, or tan, or combinations thereof) in a pattern that looks like civet cat, or else in blurred stripes or Early Bolivian patterns. Switzerland is the birthplace of fragile necklaces of clear blown-glass bubbles—not to be handled by butter-fingers—on which green, red, or red-and-black glass beads are strung (only sixty-five days to Christmas trees); $16.50, including the luxury tax.

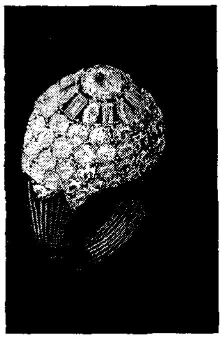
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE's seventh floor is showing hats, at $18.95 a throw, from the Emme Boutique. Snow-white aigrette mousse, a furry felt that could pass as fox, is the means to this end. Both dome cloches and pillboxes appear



"Offhand, I would say that you're suffering from the effects of overcommunication."

Have you explored the delights of rings in your diamond wardrobe?

Your diamond engagement ring will shine from your heart finger always. But other rings may follow. Each should be a bliss to wear, a jewel to treasure.



MODERN SETTING

DIAMOND SWIRL

In choosing a ring for your diamond wardrobe (in addition to your cherished engagement ring) let your heart and your hand and the life you lead be your guides.

A diamond ring should be a personal delight, a fascinating expression of your taste and charm. On your finger, it becomes a part of you, ever visible, a sparkling accent to your every gesture.

There are many exciting new designs in diamond rings. Try them on, just for the joy of it. Even though the thrill of adding one to your diamond wardrobe may be a long dream away, discovering the look that makes your hand more beautiful is a delectable experience.

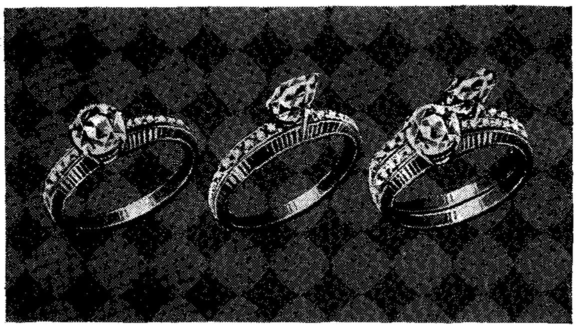
A fine jeweler will have lots to show you, rings from his selections, ideas for a design he can create especially for you.

If you've inherited a diamond ring, why not consider having it restyled? With your diamonds as the starting point, your jeweler can fashion a modern setting, make up a ring that's beautifully, distinctively yours.

Or you might explore such fascinating new ideas as these: diamonds in a dramatic swirl, or double rings (two that can be worn together or separately) for both day and evening.

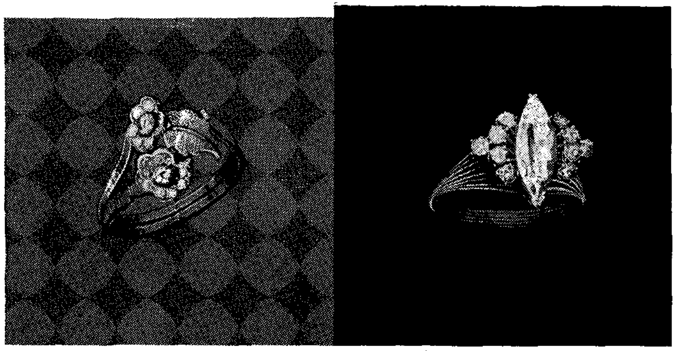
And, there are little-finger rings that are new and charming, "fancy" rings that are truly individual. Many of these are to shine 'round the clock. Others are for gala occasions when you want to look your most dramatic.

Try them all, then decide which are for you and your diamond wardrobe.



DOUBLE RINGS, WEAR SEPARATELY OR TOGETHER

LITTLE-FINGER RINGS:



DIAMONDS AND PLATINUM

DIAMONDS AND GOLD

Other diamond wardrobe ideas:

CLIP, PIN OR BROOCH . . . fabulous or fascinatingly feminine. Designers are dreaming up delectable new ones all the time.

EARCLIPS . . . these can match, or complement, your clip or brooch. Or, you can choose two lovely little clips that double as ear adornments.

BRACELET OR WRIST WATCH . . . or both. A diamond wrist watch can become a diamond bracelet by adding a diamond at a time to a paneled metal band.

NECKLACE . . . this may be a breath-taking many-jeweled masterpiece. Or it may have a small beginning, with a single diamond on a slender chain. Diamonds can then be added from time to time.

Acquired one by one over the years, and usually on gift occasions, the jewel pieces in your diamond wardrobe will be treasures to cherish. Such a collection may be started modestly, of course. But modest or splendid, each jewel will have a lasting value.

Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds.

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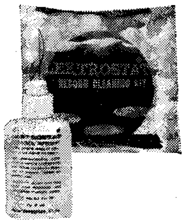

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with long-stemmed roses, shading from pink to green, at one side; tall profile cloches with rippled brims prefer white cabbage roses above the right eye; flapper cloches to wear off the face or tilted over one brow simply carry a band of wide black grosgrain wrapped in taupe mesh veiling around the crown. Uncovered grosgrain tabs shoot off the center back of these last. And so on, and so on.

SOMEONE called Miss Benz, who hides out on the sixth floor at 18 East 60th Street, is doing made-to-order rain hats of Indian cotton prints or hand-woven Siamese silks, and they'd be all right in fair weather, too. Draped turbans, peaked caps, cloches, and brimmed hats with high or pork-pie crowns are in her repertory, and the costs are $12.50 (cotton) and $25 (silk).

THOSE reliable Aquascutum raincoats are now showing up at Harold J. Rubin, who's at 943 Madison Avenue (74th), with additions of his own—detachable shawl collars and detachable linings of horizontally worked American gray fox. They come in sizes 10 to 16, and the price is $225, which includes the luxury tax. The fur is so lavishly streaked with red and black that it's hard to tell why it's called gray.

MACY, while rearranging its second floor, has found room for a Boutique of Intimate Fashions (well!), which you can find by ear, since it isn't far from the pealing Hammond organs. Short robes that could do as evening wraps (long torsos, and flounces at the bottom) appear in white pseudo-broadtail; brass-buttoned and tailored ones of white Arnel-and-rayon gabardine, with wide removable belts, might do as topcoats in warm climates. Others, of a red nylon-and-Arnel that looks like flannel, could double as nightshirts. These have double rows of white eyelet embroidery down the front. Two-piece sleeping pajamas of white cotton broadcloth are of Italian parentage. Pipings of turquoise broadcloth decorate the turnover collars, the shoulder tabs, the chest pockets, and the cuffs. More feminine pajamas, likewise Italian, are of dusty-pink batiste, with bands of white eyelet embroidery down the sides of the jackets and over the pockets, which are at the hem. Baby-doll Italian pajamas, with bloomers, are of pale-blue batiste, and tiny embroidered flowers adorn the round yokes and the hem (pastel pink, lavender, and yellow are the hues). These pajamas are duplicated in mint batiste with pastel bowknot em-

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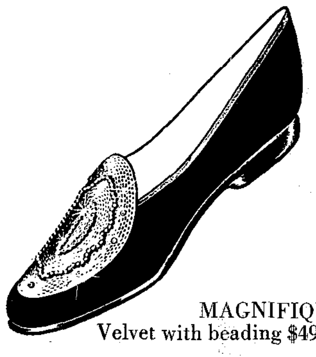

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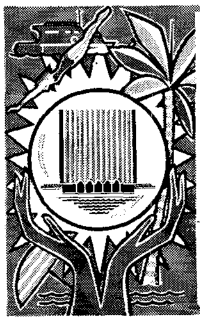

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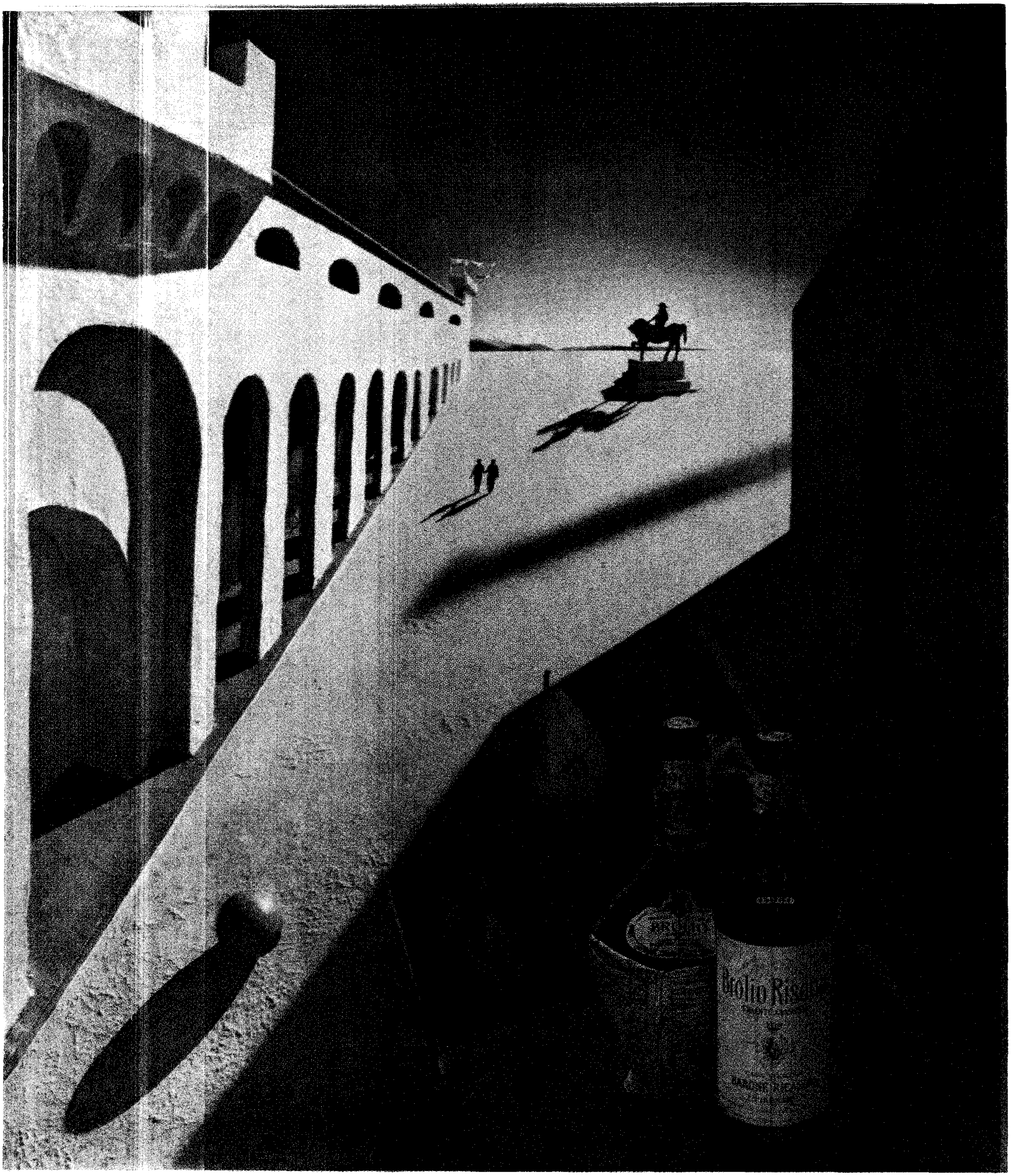

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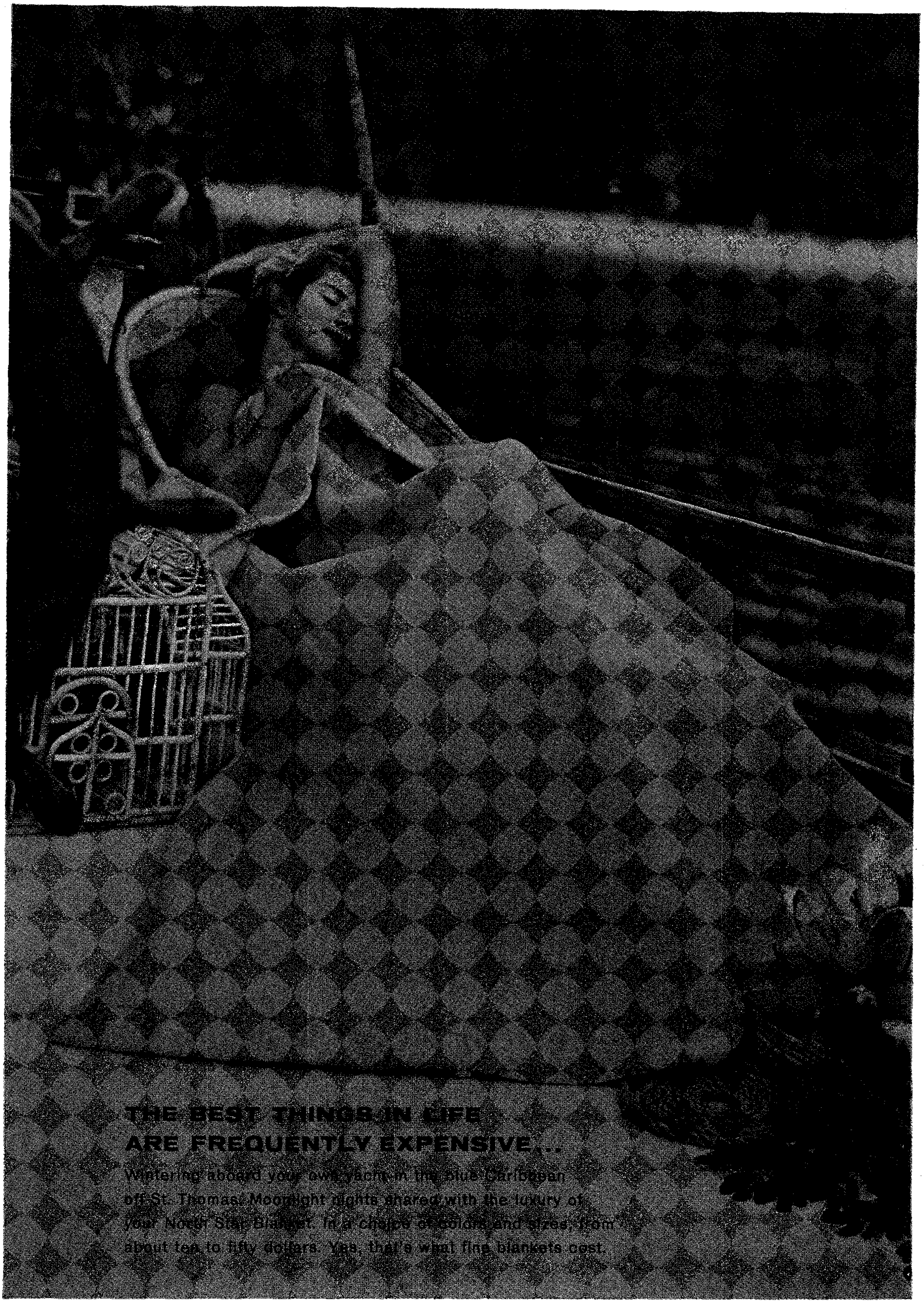
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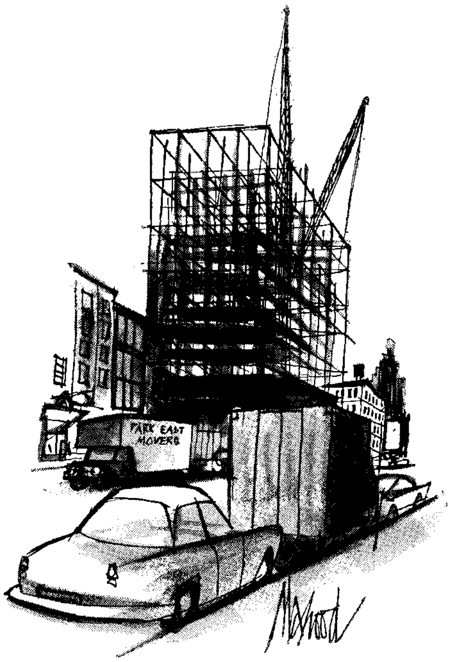
AND NORTH STAR CRIB BLANKETS TOO • CHATHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ELKIN, NORTH CAROLINA broidery (blue, lavender, yellow, and pink) on the square yokes. The bloomers are edged in white lace. Below-the-knee shifts (we're still in Italy) of lilac-and-white striped batiste use an embroidery of red rosebuds and emerald leaves as décor. Shifts of the same length, but of eyelet-embroidered white cotton, come from Austria. Hyacinth ribbon draws them in at the ruffled décolletage. The price range here is considerable—$8.94 and up, up, up.

JACOMO, a niche scooped out a few months ago at 25 East 61st Street, deals in carefully chosen French and Italian handbags. Reversible natural pigskin makes travel satchels with five big compartments that run the full length. Tall pyramids (for either shopping or visiting) of a brown Italian calf that looks like tree bark are large enough for a nightgown, folding slippers, and perhaps a slip. Travel sacks in just about any shade of kid are provided with leather straps high at one side and brass hooks low at the opposite so, when they aren't full of truck, they can be doubled up into half the size. Boar hide that they say can't be scratched makes square, medium-sized handbags with flap closings and double handles. The choice is Chinese red, jade, caramel, navy, and black. Evening bags are in unexpected but beguiling leathers—envelopes of black crocodile that close with Florentine gold-filled rosebud clasps, clutch bags of lizard (white, green, or mauve) with broad Florentine gold-filled frames that are fastened by sheaf-of-wheat clasps on which fake cabochon rubies or emeralds sparkle. A slight $19.25 gets a small silk purse with a mirror under the lid; it takes over $500, including



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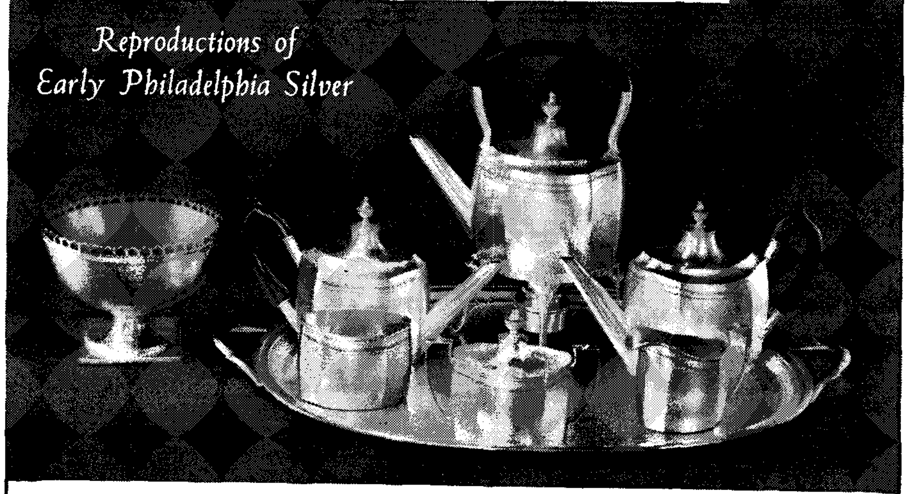

Philadelphia Museum Bowl. Adapted from original by Samuel Williamson, 1796. 8" diameter, $135; 5", $55; 7", $115; 9", $170. Three other sizes available.

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the federal tax, for a crocodile satchel with a jewel case at the bottom.

BELGIAN SHOES, at 60 East 56th Street, is up to a bit of matchmaking—baby-alligator handbags and handmade pumps, with low, medium, or high heels, that match exactly because the leather comes from one tannery, in France. The shoes are $145, the bags are $247.50 to $275, luxury tax included. The colors in stock are black, brown, and Burgundy, but caramel or green is possible for those who don't mind waiting four weeks.

FAR-SEEING old Bloomingdale is ready with cold-weather outdoor boots that have pointed or square toes. Some of them, nearly a foot high, are made with uppers of flowered carpeting and vamps of black leather lined with black plush, and there are unlined ones of ponyskin with a giraffe-skin print. All are $28.95. Boots of black plastic patent leather, lined with red plush, have corrugated soles of rubber, so they can go out in the rain or snow; $18.95. French boots, a bit shorter, are of black leather, and there's a small pocket at the top for Kleenex, a key, or mad money. Others, in lambskin with the smooth surface on the outside and the wool inside, come in red, beige, or black. The price is $16.95. Elsewhere on the premises, hand-sewn custom gloves are being turned out in three days. Wool jersey, silk jersey, satin, or taffeta is the material, and the cost is anywhere between $7.98 and $30.

AMERICA HOUSE, at 44 West 53rd Street, is presenting a small group of odd but not bizarre one-of-a-kind bracelets, earrings, and necklaces of pre-Columbian stones, mostly jade. Many of them are combined with sterling silver or gold—slender chokers constructed of bits and pieces of jade, coral, and wampum, as well as gold discs from which round or oval turquoise pendants hang; silver-bead chokers with clusters of jade beads wrapped with jingling silver balls or decked with many jade cartridges of various sizes; hoop earrings of jade with fluted silver shells dangling from them. All the way from $70 to $300, including the luxury tax.

THE children's section of Bergdorf Goodman has acquired a commendable number of items from Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, and Italy. Smocks of gray-and-white striped denim are cut like men's shirts, and down one side goes a cotton dog that combines red, gold, purple, navy, yellow, and

LINE: a straightforward design enhanced by gentle, concave modeling. Fraser flatware is minted of WMF Cromargan stainless steel. It is weightier, more sensitively balanced, hand-finished to satiny perfection. WRITE FOR BOOKLET 31 AND THE NAME OF A STORE NEAREST YOU.
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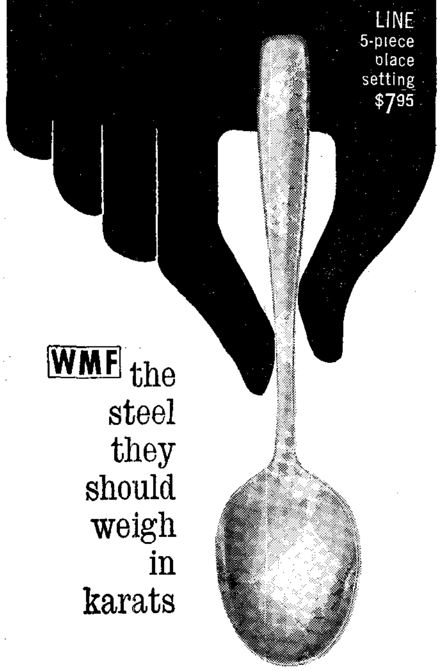
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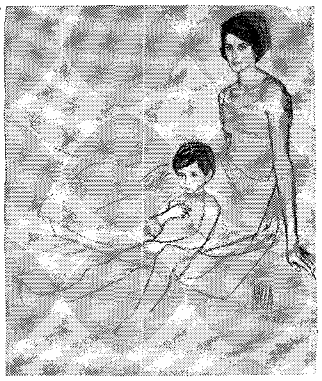

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green in one vast improbability. There are brother-and-sister smocks of red or royal-blue cotton twill—pullovers with long tab closings for little boys, and sort of coat-dresses with turnover collars and deep yokes for little girls. All are adorned with scarecrows in checked robes and beanies and topped by canary birds. So far, everything is in sizes 2 to 6 and $10. Pinafores of raspberry, navy, aquamarine, or maize cotton broadcloth, for the extremely young, are decorated with spouting white whales, and very young circular bib-top aprons of heavy royal-blue or red cotton have pockets shaped like carts or locomotives-and-tenders on the stomach. Young ladies size 4 to 14 are apt to go overboard for short robes of pink batiste that is printed with a flurry of white snowflakes. With them are nightgowns of white batiste whose puffed sleeves are sprinkled with embroidered pink polka dots. And there are robes of white batiste with the rear view of hyacinth ladies under posh hats making horizontal stripes. The white batiste nightgowns that go with *them* are iced at the décolletage with lace beading threaded with cords of hyacinth cotton. More adult are the ankle-length ensembles constructed of double layers of pink or blue nylon sheer, with yokes and hems of white Chantilly nylon lace through which pink or blue ribbons are run. —M. M.

•

MEDINA, N.Y. (AP)—To publicize the Medina Apple Festival, bakery proprietor Cornelius Van Den Bosch prepared an apple pie five feet across and weighing nearly 300 pounds. He is now pondering what to do with it.—*The Times.*

First he should get a very large piece of cheese.

•

There is a kind of football that is known as "Ivy League ball." It has come to me to mean, right or wrong, a rather gentle type, geared to the immediate pleasure of the player. That kind of football is over as far as Cornell is concerned.—*Tom Harp, quoted by Stanley Woodward in the Herald Tribune.*

And tear that damn ivy off the walls, Coach! It attracts sparrows.

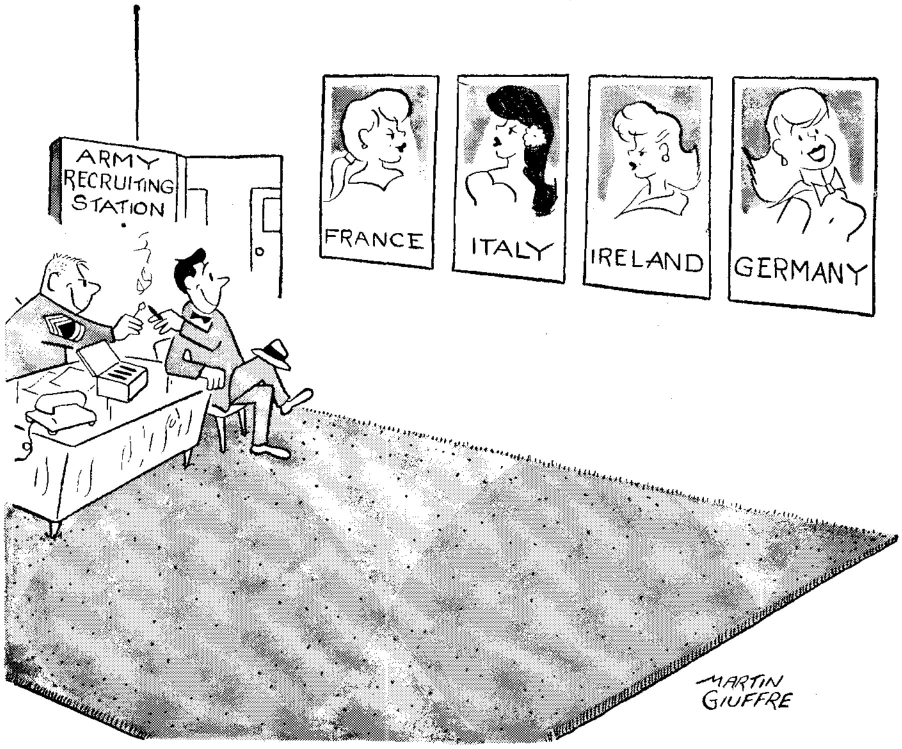
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

(*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Brazosport (Texas) Facts*)

CLEVELAND, TENN. (AP)—Mrs. V. L. Stark reported hearing a funny noise under the hood of their new car. Stark, deciding the car needed its 5,000-mile checkup anyway, took it to the local dealer from whom he purchased it.

(*Advertisement*)



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MURDER AT FORK JUNCTION

MY name is Richard Thompson. I work in a drugstore, and most people in town think that that's all I do. But they're wrong. I own and operate the Nickerson Detective Service. It is the only detective agency owned and operated by a Negro in the State of Arkansas, or any other state, as far as I know. It used to be called the Thompson Detective Service, but I changed the name to Nickerson. I'll tell you how that happened.

I have a secretary named Stella Dallas. One afternoon a few years back, I walked into my office and there was Stella, busy as usual, with papers piled this high on her desk. When I closed the door, she looked up and smiled. Then she frowned. "Chief!" she said. "You been wounded!" "It's just a nick," I said. And then, as a kind of afterthought, I said, "I been nicked so often that another little nicker or two don't matter." That same day, I changed the name of my agency from Thompson to Nickerson. Not because Stella Dallas laughed so hard but because I thought it might bring me luck.

The story I'm about to tell you began in October, 1957. I went up to Little Rock on business, but I didn't get a single thing done. There were colored people and white people glaring at one another and calling each other names like they'd gone crazy all of a sudden, and soldiers with steel helmets and bayonets milling around like it was the Battle of the Bulge, or something. I cleared out of there in a hurry.

When I got back to the office, Stella Dallas said, "What's new in Little Rock, Chief?"

"Nothing much," I said. "Looks like they're having some kind of ruckus. Anything new here?"

"A man got killed at Fork Junction. Or got shot at Fork Junction, rather. He dropped dead on his doorstep."

"Anybody we know?"

"Somebody named Boots Something-or-Other."

"You didn't get the last name?"

"No, Chief. I forgot."

"That's all right, honey. Long as we find the corpse, the name don't matter. Any idea who did it?"

"Yeah. Somebody named Pete."

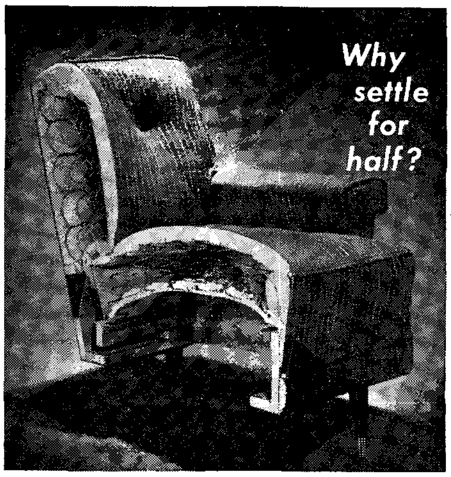
"Didn't get the last name, did you?"

"No, Chief, I—"

"Wasn't Pete Smith, was it?"

"Chief, you're a genius. That was it. Pete Smith."

Pete Smith was head of a bootlegging outfit that made corn liquor.



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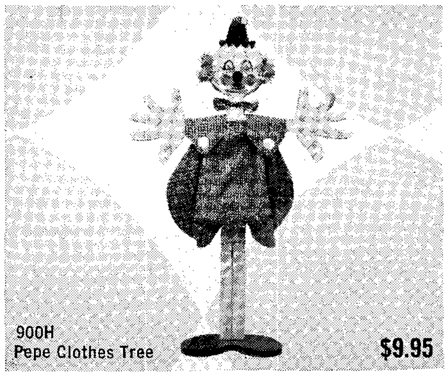

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"How'd you hear about all this, Stella?"

"Well, this morning a woman burst into the office and said that somebody had killed her man. I asked her if she knew who'd done it, and she told me that just before her man died he said, 'Pete—' What was that last name again, Chief?"

"Smith."

"That's right. Just before he died, he said, 'Pete Smith. Fork Junction.'"

"Were they married?"

"Did you say 'Let's get married'?"

"No, I said were *they* married. This woman and the man that used to be called Boots, I mean."

"I don't know, Chief. I didn't have a chance to ask."

"That's all right, Stella. Whether they were married or not ain't none of our affair. All I know is, we got ourselves a client."

"But she's not our client yet, Chief. We don't even know her last name!"

"Listen, Stella, anybody that walks through that front door is a client. Don't forget that. Track that woman down and find out her last name. If she don't pay me, I'll shoot her."

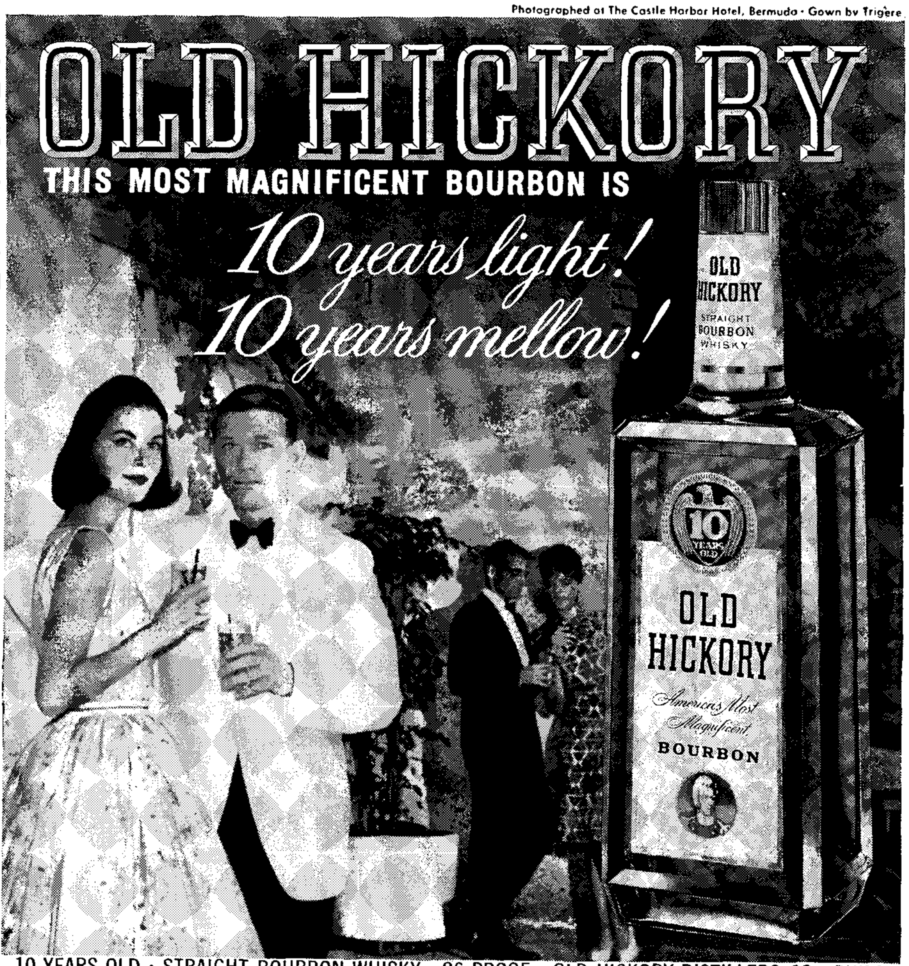
"O.K., Chief."

WELL, that settled that. And now I've got to tell you a little about Fork Junction. The trouble about the place was that nobody knew exactly where it was *lo*cated. All we knew was that they made the best corn liquor in the state there, and maybe the best in the whole South. Like I just told you, Pete Smith was head of the bunch. Big bullethead of a man he was, black as the bottom of a frying pan. He carried a sawed-off shotgun in broad daylight, and not a cop in town would go near him.

It took me full two months to find Fork Junction. And if you think I'm going to sit here and tell you about those two months, you're as crazy as the people up at Little Rock. But I found the place, all right. Went there in the dead of night, with a moon so bright you could have played poker with a marked deck. I had my six-shooter with me, and I'm here to tell you I'm the fastest draw this side of the Mississippi. Or the other side, too, for that matter. I'm so fast I'd have made Wyatt Earp look like he was in a slow-motion movie.

At the time I'm telling you about, I'd walked for about two hours. I couldn't take the car, because it would have made too much noise. Just as I got to Fork Junction, the moon hid behind a big, black cloud. It got so dark you couldn't have told Kim Novak from the ace of spades. And then an owl hooted, and

Photographed at The Castle Harbor Hotel, Bermuda · Gown by Trigère



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another one answered. It made my hair stand up to hear it. I groped my way along the dirt road in the darkness. All of a sudden I heard a voice—a real high-pitched voice that was neither man or woman or beast—that said, "What you want here, Mister?"

"I want some corn liquor," I said. An owl hooted again—at least, I thought it was an owl—and the moon came from behind the cloud. It got almost as bright as daylight, and I could see them. There was ten of them, and each man had a gun. I was surrounded. There stood Pete Smith in the middle of them, with his sawed-off shotgun at his side.

"Drop that gun, Pete," I said.

"Why don't you make me?" he said. He sounded like his voice box was made of the purest kind of sandpaper. He lifted up his shotgun to shoot me, but I snap-drawed and fired first. He fell.

"Anybody else?" I said, with smoke curling up from my pistol barrel. Nobody said a word. One by one, they dropped their guns and put their hands up. I walked over to Pete Smith and looked down at him. He was dead as a doormat. "All right, boys, you can put your hands down," I said. They put their hands down.

"O.K., Dick, you're the new boss," one of them said.

"Yeah," another said, "you're head of the outfit now."

"The devil you preach," I said. "I'm a private detective."

"I don't care what you are. You got to be the boss, because you killed the boss. That's the law we got."

"But how can I be a private detective and a bootlegger at the same time?"

"That's your problem."

"Hell," I said.

"Well, boss, shall we fix up a new batch?"

"You can do what you want," I said. "I'm going back to town."

"How about a little drink before you leave, boss?"

"Don't mind if I do," I said.

One of them led the way, and we all went into a little shack hidden in the hillside. I got drunker than pay night, and around two in the morning I passed out colder than a frozen chicken. Around ten I woke up, to find myself all alone. I went outside to look for Pete Smith's body. It was gone. I looked around for his grave—I figured they'd buried him around someplace—but I couldn't find it. So I walked back to town.

I went home, washed and changed, then went to the office and had Stella Dallas file a report for my own files. I was hungrier than a bear, but I had things to do.

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I drove across town to the police station, walked up to the Chief, and said, "Hi, Chief!"

"Hi, Dick! How's the boy?" He got up from his chair and put a hand on my shoulder. "You know, Dick, I just don't know what us cops would do without you private detectives. You're the finest bunch of people in the world."

"Cut it," I said. "You say the same thing every time you see me."

"I can't help it, Dick. That's the way I feel. What you got for us this time, boy?"

"I got a murder to report. Two murders, in fact."

"O.K., Dicky-bird, tell me about 'em one at a time."

"The first one is Boots Something-or-Other."

"Boots Turner?"

"Oh, was that his name?"

"There ain't but one Boots in town, and that's Boots Turner."

"You mean there wasn't. He's dead."

"Know who killed him?"

"Yeah. Pete Smith."

"Fork Junction people, huh?"

"Yep."

"That's a pretty rough outfit. I wouldn't go near Pete Smith with a platoon of New York's Finest."

"You ain't got nothing to worry about," I said. "Pete Smith's dead."

"Then it's safe to go out to Fork Junction?"

"Safer than crossing the street," I said.

"You got any idea where Fork Junction is, Dick?"

"I could find my way there dead drunk and blind in one eye."

"I'm telling you, boy, I don't know *what* we'd do without you private people. You're the best—"

"Cut it," I said.

"O.K., boy, let's go."

We trotted out to the Chief's car, jumped in, and roared out of town at ninety miles an hour with the siren screaming. Two minutes later, we were at Fork Junction. We got out of the car and looked around. There was not a soul in sight.

"Where's the body, Dick?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Know who killed him, Dick?"

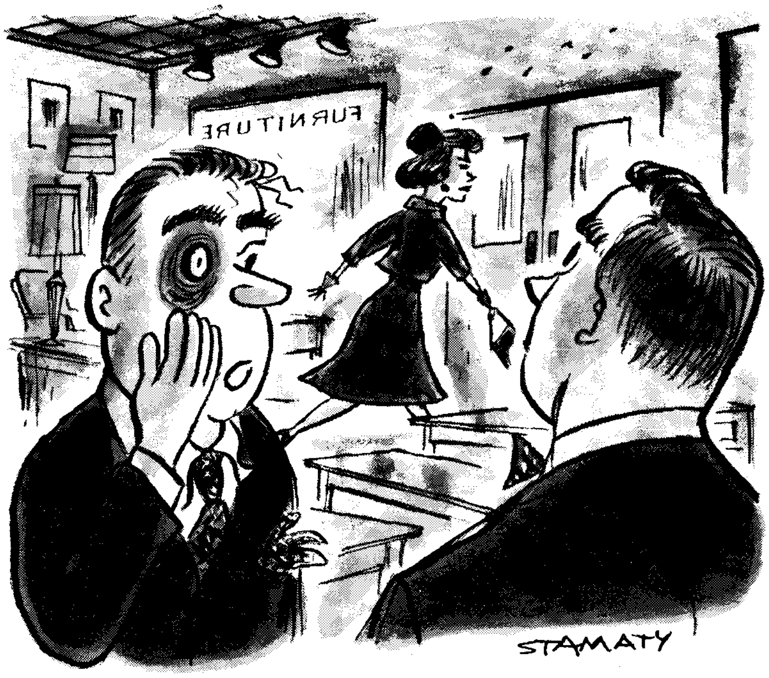
"Yeah. I did."

"*You* did!"

"I shot him deader'n a doormat," I said.

"I'm sorry, Dicky boy, but I'm afraid I'll have to run you in," the Chief said.

"Run me in? How can you run me in when you can't find the body? To ar-



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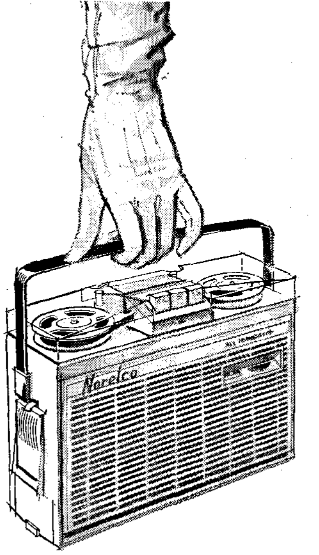

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rest a murderer you got to have a corpse, don't you?"

"You got me there, Dick."

"But you can put your mind at rest, Chief. It was purely a matter of self-*de*fense."

"Self-*de*fense, was it?"

"Yep."

"I'm telling you, Dick—"

"Cut it," I said.

We got into the car and drove back to the police station at a hundred and five miles an hour. When we were there, the Chief said, "Want me to run you across town, Dick?"

"Mighty kind of you, Chief, but I got my jalopy here."

"O.K., Dick. Be seeing you around, boy."

"So long, Chief."

I DROVE across town and had a meal, went home and took a nap, and got back to the office around three o'clock that afternoon. And there was all nine of the bootleggers standing around inside.

Stella Dallas got up from her desk and came over to shake my hand. "Oh, I'm so *glad* to see you!" she said.

"Anybody try to hurt you?"

"No, but I was plenty scared."

Just then the telephone rang, and I picked it up. It was the Chief of Police.

"What's up, Chief?"

"One of our boys found the body half an hour ago. Shot clean through the heart. Musta died the second it hit him. Good shooting, Dick."

"Thanks," I said.

"By the way, Dicky-bird, you got any witnesses to that self-*de*fense business?"

"Yeah," I said. "I got nine of 'em right here in my office."

"That's fine, boy. Be seeing you around."

"Bye-bye," I said, and hung up. I turned to the bootleggers. "Well?" I said. "What's on your mind, boys?"

"We come for orders," one of them said.

"Orders?"

"Yeah. You're the boss, you know."

"Well," I said, "just carry on like you always been. And don't let me see one of you in here any more."

"O.K., boss!"

"Mighty fine, boss!"

"Thanks, boss!"

And they left.

"What about Fork Junction, Chief?" Stella Dallas said.

"The case is closed," I said. "Anything new?"

"Yes, Chief, there *is* something new."

"What is it?" I said.

"I want you to marry me, Chief."

"Stella," I said, "I been meaning to ask you that for years, but I was afraid you'd say no."

"Oh, Chief!" Stella said.

The next week, her name became Stella Dallas Thompson, and we now have a bouncing, one-and-a-half-year-old baby boy. But nobody in town knows about this but me. Nobody but me.

—ALSTON ANDERSON

• •

THE LAKE

Better disguised than the leaf insect,

A sort of subtler armadillo,
The lake turns with me as I walk,

Snuffles at my feet for what I might drop or kick up,
Sucks and slobbers the stones, snorts through its lips

Into broken glass, smacks its chops.
It has eaten several my size

Without developing a preference—
Prompt, with a splash, to whatever I offer.

It ruffles in its wallow, or lies sunning,
Digesting old, senseless bicycles

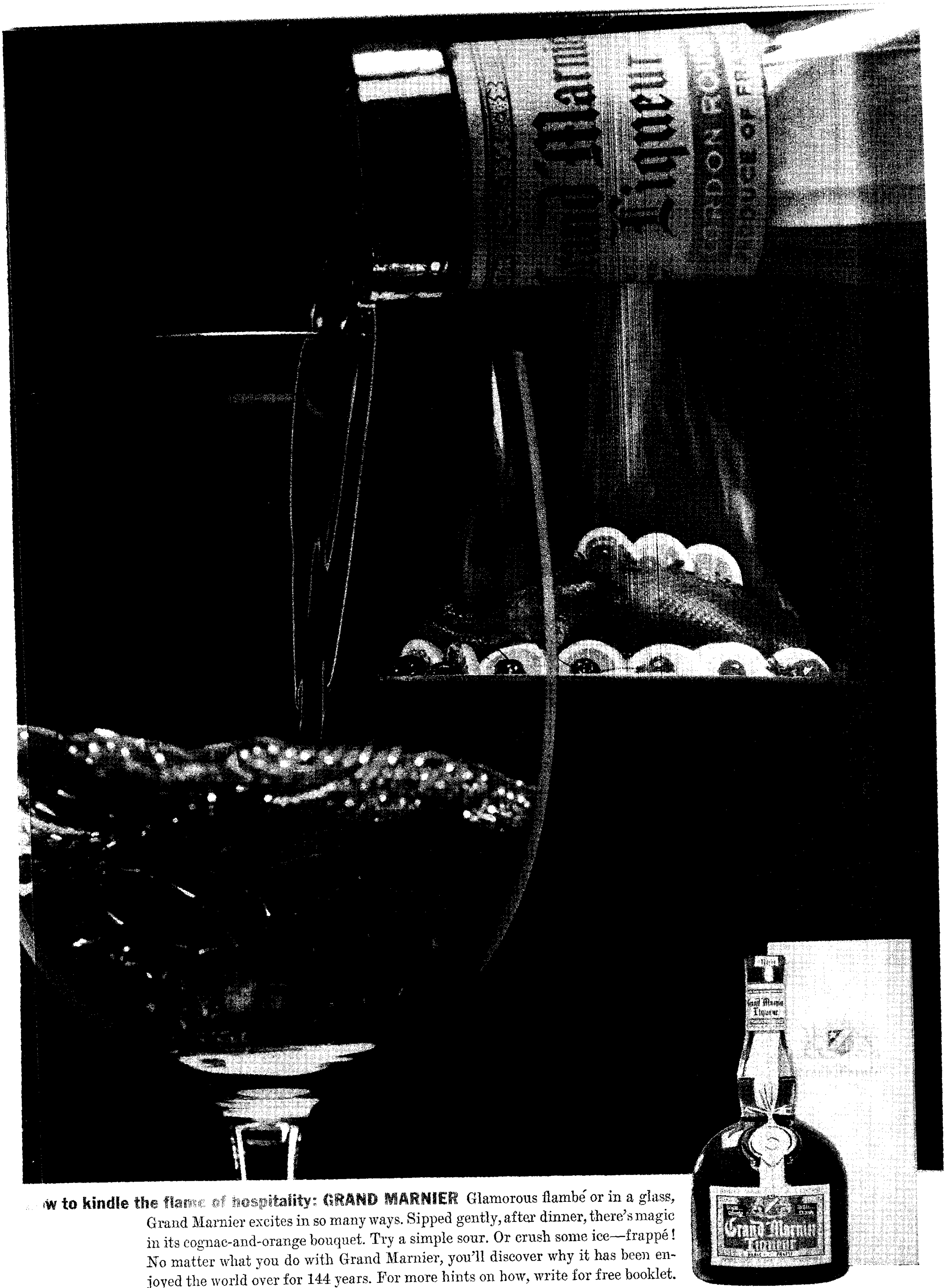
And a few shoes. The fish down there
Do not know they have been swallowed,

Any more than the girl out there, who over the stern of a rowboat
Tests its depth with her reflection.

How the outlet fears it—dragging it out,
Black and yellow, a maniac eel,

Battering it to death with sticks and stones!

—TED HUGHES



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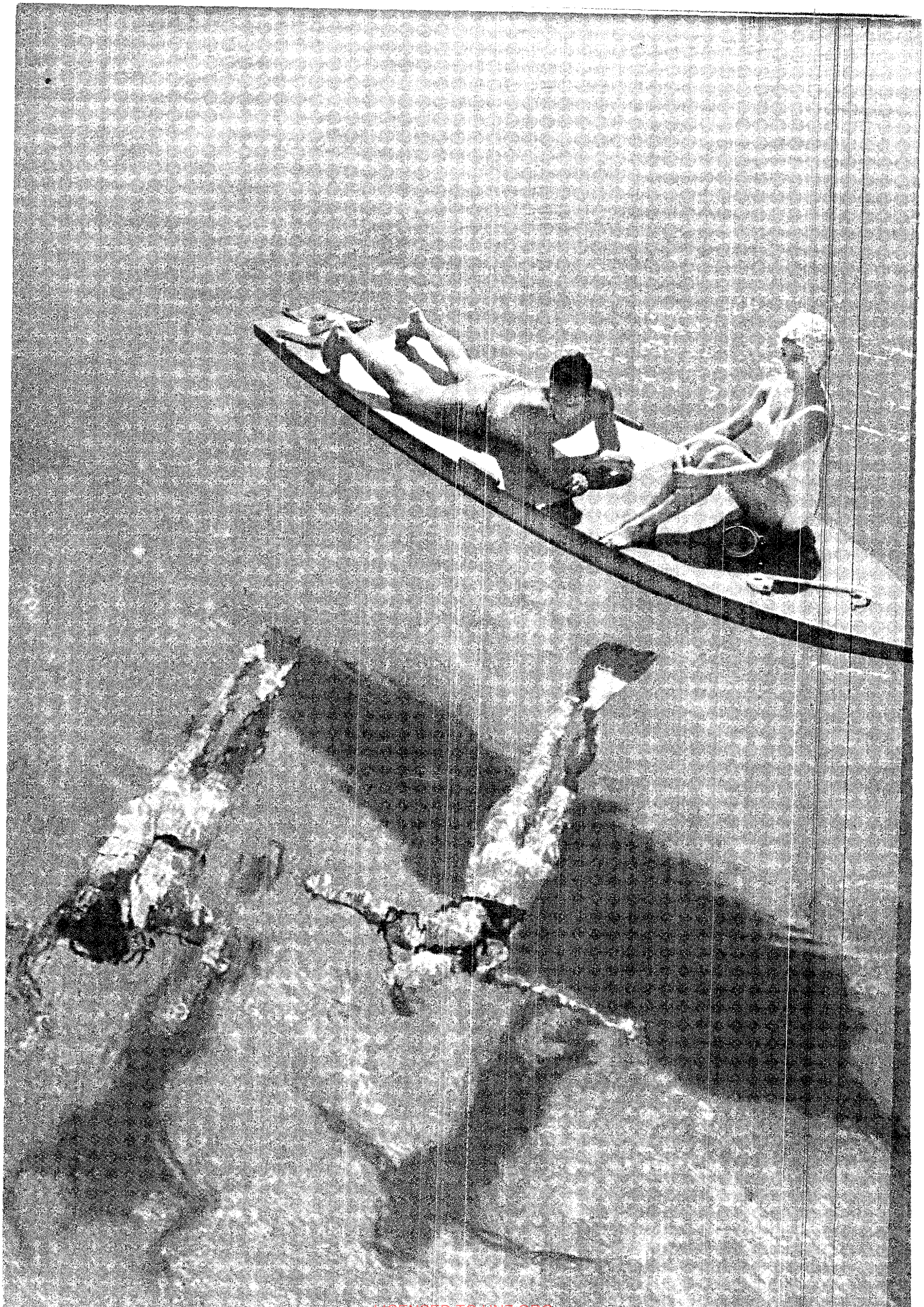

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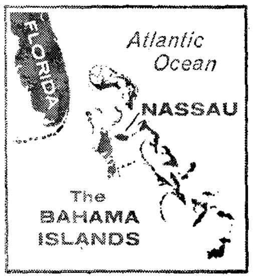

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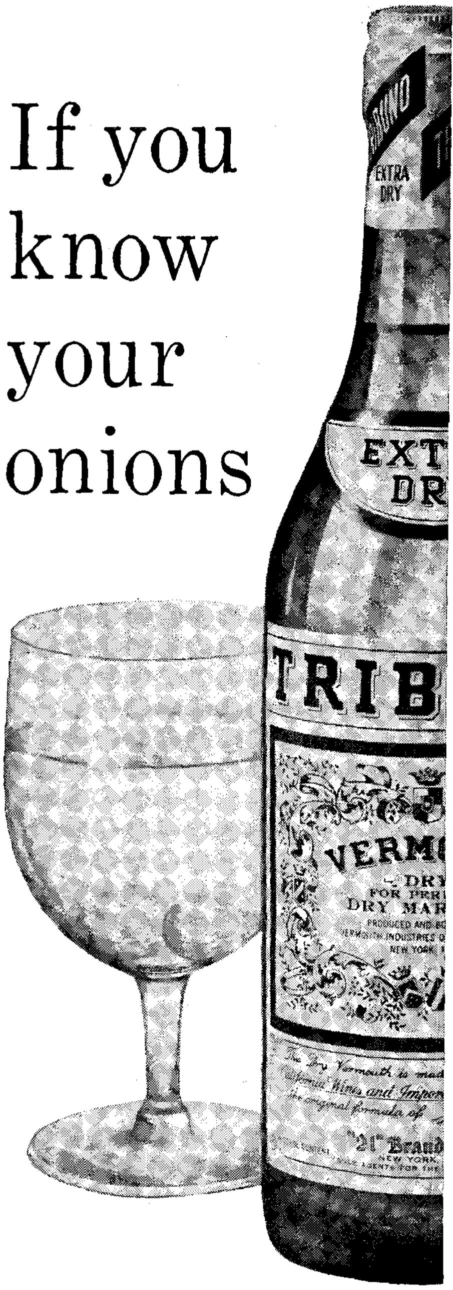
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Outsize

SKETCHY as it is, the New Testament account of the life and death of Christ is the best we have. It is a story full of thrilling things, and has stood, as they say, the test of time. Still, one must admit that as a working script for a movie the Gospels are a perfect botch, and in the Samuel Bronston production of "King of Kings" the well-known screenwriter Philip Yordan has done what he could to tidy them up. In the course of his perhaps too diligent dusting and mending, he has also inserted what amounts to a fifth gospel, whose chief figure turns out to be not Christ but Barabbas—a Barabbas by Spartacus out of Annie Oakley—who, as a roughriding Jewish outlaw, seeks to lead his people in a triumphant rebellion against their harsh Roman overlords. One can guess at the reasons back of Mr. Yordan's decision to beef up Barabbas at the expense of Christ; for one thing, it has permitted "King of Kings" scene after scene of bloody fighting, with innumerable highly visible eviscerations taking place all over the Super-Technirama Technicolor screen and compensating for the, to Hollywood, dangerous talkiness of the Sermon on the Mount. For another thing, it has given Mr. Yordan a chance to make the Romans the true villains of the piece. As I remember the New Testament, it was the Jewish high priests who conspired to secure Christ's downfall and crucifixion, with Pontius Pilate playing the part of a well-meaning but pusillanimous public official. Well, in this picture Caiaphas and his fellows are scarcely to be seen, and even Judas Iscariot gets a partial whitewash. Instead of betraying Christ to the high priests for thirty pieces of silver, he is shown as a dunderheaded do-gooder who feels obliged to place his beloved Master in jeopardy in order that the latter bring about a miraculous extermination of the Roman enemy.

Maybe I've said enough to indicate that "King of Kings" is a far from reliable version of the original, and that piety needn't keep us from judging it on the same terms as any spectacular. On such terms, it's a bore—a sort of Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade for simple-minded grownups, in which outsize rubber dolls labelled Herod, Salome, Herodias, Mary Magdalene, and John the Baptist go jogging past our astonished eyes. Jeffrey Hunter, to his credit, plays the Son of God with embarrassment, and Siobhan McKenna plays the Mother of God as a Mother Machree. My respect for Christianity and good grammar obliges me to call attention to the fact that among the phrases Mr. Yordan has put into the mouth of Christ is the barbarism "different than," while my respect for proper pronunciation obliges me to note that the speaker of a running commentary manages, surely for the first time in history, to sound the "t" in "apostle."

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

"WEST SIDE STORY" is a very long, very loud, and very brightly colored version of the Broadway show. On the stage, everything was simply big; here it is gigantic. Even a tenement bedroom that is supposed to be eight or ten feet square looks enormous, and a girl's lips will occasionally be photographed on a scale that would make a skilled Sherpa hesitate to cross them. This gigantism is intended to prove exhilarating, but over a period of two hours and thirty-three minutes I found it exhausting. I also grew tired of the extreme vitality of all the participants. Vitality onstage is the real thing and may be worthy of admiration, but vitality in pictures is nearly always a fake, and therefore irritating—a scene can be shot in short takes, assembled, then used to beat an audience over the head with, but to what advantage? At any rate, *I* felt beaten as I watched the tight-trousered young dancers in "West Side Story" catapulting over fences and down streets at speeds that Roger Bannister, let alone Nijinsky, couldn't have approached. Adding to my unease was the deliberately fostered discrepancy between the dances, which are highly stylized, and the settings, which are naturalistic; and the realization, which I kept trying to dismiss from my mind, that what I was watching—a series of rumbles between two sorry gangs of juvenile delinquents—was said to be based on "Romeo and Juliet." "West Side Story" has nothing whatever to do with "Romeo and Juliet," and I wonder what made Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book of the original musical, assume that it did.

Complain, complain, complain—have I nothing good to say of "West Side Story"? Yes. I liked the Leonard Bernstein-Stephen Sondheim songs as much as ever, and I thought the young folks—among them Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris—endured their not very believable troubles with attractive fortitude. I also admired the marvellous opening scenes of New York from the air. (What a city for seagulls, if not for people!) Indeed, Daniel L. Fapp, who photographed "West Side Story," and Jerome Robbins, who choreographed it, are really its stars.

LET me note the arrival of a French mystery film, "Night Affair," whose original title, "Le Désordre et la Nuit," was, in both the literal and figurative sense of *désordre*, probably a more accurate one. It's all about murder, drug addiction, and adultery, and I must say I found it, in a mild way, charming. Much of its charm derives from its background, which is Paris (or, rather, a touchingly beat-up old set representing Paris), and from its three leading players—Jean Gabin, the Mount Rushmore of France, who can do no wrong; Nadja Tiller, who is terribly pretty and gets in and out of her clothes with beguiling celerity; and Danielle Darrieux, who makes the part of a female pharmacist seem worth acting.

I'D also like to say a word or two in favor of "Macario," a Mexican picture that tells with grim humor a fable about a starving peasant and his encounter with Death. The peasant makes a deal with Death that has disastrous consequences, as I fear all deals with Death must do. The starving peasant is played by Ignacio Lopez Tarso. Eat a good dinner before you go, or bring along a Milky Way. —BRENDAN GILL

•

OUR ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Lives of the Poets," by Louis Untermeyer*]

At forty-five Goldsmith was affluent, but he could not hold on to prosperity. Dissipation ruined him; he continued to gamble and lose. His health gave way. He doctored himself, and grew worse under his own treatment. At the end, he called in professional assistance, but it was too late. "Is your mind at ease?" he was asked. "No it is not," replied Goldsmith, and died wretchedly. He was about forty-four.

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THE RACE TRACK

Threnody

THE doings at Aqueduct last week included some of the most eventful as well as some of the most disappointing racing of the season. Donut King beat Jaipur in the Champagne Stakes; Carry Back could do no better than finish third to Sherluck in the Lawrence Realization Stakes; and—almost as unexpected—Nickel Boy, who hadn't won in eighteen tries this year, galloped off with the Manhattan Handicap.

Saturday's ninetieth running of the Champagne Stakes, which was to set the seal on Jaipur's achievements, brought out ten two-year-olds, but interest centered on Jaipur and Sir Gaylord. The former was a picture, combining, as he always does, strength and quality, and the latter, who is a fine type, too, looked hard and fit despite his long campaign. Endymion, Jaipur's stablemate, also caught my eye, and so did Donut King, who appeared trained to the minute. A driving rain was pelting down on the paddock, but none of the horses seemed to mind. At the start, Donut King was the first to show in front, but he was quickly joined by Jaipur, and they kept the crowd enthralled as they went stride for stride, alternating in the lead, down the long backstretch, round the turns, and on through the straight to the winning post. You seldom see two horses go that way for a whole mile. The pace was even and the time—1.36—not especially fast. Then, in the last twenty yards, Donut King got his head in front and kept it there. Sir Gaylord was third, two lengths behind Jaipur and a nod ahead of Crimson Satan. (Sir Gaylord's stable has decided that he's had too much racing, and has retired him for the year.) After the finish, Arcaro, who rode Jaipur, lodged an objection, charging that Ycaza, on Donut King, had crowded him in the run through the stretch, but the film-patrol movies didn't show it and the claim was dismissed. It seemed to me—and I've been praising the colt loudly for months—that Jaipur ran out of speed. It turns out, too, that I was hasty in suggesting, as I did after the Cowdin, that Donut King liked six furlongs better than seven, or a mile, for he was going

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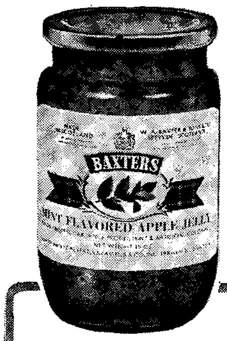

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strong at the end, and over a softer track than he's accustomed to. Donut King is owned by Verne Winchell, Jr., who's a doughnut king himself; he has doughnut stands all over California.

The Champagne was the climax of a black Saturday for favorites (eight were beaten) and for favorite-players. Colonel Martingale thinks a troop of trolls got hold of all the hexes left over from Friday the thirteenth and dumped them on the Big A. It could be, for Popinjay won the first race, at $47.70; Palenque II the second, at $22.20; Happy News (there's a hunch for you) the third, at $66.50; Get More the fourth, at $10.50; Surfer the fifth, at $13.30; Rebellious the sixth, at $34.60; Donut King the seventh, at $19.90; and Carroll County the ninth, at $23.40. Beat that.

ONE of racing's little mysteries is Sherluck. With better handling, he would have been in the money in the Kentucky Derby, but his next race, the Preakness, was awful. Then he won the Belmont in fine style. Between the Belmont and the Realization, last Wednesday, he started three times, and each time he was down the course. In the Realization, however, he led from beginning to end of the mile and five furlongs. Ambiopoise, who had never been in better form, forced the pace to the stretch but couldn't head him. If you care, Wrong Horse Harry, who bets on jockeys, says that Sherluck always wins when he's ridden by Baeza. As for Carry Back, he had bandages on both front legs for the first time. Also, it seemed to me—and to other observers—that he put his right forefoot down rather carefully when he was walking in the paddock, and though he moved smoothly for the first couple of furlongs, his gait became choppy as he galloped along, and he showed only a momentary flash of speed on the turn for home. While he finished third, he was nearly ten lengths behind Sherluck. Now he's gone to Jersey for the Trenton Handicap at Garden State a week from Saturday. I wonder what he'll do. . . . There's not a great deal to say about Nickel Boy's Manhattan Handicap on Thursday, except that he was in his best form and won comfortably from Troubador III, Dress Up, and six others. Whodunit, the favorite, ran too badly for words, which is something a lot of favorites have been doing at the Big A. . . . Heigh-ho! The Jockey Club Gold Cup this weekend should be just another good gallop for Kelso.

—AUDAX MINOR

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BOOKS

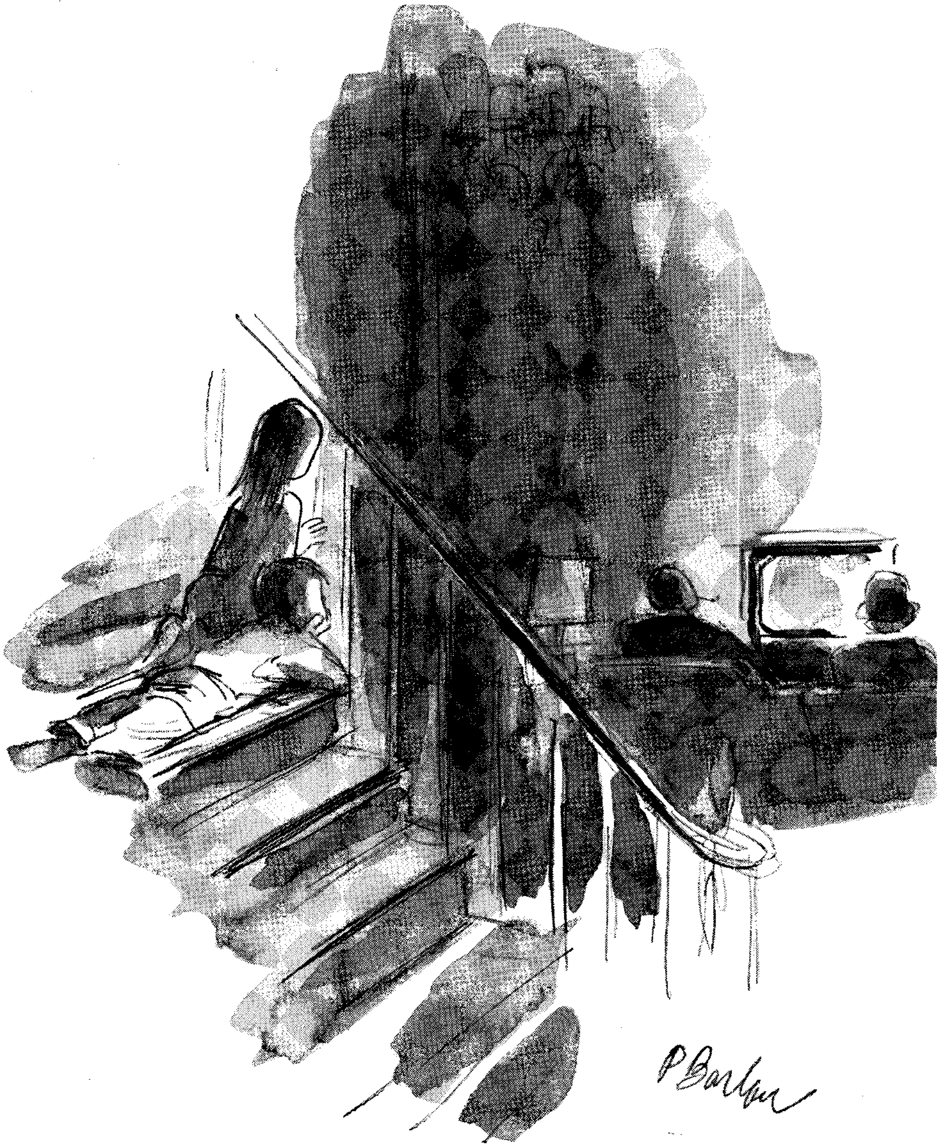
What Happened

WHEN current events turn into history, they become at once more comprehensible and more perplexing. The more facts, the fewer certainties; alternate choices and lost chances, invisible or unthinkable when history was news, argue for themselves as insistently as characters in search of an author. Historians are supposed to tell us truths that our prejudices haven't let us arrive at, but the historians we prefer often turn out to be writers with whom we share, if not exactly prejudices, some point of view. Hugh Thomas, an Englishman, is such a historian. Americans, as they read his thorough, dispassionate "The Spanish Civil War" (Harper), will share his regret that Spain could not manage parliamentary democracy. Herbert Feis is another such historian. He has written an exact, meditative recital of the diplomatic and military decisions between V-E Day and V-J Day, "Japan Subdued: The Atomic Bomb and the End of the War in the Pacific" (Princeton), and his readers will share his awe at this country's power, as well as his dismay that our victory in the Far East was not more satisfying.

When Mr. Thomas chose his brutal, complicated subject, he had no thought of protecting an old emotional investment in the Spanish Civil War; he was born in 1931, and is too young to have made one. Nor is he particularly Hispanophile—not nearly as much as his compatriot Gerald Brenan, to whose invaluable "The Spanish Labyrinth" he owes, and acknowledges, a large debt. Thomas is inquiring, careful, and dogged. He worked on this history for five years; besides reading in libraries and interviewing participants, partisans, and observers, he toured all the battlefields. Even so, there remained questions he had to answer with educated guesses: attributions of motive, claims and counterclaims about casualties and atrocities, judgments of the reliability of sources. Some of his appraisals are arguable—Thomas thinks José Calvo Sotelo, the Monarchist politician who was murdered just before the civil war, was "very able," while Brenan calls him "not very intelligent;" Thomas worries about the authenticity of a couple of former N.K.V.D. men's memoirs that English and American experts on Russia generally accept. But if Thomas errs, he does not err as a partisan. He has more sympathy for the Republic than for the successful rebellion against it, but his sympathy is under control as he describes the Republic's hopeful founding in 1931 and its subsequent failures of judgment and sensibility. Pausing as he is about to consider the Republic's "steady decline into chaos, violence, murder, and, finally war," he says, with evenhanded compassion:

> From time to time during these tumultuous years, individuals would attempt vainly to halt the terrible and, as it transpired, irreversible process. They lacked the energy, luck and self-confidence necessary for success. Few can be excused for the part they now played.... Yet if one cannot excuse, it is similarly hard to blame. Given the circumstances existing in Spain in the winter of 1933-34, each and every one now played out their doomed roles with inexorable logic.

That logic in time led to a rebellion, plotted by a number of the Republic's generals in the spring of 1936, to annul elections that had recently given the Popular Front a parliamentary plurality. The generals had not agreed on a new government—they had no intention of making their colleague Franco head of state, and he was a laggard recruit to the plot—but they had convinced themselves that they were saving their country from an impending Red revolution. That revolution did not occur, but in July the generals rebelled anyway. They had laid their plans with a skill that Nationalist historians have carefully—one might say boastfully—documented, but nevertheless they mis-



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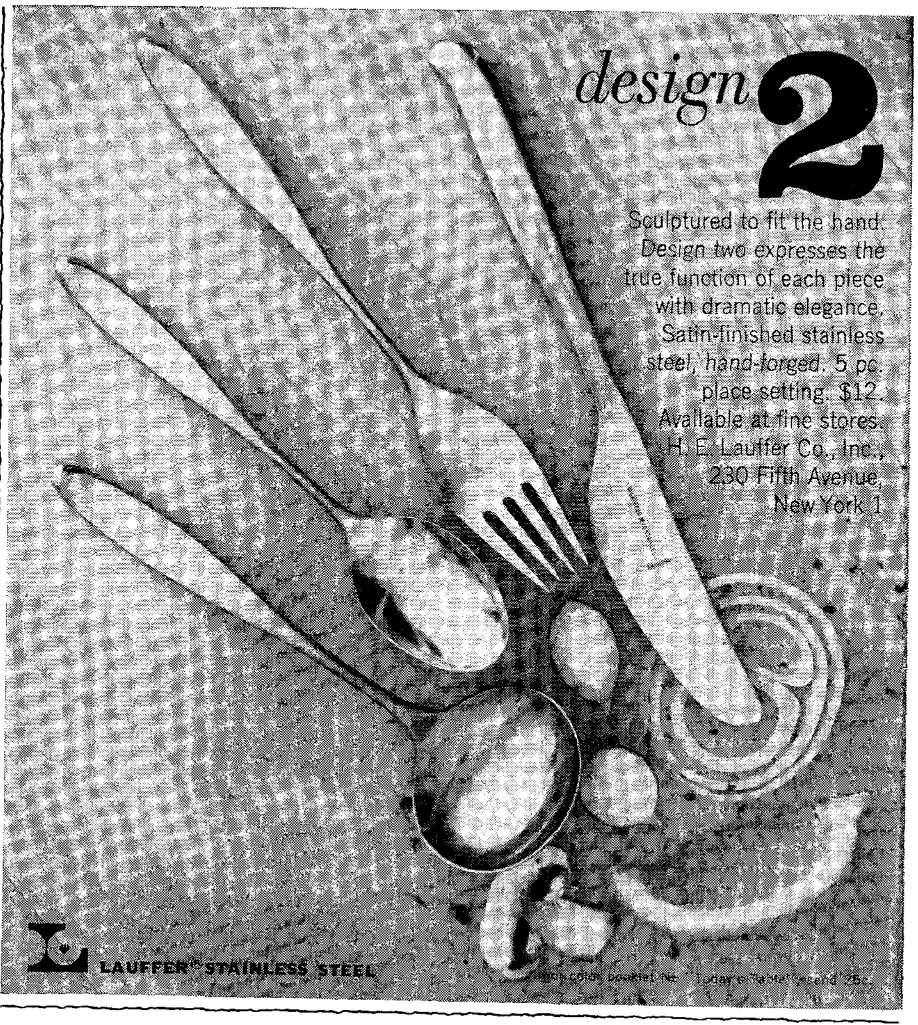
calculated: they plotted a coup and got a war. The generals sized up the situation quickly; they had begun taking over army posts on July 17th, and "as early as the evening of July 19th," Thomas says, "General Franco had decided to seek aid from abroad"—from Italy and Germany. (He urgently needed airlift to bring troops from Morocco.) And, "almost at the same moment," Spain's legitimate government took stock, found itself short of military equipment, and determined to buy foreign matériel.

Here Mr. Thomas makes one of his few editorial points: "It should be clearly understood that it was Spaniards themselves who sought, even implored, aid from outside, and not the Powers of Europe who insisted on intervening." The Powers of Europe, in fact, became entangled before they quite knew what they were doing. All during the war, their diplomats sat on a Non-Intervention Committee and accused each other, with absolute justice, of bad faith. Only Great Britain, whose government had conceived non-intervention, observed it. (Non-intervention as the British defined it meant aiding neither side—recognizing the rebels, from the outset, as enjoying identical rights, or lack of rights, with the elected government.) Whenever Thomas discusses British foreign policy in the nineteen-thirties—an inescapable part of the Spanish Civil War—he sounds exasperated. Understandably, I think, for historians must try to find some sense in the past, and there was no sense at all in the policy of appeasement. "The main aim of British diplomacy, under the new Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain"—Thomas is speaking of the summer of 1937—"was to secure friendship with Italy." Chamberlain stuck to this objective, even though the Spanish war showed that nobody needed a friendly Italy; the troops Mussolini sent Franco fought poorly. German aid was much more effective. The French feared a Nationalist victory but gave the Republic only a little surreptitious assistance; the English allowed them to do no more. Mr. Thomas pities the Republic, which paid Stalin twice for the arms and men he sent—once in gold and again in Communist interference in her affairs. He is especially sorry for the Republic's last Prime Minister, Juan Negrín, who hoped for all sorts of salvations, including a negotiated peace, a revision of Anglo-French policy, and even a world war. Negrín was forced into reliance on Russia, Thomas says, because everyone and everything else failed him. Thomas's history reminds us of a truth



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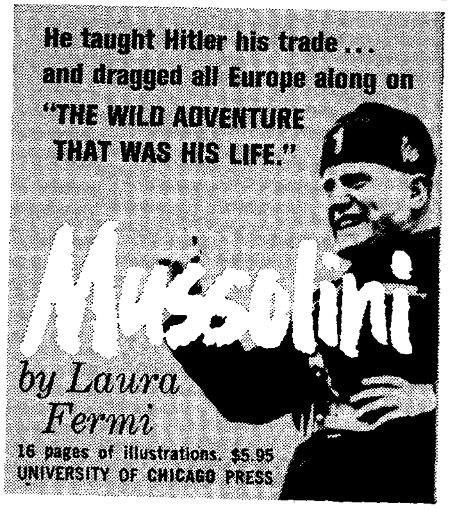

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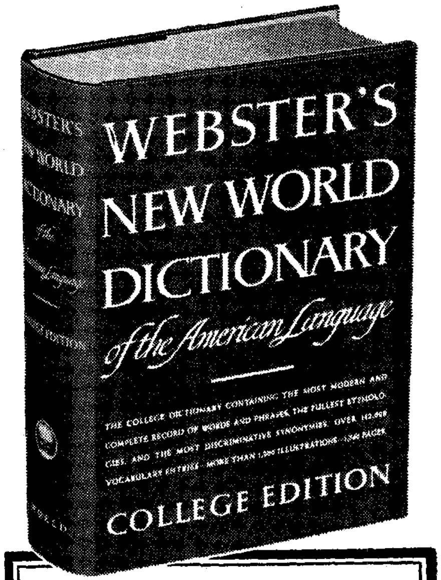

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that nobody in the United States likes to think about any more. We easily remember the torture, assassinations, and double-dealing of the foreign Communists who went to Spain, and easily forget the useful things they did. Many of these men were competent, undistractible, and disciplined, and they served the Republic by giving its amateur soldiers military training and leadership. Few of the Spaniards Thomas portrays were capable of the steady, down-to-earth cynicism that makes a first-class organization Communist. The conspicuous exception is Franco, a full-time anti-Communist; in this book, he never yields to idealism or exaltation.

Franco's cool personality and German weapons brought him to the edge of victory. A cabal of disheartened Republican officers tried to bargain with him, dispersed their troops, and gave him what he had not quite won. By April of 1939, the Spanish Civil War was over. Great Britain and France, through nobody's fault but their own, had lost an ally—or at least an enemy of their enemies. Mr. Thomas's judgment is familiar and forthright:

> Non-intervention, like the Munich settlement at the expense of the Czechoslovak Republic . . . delayed general war—at the expense, to some extent at least, of the Spanish Republic. But this delay, like Munich, was undoubtedly caused by a certain craven indolence on the part of the British government, which did not profit them at all. A general war which broke out over Spain in 1936, 1937, or 1938 would have been fought in circumstances more favourable for the Western democracies than that which came in 1939 over Poland.

How many Englishmen supported non-intervention? Thomas cites polls to show that in 1937 eighty-six per cent of the respondents preferred the Republic and fourteen per cent the Nationalists; in January, 1939, the figures were seventy-two per cent for the Republic, nine per cent for the Nationalists, and the rest undecided. The unanswered, and probably unanswerable, question is how much these majorities were willing to risk for their preferences. English intellectuals, and intellectuals in all the Western democracies, were almost unanimously for the Republic. Many of them were willing to risk war to save the Spanish government, many acted as volunteer publicists for the Republic, and a few actually fought in the International Brigades. Thomas reminds us of the intensity of the support the Republic evoked around the world. He writes of the Republic's "ardent spirit," and of the International Brigades' appeal to make Spain "the grave of European fascism." He catches the

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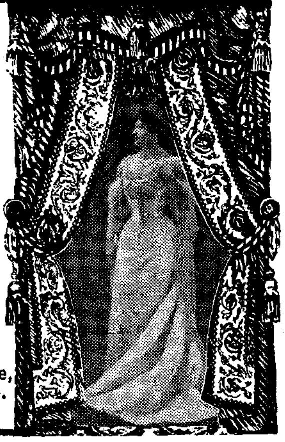

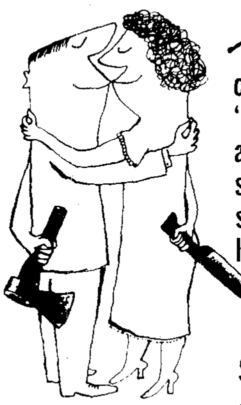
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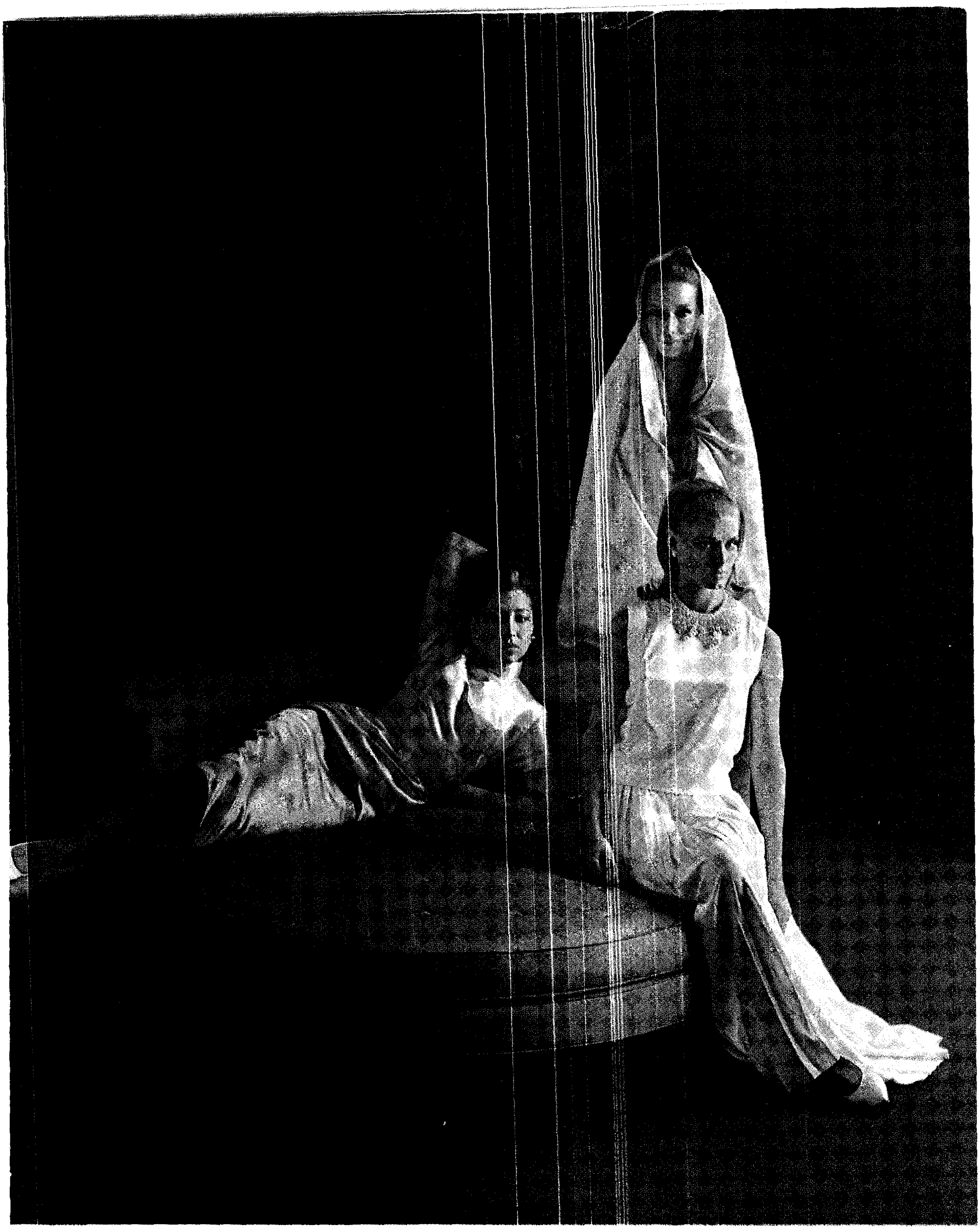

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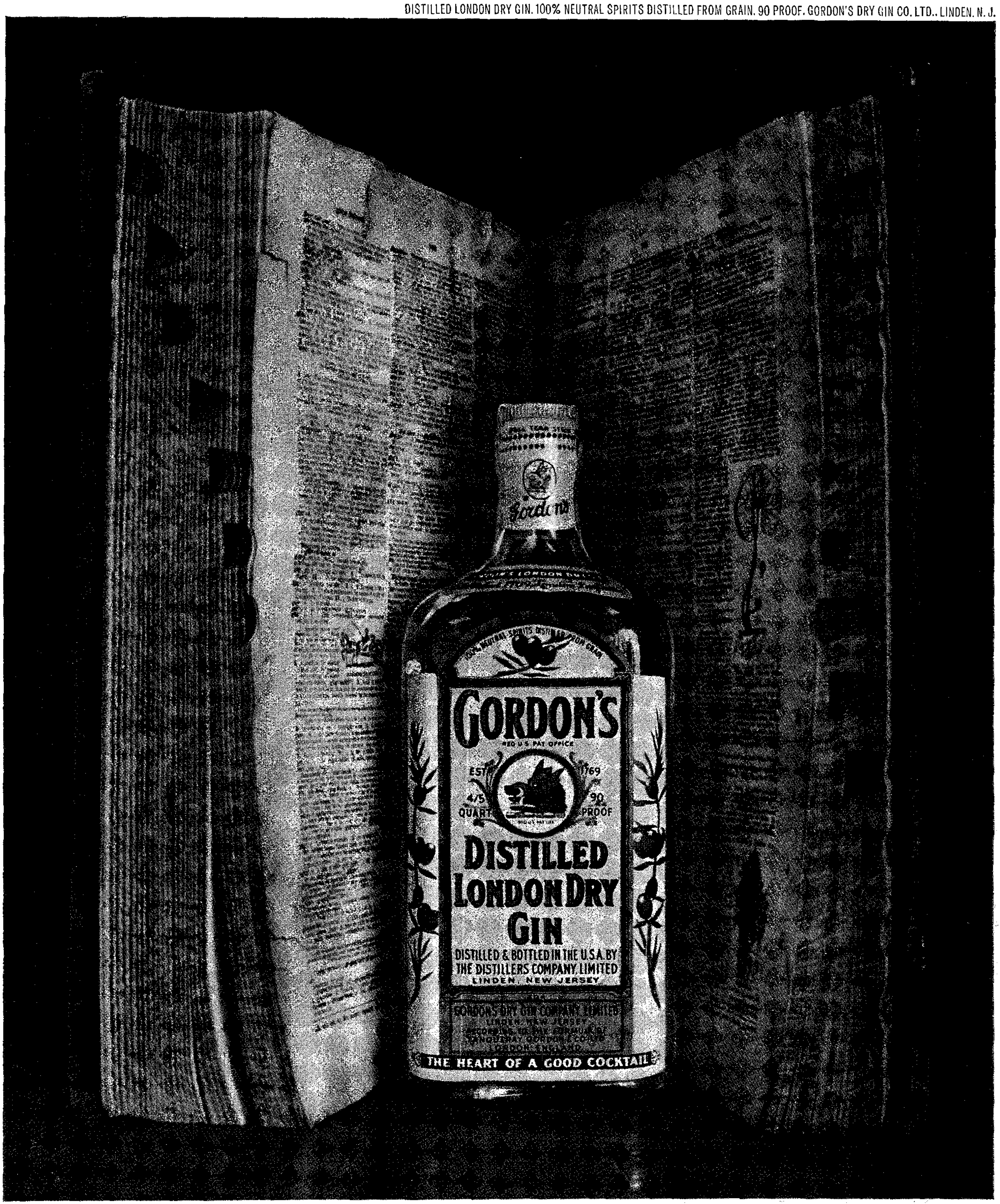
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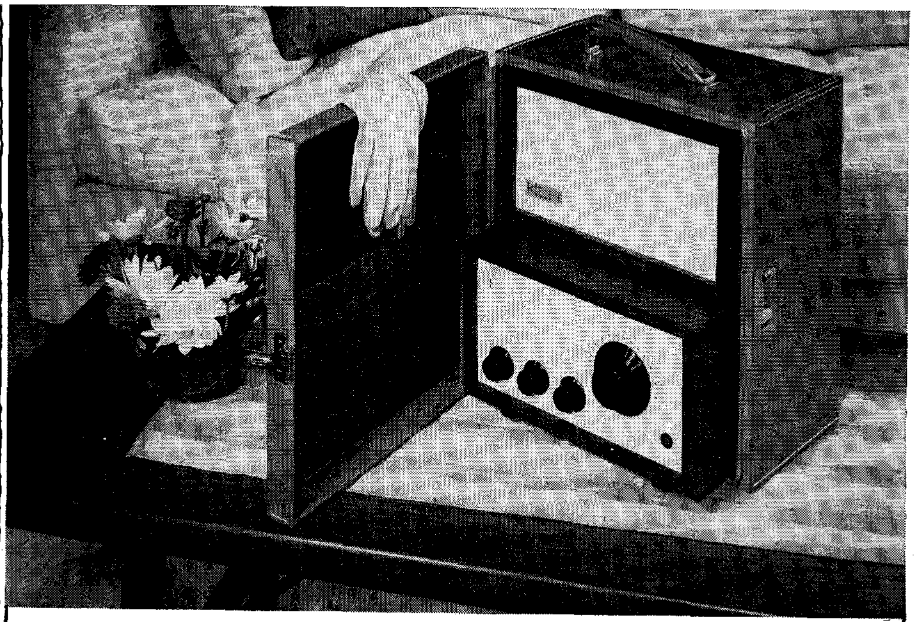
civil war's quasi-revolutionary attraction as a "great moment of hope for an entire generation angry at the apparent cynicism, indolence, and hypocrisy of an older generation." And he recites some of the accomplishments that made the Republic seem worth fighting for. Between military campaigns, which are explained with exceptional clarity, Thomas takes us back from the front lines and—in fascinating passages that put history on an everyday footing—describes life in the rear. The government of Nationalist Spain defined "opposition" loosely, massacred its opponents, and then imposed order; Americans can't think of it as "military order," for our Army has never been so repressive. Republican Spain was disorderly—even its massacres were disorganized—but in the first year of the war it built schools and public-health and child-welfare centers, and brought new land under cultivation.

Thomas does not end his book when the fighting ends. Like a conscientious biographer, who tells what became of his dead subject's widow, mistress, faithful dog, and wayward son, Thomas, a conscientious historian, follows the postwar fortunes of men, causes, and parties. From his afterpiece the reader can identify Franco's system; it isn't Fascism—which is, or was, principled—but old-fashioned banana-republic dictatorship. Yet the nullity of Franco's rule should not produce a retrospective sanctification of the Republic. From 1931 to 1936 the government did not offer much protection for life, liberty, or property; it alienated the rich without greatly helping the poor. When the rebellion broke out, foreign intellectuals dedicated themselves to the Republic—some are still dedicated—but many of the most refulgent Spanish intellectuals fled the country. The Republic acquired grandeur through valor. (Men often make a hash of peace and then behave heroically in war.) There seems one irrefutable reason the Western democracies should have backed the Spanish Republic, and it is the one Mr. Thomas has mentioned. Non-intervention did not prevent the Second World War, and made its outcome more doubtful.

THE errors that the United States committed during the Second World War did not derive from cowardice or laziness. We were strong, united, energetic, and well-meaning. If history were just, we should have made *no mistakes at all.* But mistakes appear inescapable; perhaps the only undeniable law of history is that everything always turns out worse than you can imag-



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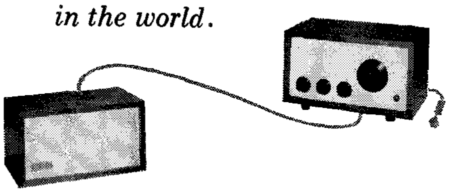

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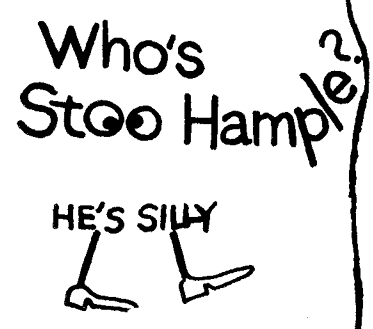

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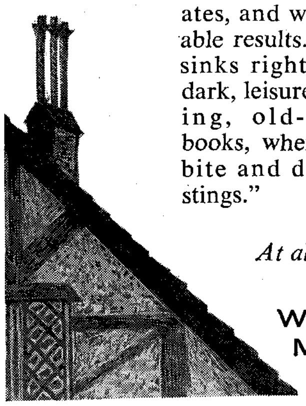

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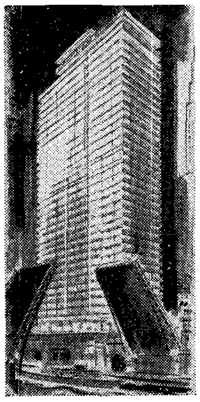
ine. No one else has so comprehensively and comprehendingly described the origins of our successes and failures in that war as Herbert Feis. His "The Road to Pearl Harbor: The Coming of the War Between the United States and Japan," "The China Tangle: The American Effort in China from Pearl Harbor to the Marshall Mission," "Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin: The War They Waged and the Peace They Sought," "Between War and Peace: The Potsdam Conference," and now "Japan Subdued" are, for the time being, at least, the definitive exposition of how we made a formidable series of diplomatic and diplomatic-military decisions.

Feis painstakingly gathers all the material there is, and uses it well. He is not afraid to slow down his narrative to magnify a detail because of its relevance to the shaping of events, and he is not shy about inviting the reader to join him in reflection. As "Japan Subdued" begins, the fighting in Europe has ended, our diplomatic difficulties with Russia are beginning, and we are forcing the battle for Okinawa. Feis unhurriedly considers the three different sets of measures for ending the war that "the American managers of the war" (he means all the men, both civilians and soldiers, who formed policy) are turning over—"by combined assault," "by inducement," and "by shock." "Combined assault" was a continuation and intensification of the aerial bombardment and naval shelling of the Japanese home islands as preparation for an amphibious landing (the first of two) tentatively scheduled for November, 1945. The Joint Chiefs of Staff had confidence in combined assault, and with reason, for the method had brought us all the way from our doorstep to Japan's. Since their overriding concern, next to victory, was to reduce American casualties, they hoped the politicians would see to it that Soviet forces attacked the Japanese in Manchuria enough ahead of our invasion "to commit the enemy to major combat"—Feis is quoting MacArthur—and so lessen our "hazard and loss." By July, when we realized that we no longer needed the Russians, we also realized that we had no way of keeping them from doing what they pleased in Manchuria.

Another set of managers, the men who favored "inducement"—tapering the demand for unconditional surrender down to terms the Japanese might accept, and stipulating particularly that we would not dethrone the Emperor—were led, Feis says, by Joseph Clark Grew, Acting Secretary of State in May, 1945, who had been our ambassa-



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dor to Japan before the war. Grew had asked some of the State Department's Far Eastern experts to draft such terms, but while the rest of our managers had no objection to the concept of inducement, they were not ready to accept it. Some feared that an offer of terms before we had secured Okinawa might seem like weakness and encourage Japanese resistance. Some thought that terms should be issued by the Allied heads of state, who were to meet at Potsdam in July. Some worried that retaining the Emperor might preserve the Japanese military clique we intended to destroy. (Feis notes that although Russia was not yet at war with Japan, Stalin suggested his own version of "inducement" to Harry Hopkins—offer the Japanese moderate terms, and then, after Japan was disarmed and occupied, treat her as badly as we liked. Stalin is the only world leader who plays an important part in both Feis's book and Thomas's book; he may remain an insoluble problem to Western historians, whose readers aren't prepared to accept the reality of a wholly evil man.)

In May and June, 1945, the third possibility—the atomic bomb, or "shock"—was not as well worked out as the others, for the bomb had not been tested. Nevertheless, those who understood it knew that it would release an unthinkably destructive power that ought to be placed under international control. Henry Stimson, the Secretary of War, suggested that President Truman form an Interim Committee "to consider the whole range of questions—political, military, and scientific—which would arise in connection with the eventual disclosure of the project, and the question of the use of the weapon." By June 1st, the Committee's scientists, industrialists, soldiers, and statesmen had recommended that the bomb be used against Japan as soon as possible and without warning. Trying to discover exactly how the Interim Committee arrived at this recommendation, Feis found discrepancies in the memoirs of some of its members, and, further, that "no complete or consecutive record" of the Committee's sessions was kept, but "only some summary notes and brief statements of conclusions." He has "tried to supplement these by talk or correspondence with several of the members," but "time has attenuated their memories." Feis particularly wanted to know how thoroughly the Committee debated a demonstration of the bomb or some other warning to the Japanese of what the bomb could do. But there appears to be no full, indisputable documentation of one of

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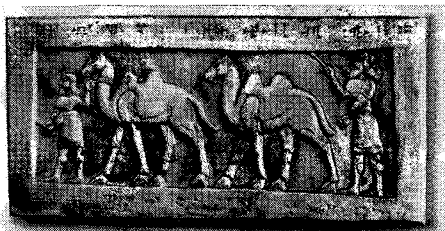

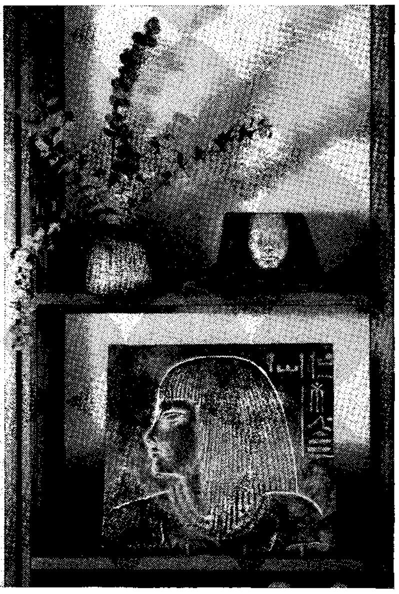

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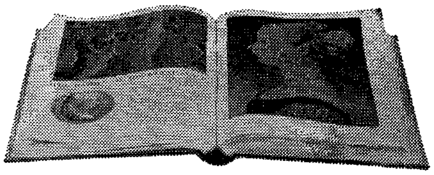

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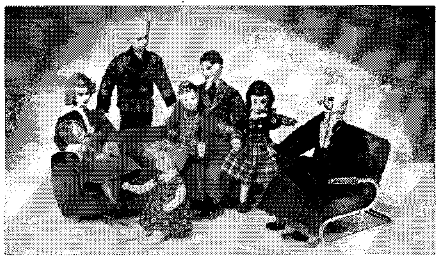

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this century's most important decisions.

When the American delegation departed for Potsdam, none of the three possibilities that Feis outlines had been selected. Meanwhile, the Japanese had been considering possibilities of their own, including offering terms to us. Before Potsdam, they had asked Stalin to serve as mediator. Stalin stalled. Feis traces the dawdling Japanese approach to peacemaking as he traces the accelerating preparations, at Potsdam and elsewhere, to defeat Japan. When he has completed his narrative, after the Japanese surrender, he asks, "Was a real chance missed to end the war earlier?"—could inducement, as conceived in May of 1945, have been successful? He thinks not. The Americans who proposed inducement correctly assumed that the military men who controlled Japan had not changed but merely suppressed the opinions of elder civilian statesmen. Japanese documents suggest, however, that these civilians, in and around the government, were either not very acute or not very outspoken. The Japanese military leaders believed they could resist an American invasion so fiercely that we would soon settle for terms that would include recognition of some of Japan's conquests. If the elder statesmen—many of whom had been friendly with Americans before the war—guessed that the United States would not stop short of victory, they were most discreet about it. And none of the Japanese managers of the war appear to have suspected, even after Russia had denounced the Russo-Japanese Neutrality Pact, that she was about to attack. Tokyo, Nagoya, and Osaka had been razed by conventional bombing, the first atomic bomb was airborne, Soviet troops were massed at the Siberian border—and the Japanese were getting ready to begin negotiations with the Russians to ask them to begin negotiations with the Americans. Even Neville Chamberlain wasn't that dumb.

Feis calls Japan's diplomacy "tragic" and "self-deceiving," and her attitude "stubborn folly." It was worse than any of that, because it largely accounts for our having dropped the atomic bomb. There were other factors, to be sure. In his last chapter, "Comments and Conjectures on the Use of the Atomic Bomb Against Japan," Feis says that the American military men made the same mistake as the Japanese military men: the Joint Chiefs of Staff thought the Japanese still had the power to hurt us badly. They foresaw terrible casualties in an ordinary, non-atomic assault landing. Evidently we could not be sure until we stood on Japanese soil that we had

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destroyed the country's power to wage war. But today, says Feis, "there can hardly be a well-grounded dissent from the conclusion reached by the members of the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey after their inspection of the condition to which Japan had been reduced by the summer of 1945." They estimated that Japan would have collapsed by the end of the year "even if the atomic bombs had not been dropped, even if Russia had not entered the war, and even if no invasion had been planned."

We used two atomic bombs to save American lives. We did not demonstrate the bomb because we didn't have a spare. But Feis thinks that we should have warned the Japanese; we might have assembled a portfolio of annotated photographs of the successful test at Alamogordo and shown it to them. He realizes that this would have taken time, and that during this time more American soldiers would have died. But even if, as Feis thinks likely, the Japanese had rejected so explicit a warning, "we as a people would be freer of any remorse, unjustified as it may be, at the historical necessity of enrolling Hiroshima and Nagasaki forever in the annals of history." But then he has one more surmise to pile upon the rest: If, after all, we had never used the atomic bomb, would the world have appreciated its power? Would a merely theoretical weapon have inspired the fear that has, so far, kept the peace?

Feis characterizes some of his speculations as "misty" and "alluring." They certainly are alluring. They are, in fact, irresistible. He is a wise, tolerant writer, and in putting forward his views he doesn't insist that his readers agree with him. He would, I suspect, be just as pleased to be mentally argued with. For he is no purveyor of certitudes; after passing some severe judgments in this book, he adds what is probably the last word on current events become history:

> It is too easy to assert that policies conceived in the aftermath and never subjected to the proof of experience would have been better than policies conceived at the time which were defeated by experience.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FRAME FOR JULIAN, by Yvonne Mitchell (Morrow). An extremely attractive novel about an artist, his wife, Augusta, and their three young daughters. The artist is not successful, and his confidence in his work is shaken, but he remains an egotist, and he is really very nice, besides

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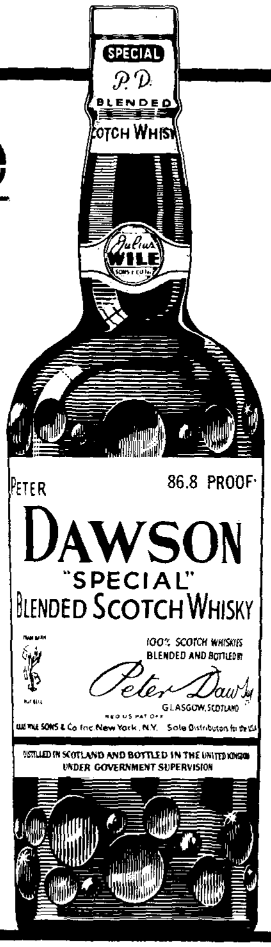
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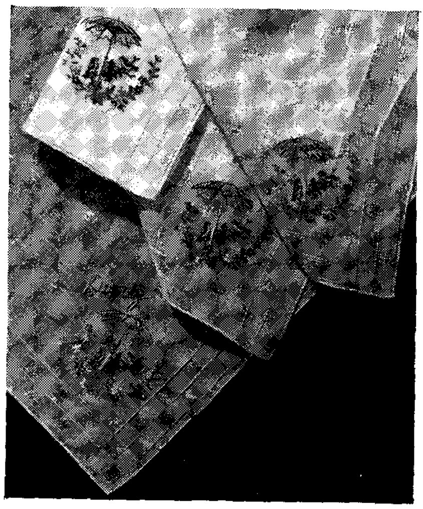

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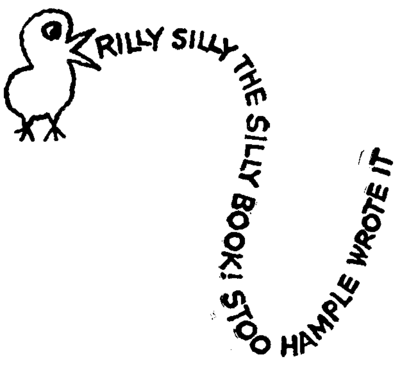
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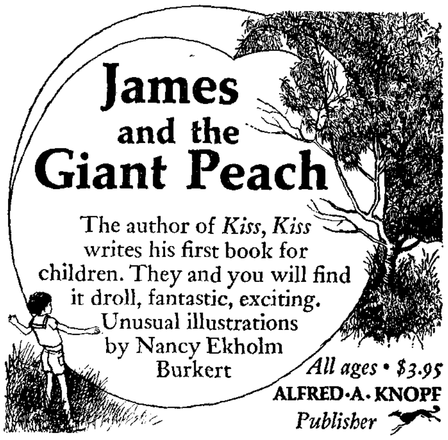
James and the Giant Peach



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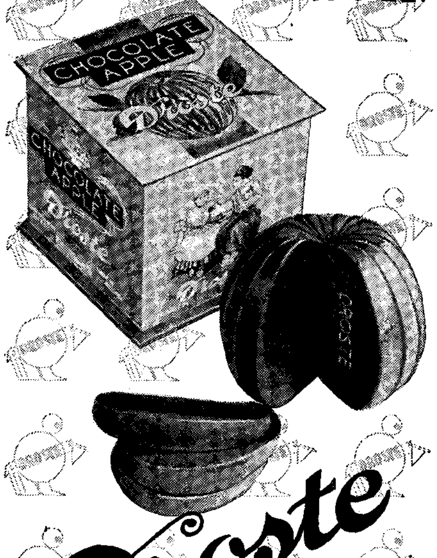

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being handsome. His wife is marvellously alive, and so are the three little girls. There is not much money. The scene is the South of France, but the family is English.

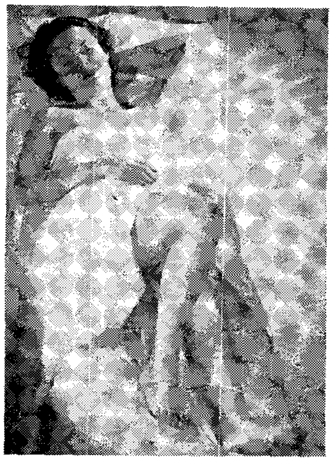
INTO THE FOREST, by Roderick Thorp (Random House). Mr. Thorp's curiously interesting and depressing first novel shows a great talent, expertly controlled, for dealing with lives lived at a very low ebb. There is a sombre lack of promise and color among the highly articulate young college men and women who people this book, which is middle-class in atmosphere and is set in student haunts in New York and in a fraternity house at an upstate university. All the conversation reflects only one mind—a mind that is worried and at the same time complacent, aware and at the same time dense, and, above all, glum and wary and talkative in love, and glum and wary and talkative out of love. They are very dull young people, who never heard of gaiety.

THE ONLY REASON, by Tereska Torrès (Simon & Schuster). This little experiment tells something of the lives of a small group of Parisians, most of whom attend a dinner party given by a rich and extremely bored newspaper publisher who wants to introduce his twenty-year-old bride to one of his circles of intimates. Miss Torrès, a nervous writer, speaks with a worldly authority that does not always ring quite true. Her book has one virtue—its lack of coherence and organization makes us realize once again that no matter how prettily colored a story is, it must be strong enough to stand alone without a prop, even if the prop is as big and as evocative as, in this case, the city of Paris.

LOO LOO'S LEGACY, by David Dodge (Little, Brown). This comical, lighthearted, harmless boarding-house story has for its personnel a wacky landlady who absconds with the paying guests' money in order to amuse herself at the race track; her two gloriously beautiful nieces, who pose for calendar artists; two bank representatives, both male and both unmarried; and others—every one a "character," but in a mildly diverting musical-comedy fashion. Only a writer with Mr. Dodge's genuinely enthusiastic touch could have brought this old story out of the files and made it go again, but he has done it.

GENERAL

PROMISE AT DAWN, by Romain Gary (Harper). A memoir of the author's



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mother, a Russian-Jewish actress who was determined, heaven knows why, that her baby should grow up to be a Frenchman, a diplomat, and a writer. Her dream came true; somewhat to his surprise, M. Gary is all of these. Here he recalls his mother's struggles; her achievements—her son's successes—came later, after years in which she worked their way across Europe and relentlessly (and inappropriately) schooled him for his high destiny. M. Gary's account is affecting; ladies will, and gentlemen may, cry at such heroic maternity. But M. Gary's mother was also ludicrous, and her son, sensible as well as loving, knows it; he has written a hilarious book.

ANTI-SLAVERY: THE CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM IN AMERICA, by Dwight Lowell Dumond (University of Michigan Press). A two-volume study. In the first volume, Professor Dumond, an—or possibly the—authority on the anti-slavery movement in the United States, traces its history from its pre-Revolutionary beginnings within American churches, through its development into a political pressure group and then into a series of small political parties, and, at last, into the nucleus of the Republican Party. His book closes at the start of the Civil War. Dr. Dumond's familiarity with the anti-slavery leaders enables him to judge them as coolly as a man assessing colleagues. His narrative, though, is impassioned; knowing anti-slavery means knowing a lot about slavery, and its abominable nature still appalls him. Dr. Dumond's second volume is the definitive bibliography of the anti-slavery documents that circulated in the United States. The publishers have slightly overproduced the work—it is handsome, lavishly illustrated, and rather unwieldy. No matter; it is very likely the most valuable of the assorted works celebrating the Civil War's centennial, for it explains what the war was about. Thirty dollars for the set.

THE HEART OF JAPAN, by Alexander Campbell (Knopf). Mr. Campbell, a Scot, spent four years in Japan recently as bureau chief for *Time* and *Life*. His book reports some news—or news behind the news—but it's mainly juicy gossip, lively talk, and odd, funny, or sad anecdotes. The landscape is beautiful, the towns are bustling, and the people are full of drive, but Mr. Campbell suggests that they lack direction. Their famous spare style has been blurred. Ja-

she knows only hardship

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pan, as he knows it, seems to be a country about which generalizations and predictions are impossible, so he doesn't offer any. Instead, he makes the reader a gift of his experience.

THE ANCIENT SUN KINGDOMS OF THE AMERICAS, by Victor W. von Hagen (World). Accounts of the Aztec, Maya, and Inca civilizations, based on both extensive research and some first-hand jungle exploring. The paradoxical civilizations themselves are inexhaustibly interesting: the Aztecs writing their shy, gentle poetry and offering their ghastly human sacrifices; the Mayas building architectural miracles and making their children cross-eyed for beauty; the Incas constructing life-size cornfields entirely of gold (including the dirt) and, more practically, inventing dehydrated potatoes. Mr. von Hagen re-creates them in a bubbly, digressive, and somewhat repetitious prose that has its own cranky charm. Illustrated. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

DEATH AND THE SUPREME COURT, by Barrett Prettyman, Jr. (Harcourt, Brace & World). Accounts of six cases that the Supreme Court heard during the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties, all involving capital crimes as well as constitutional issues. In three of them, the Court spared the lives of the appellants, and, after the Court's deliberations, a state governor spared a fourth. Mr. Prettyman presents the facts in spirited narratives and unobtrusively clarifies the law. (He's a lawyer.) Though crimes and courtrooms are staple diversions, Mr. Prettyman didn't set down these brisk stories as entertainment. The terrible point is that all six of the men were poor and got their appeals heard only by luck. Other men—especially, he reminds us, poor men—may be executed because they are not so lucky. Since the states, it appears, do not administer criminal justice very precisely, Mr. Prettyman thinks that Americans should admit the fallibility of their policemen, judges, juries, lawyers, and witnesses, and abolish capital punishment.

•

The term "love" in a tennis match comes from the French "Poeuf," meaning "egg" or "zero." When tennis came to England from France, the term was spelled "love."—*Norfolk & Portsmouth (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch & Star.*

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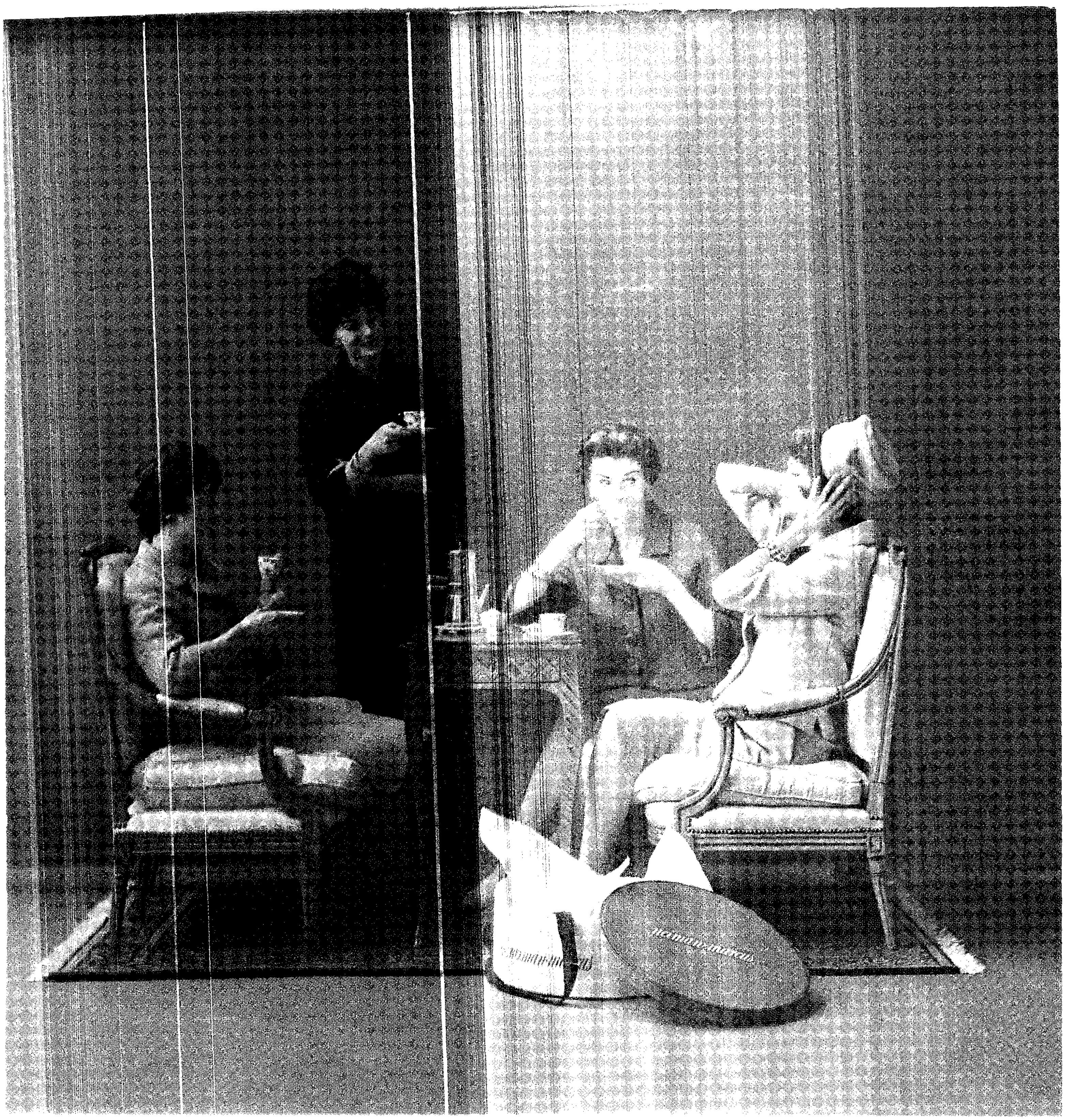

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